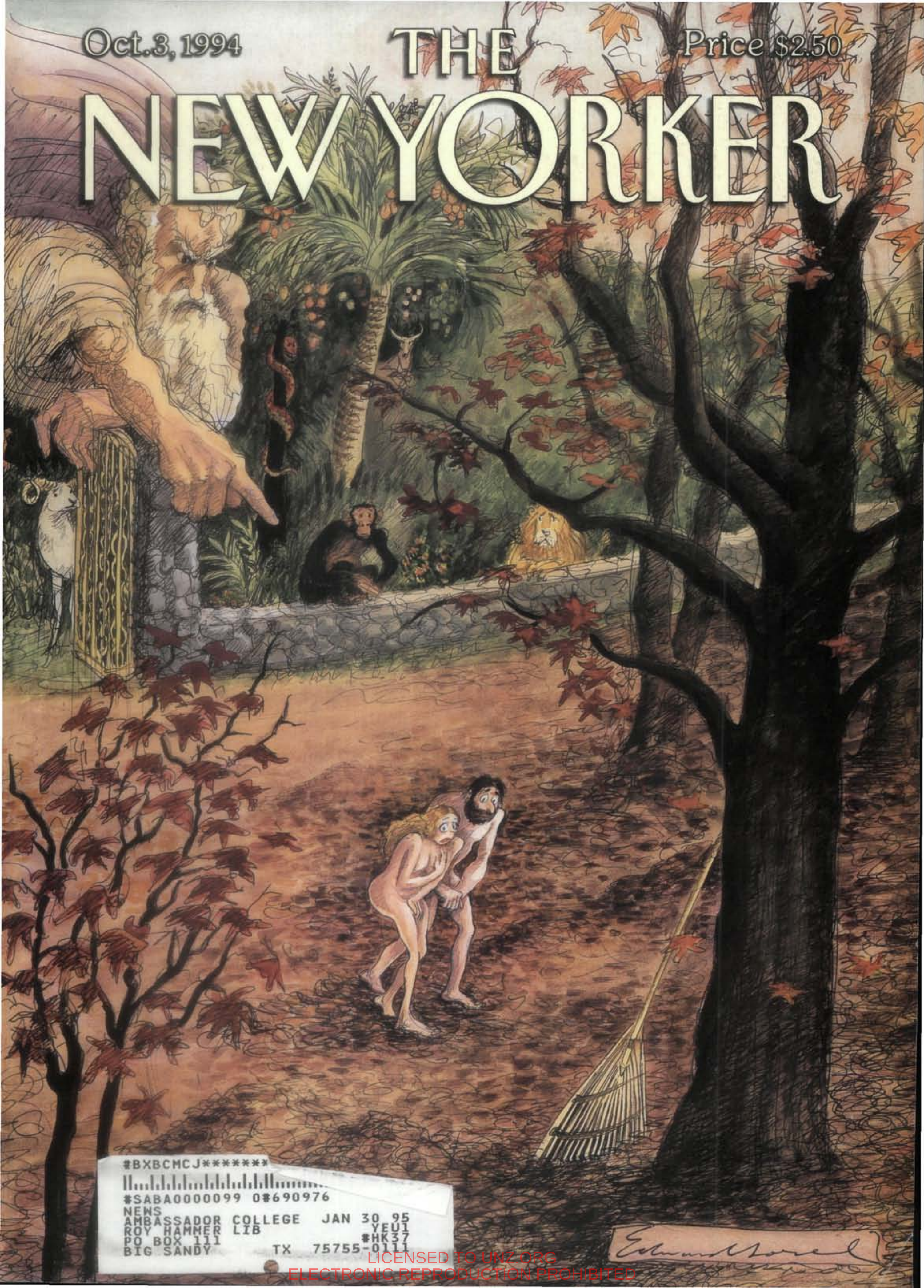
Oct. 3, 1994

THE NEW YORKER

Price $2.50



#BXBCMCJ*******
#SABA0000099 0#690976
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 30 95
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #HK37
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

© 1994 Estée Lauder, Inc. Earrings: Patricia Madeja

Maybe it begins at 30. Maybe 40.
One day you realize your skin
is just not as resilient.

Now we can help bring it back.

Resilience
Elastin Refirming Creme

A cascade of effects—time, stress, irritation, the environment—undermines the elastin that gives your skin its youthful firmness and spring.

Resilience links natural extracts and enzyme technology to slow down the loss of elasticity. The result? Effective prevention for tomorrow. And proven results for today.

Clinical tests in an independent laboratory study showed:
- 25% increase in firmness and elasticity.
- 30% increase in moisturization.
- 42% reduction in the appearance of lines and wrinkles.

After 8 weeks of twice daily use.

Now we can help you control the destiny of your skin. With Resilience. Only from Estée Lauder.

ESTÉE LAUDER
Resilience
Elastin Refirming Creme

LAUDER

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
HOT
ZONE

RICHARD PRESTON

A TERRIFYING
TRUE STORY

A highly infectious, deadly virus from the central African rain forest suddenly appears in the suburbs of Washington, D.C. There is no vaccine and no cure. Army scientists and a secret military hit squad set out to destroy the virus before it can spread.

They succeed. This time.

But what about next time?

There will be a next time. And the rain forest will have its revenge.

"One of the most horrifying things I've ever read.... What a remarkable piece of work."

— STEPHEN KING

"No movie will match the real-life horror described in Richard Preston's *The Hot Zone*."

— *TIME*

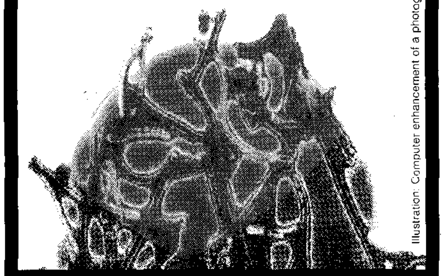


Illustration: Computer enhancement of a photograph of Ebola Reston virus particles taken by Thomas W. Geisbert, USAMRIID

RANDOM HOUSE

Some of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

OCT 6 1994

THE NEW YORKER

OCTOBER 3, 1994

COMMENT Child-Care Demons . . . . *Lawrence Wright* 5
Why the scapegoating of those who look after our kids?

IN THE MAIL 10

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 14

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 45
Haitian wives, Teresa Stratas at home, the Jule Styne style, etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Nights at the Opera Twilight of the God?. . . . . *Fredric Dannen* 50
James Levine used to dominate the Met. Now he shares power with Joseph Volpe, a former stage carpenter.

Annals of Law X-Rated. . . . . *Jeffrey Toobin* 70
Feminists hailed a 1992 Canadian high-court ruling on pornography, but it didn't turn out quite as they had hoped.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON It All Codepends . . . . *Michael Kelly* 80
The Haiti crisis brought Jimmy Carter, the freelance therapist from Georgia, a patient suited to his talents: President Clinton.

SKETCHBOOK New York, Night and Day. . . . . *Ever Meulen* 87

PERSONAL HISTORY Queen Lear . . . . *David Denby* 88
A classroom encounter with Shakespeare's great tragedy helps a son come to terms with the aging and death of his mother.

FICTION "Will You Say Something, Monsieur Eliot?" . . . . *Tom Paine* 98

THE CRITICS

The Theatre "The Winter's Tale". . . . . *John Lahr* 105
The Current Cinema "Blue Sky," "Ed Wood" . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 109
Books Susan Haskins' "Mary Magdalen". . . . . *Anne Hollander* 112
Barbara Bush's Memoir . . . . *James Wolcott* 118

POEMS

"Tollund". . . . . *Seamus Heaney* 92
"The Reversals" . . . . *Linda Bierds* 108

SHOUTS AND MURMURS Prize Fighting . . . . *Brendan Gill* 120

COVER *The Fall, by Edward Sorel*

DRAWINGS *Warren Miller, Mort Gerberg, Edward Koren, Robert Mankoff, George Booth, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Robert Weber, Mick Stevens, Charles Barsotti, Leo Cullum, Bernard Schoenbaum, Peter Steiner, Mischa Richter, Danny Shanahan, J. P. Rini, Jack Ziegler, Roz Chast, Henry Martin, Frank Cotham, Richard Cline*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for three combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 31, October 3, 1994. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SAKS F

DEFINING STYLE

A juxtaposition of textures.

A play on proportions.

It's all here in black and white.

SAHZÀ AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

1-800-347-9177 MONDAY TO SATURDAY 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M. EST.

ALL CASHMERE DELIGHTS THE FINGERTIPS.
LORO PIANA'S "2706®" SATISFIES
EVEN MORE DEMANDING HANDS.

Ing. Loro Piana & C. ITALY
2706 ®
100% CASHMERE

WHY DO BLAZERS MADE OF LORO PIANA'S "2706" CASHMERE ACTUALLY IMPROVE WITH TIME WHILE OTHERS SUCCUMB TO SCRUFFINESS? ◆ AS WITH ALL LORO PIANA FABRICS, THE ANSWER LIES IN SECRETS. AND THIS IS ONE OF OURS. ◆ WE PRODUCE THE WORLD'S FINEST 100% CASHMERE "DOESKIN" FABRIC AND FINISH IT IN ONE UNIFORM DIRECTION FOR A PERMANENT, RADIANT "BEAVER" FINISH. ◆ LORO PIANA'S "2706" CASHMERE DOESN'T "PILL," FLUFF OR DETERIORATE OVER TIME, BUT INSTEAD BECOMES EVEN MORE SUBTLE, LUXURIOUS AND SMOOTH. ◆ FOR CLASSIC STYLES THAT NOT ONLY TRANSCEND TIME, BUT ALSO DEFY IT, LOOK FOR BLAZERS MADE WITH LORO PIANA'S "2706."

Loro Piana
ITALIAN FABRIC

THE SECRET TO A GREAT SUIT

GET IN ON THE SECRET AT: THE LORO PIANA SHOP 46 EAST 61 STREET NEW YORK, NY 10021 212 980 7961
AND NEIMAN MARCUS, BERGDORF GOODMAN

COMMENT

CHILD-CARE DEMONS

What are we projecting on those to whom we entrust our children?

IN San Diego, in 1991, a physically deformed and mildly retarded former Sunday-school teacher's aide named Dale Akiki was charged with molesting, torturing, and kidnapping nine boys and girls, aged three and four, who had been entrusted to his care during church services two years earlier. The case arose four months after Mr. Akiki quit teaching, when a girl belatedly accused him of exposing himself to her on the job. At first, none of the other children supported her account, but eventually they produced stories that Mr. Akiki had slaughtered a giraffe and an elephant in the classroom, forced the children to drink blood, sacrificed a human baby, and cooked monkeys. Almost all the children's complaints were recanted or changed, but the district attorney decided to prosecute anyway. The trial took seven months; the jury took seven hours to acquit the defendant. Mr. Akiki, however, had by then spent two and a half years in jail. In June of this year, a grand jury investigating the prosecution of the case condemned the prosecutors for prodding therapists to act as investigators. "When children initially say that nothing happened to them, a misguided therapist labels them as being in denial," the grand jurors warned. "Then 'therapy' is sometimes continued for months or sometimes years until the children disclose answers the therapists want to hear."

Certainly abuses occur in child-care situations, and no doubt pedophiles will be drawn to situations where children can be under their control. But since the first major case of this kind—the 1983 McMartin Preschool case, in Manhattan Beach, California, in which the longest and most expensive criminal trial in American history resulted in no convictions of any of the seven defendants—court dockets across the country have become congested with emotionally devastating, financially ruinous, and legally bewildering cases in which there is little or no physical evidence and the primary witnesses are children. The spawn of McMartin—Little Rascals, Wee Care, Breezy Point, and Fells Acres, among more than a hundred such cases—have typically included fantastic allegations of tor-

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/managing editor; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Gary Van Dis, vice-president/corporate creative director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Julie A. McGowan, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, promotion director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; MediaAmerica, Ltd., 10 Old Brewery Mews, London, England NW31PZ; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company: 3525 Piedmont Road, N.E., Building 5-Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

© 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

In San Francisco, there's one hotel the world calls home.

Experience the warmth that has brought travelers from around the world to the Palace.
The magnificent architecture.
The awe-inspiring Garden Court.
The tradition of service excellence.
The versatile mix of classic and ultra-modern meeting spaces.

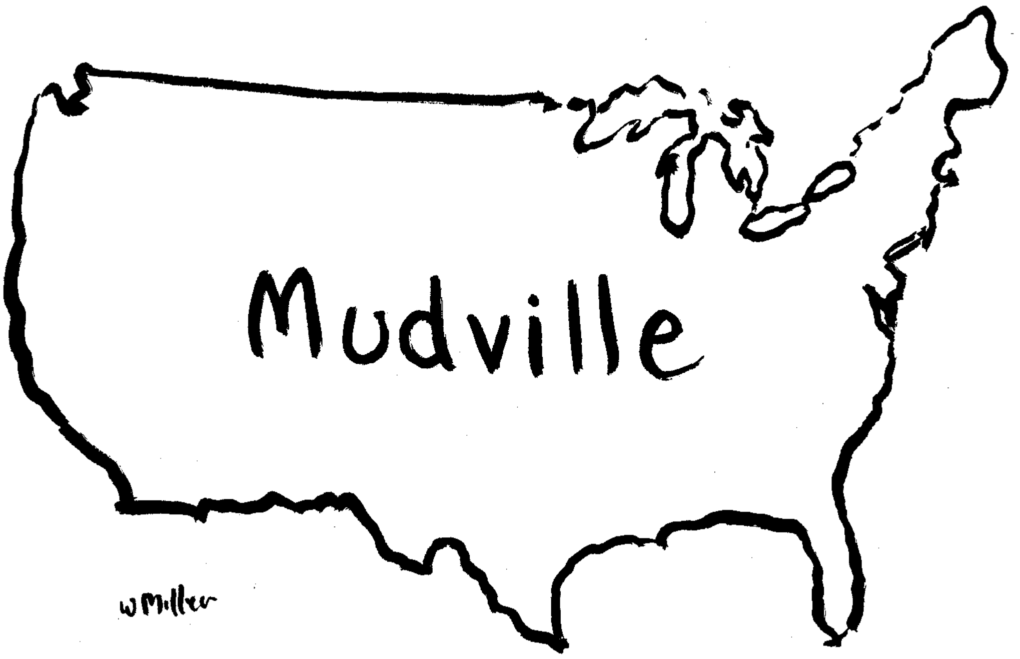
Let the Palace capture your heart.
For reservations, call your Travel Planner or Sheraton at 800-325-3535.

Sheraton Palace Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

2 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105
PHONE 415-392-8600 FAX 415-543-0671

ITT SHERATON LUXURY COLLECTION



ture, ritual abuse, and animal sacrifice.

The controvery over the credibility of children's testimony has congealed into a debate between those who demand that we "believe the children" no matter how outlandish their allegations and those who maintain that children are inherently so suggestible that their testimony can never be relied upon. An interesting question that remains is why children are not believed when, as often happens, they specifically deny charges at the time they first arise.

In 1989, Kaare and Judy Sortland, a couple in Tacoma, Washington, were accused of sexually abusing three young boys in a day-care center that Judy operated in their home. The charge arose when a mother discovered a suspicious red substance in her child's diapers. The children in question repeatedly denied that anything had happened to them, but parents and therapists persuaded them to change their stories. "We'll talk to these kids until they're twenty years old, if necessary, to get a believable story to the jury," one parent vowed. When a jury nonetheless found the Sortlands not guilty in one case, the judge threw out the other charges and awarded the defense a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in sanctions. Despite their acquittal, the Sortlands were hounded for the next two years by anonymous vandals. On Halloween night in 1992, Kaare Sortland was shot to death in his front yard. His wife heard him cry "I didn't do it!" just before six shots were fired.

In the summer of 1985, Margaret Kelly Michaels, who was then a twenty-six-year-old day-care worker in Maplewood, New Jersey, was charged with a number of hideous, bizarre forms of abuse, such as making children eat her feces, raping and assaulting them with silverware, licking peanut butter from their genitals, and playing "Jingle Bells" on the piano in the nude. During the investigation, a social worker asked a child, "Do you think that Kelly was not good when she was hurting you all?"

"Wasn't hurting me. I like her," the child responded.

"I can't hear you, you got to look at me when you talk to me," said the social worker. "Now, when Kelly was bothering kids in the music room—"

"I got socks off," said the child.

As the interview progressed, the social worker asked, "Did she make anybody else take their clothes off in the music room?"

"No," said the child.

"Yes," said the social worker.

"No," said the child.

What's going on here? Why isn't the child allowed to say no? A widening body of research shows that repeated questioning of children, especially by authoritative adults with a specific bias, will often lead to answers that conform to the interviewers' expectations. At Ms. Michaels' trial, which lasted for ten months, the bulk of the significant evidence of abuse that was presented consisted of the coerced testimony of children. A psychiatrist named Roland Summit explained to the jury that when children deny that sexual abuses happened the denial can be evidence that the abuses actually did occur. The name he gave to this Catch-22 logic was the Child Sexual Abuse Accommodation Syndrome. In part because of his expert testimony, a jury convicted Ms. Michaels of a hundred and fifteen counts of abuse against nineteen children. She spent five years in prison before being freed on appeal. This June, the Supreme Court of New Jersey ruled that the State would have to prove "by clear and convincing evidence" that children's testimony is credible—a ruling that sets what may become a welcome new standard in similar cases nationwide.

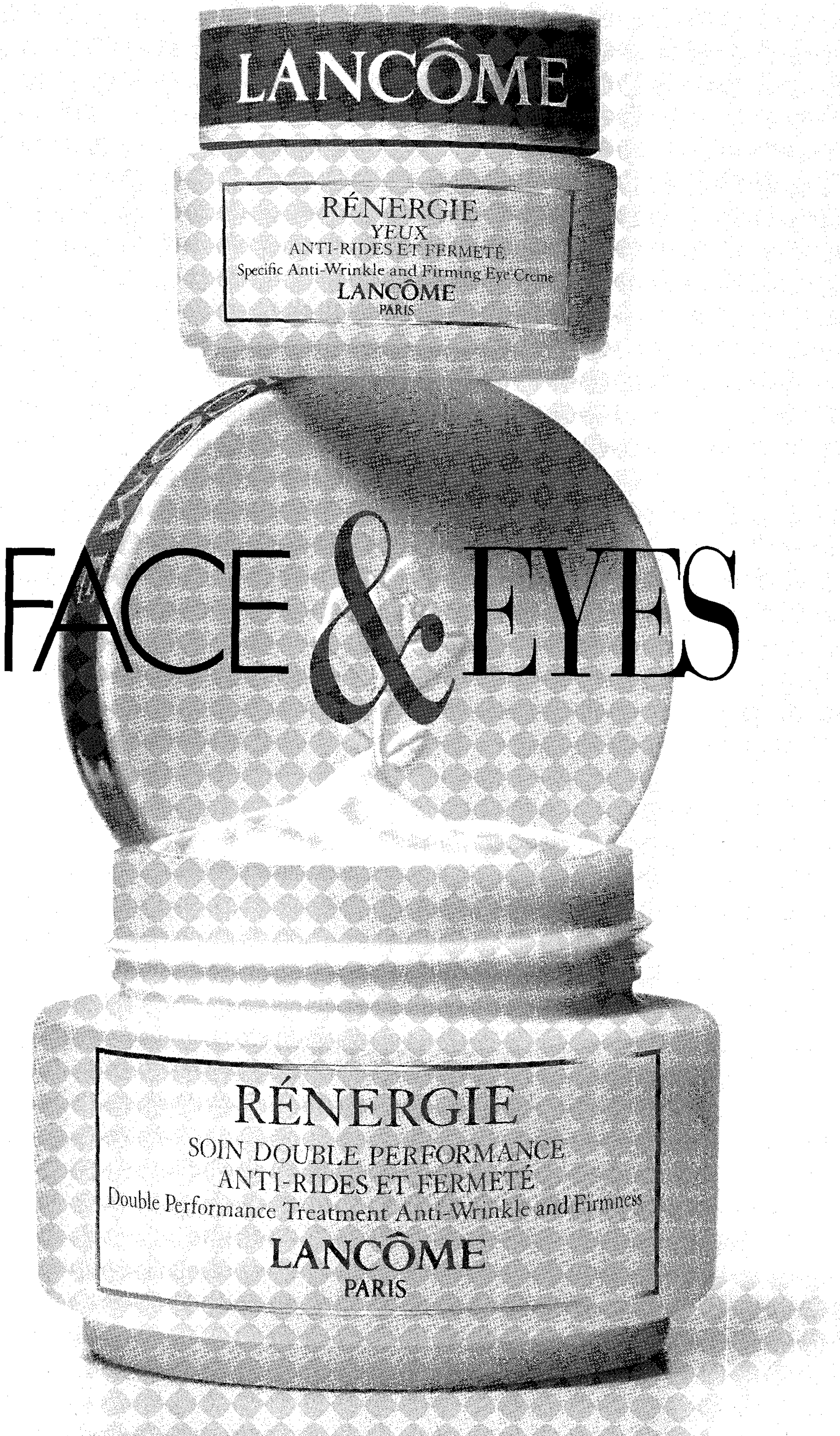
Why is there such a cultural bias toward stories of abuse—and especially toward grotesque and absurd tales, even when there is no reliable evidence that any crime occurred in the first place? The very people we count on to protect our society—prosecutors, police, social workers, jurors, even parents—are eliciting fantasies from children that express our worst collective fears. No doubt children are victimized. But the truth is that sexual abuse is far more likely to occur at home than in schools or nurseries. Scapegoats carry the burden of the guilt inside us all. They are presumed to be the incarnation of evil, the cause of every social ill. The libel that our society has imposed on child-care workers is a kind of projection of guilt for the damage that we ourselves have done, as parents and as a society. We have given our children to strangers to rear, and it makes us uneasy and fearful. Is it any wonder we have a bad conscience? Divorce, neglect, unsafe neighborhoods, bad schools—these primary social problems are not the fault of the people to whom we have entrusted our children. Forcing children to invent stories of abuse *is* abuse.

—LAWRENCE WRIGHT

Truman Capote wore khakis.

GAP
KHAKIS

TRUMAN CAPOTE'S LIKENESS IS LICENSED BY THE TRUMAN CAPOTE CHARITABLE TRUST, ALAN U. SCHWARTZ, TRUSTEE. PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON, COURTESY SOTHEBY'S LONDON. © GAP 1994


LANCÔME
RÉNERGIE
YEUX
ANTI-RIDES ET FERMETÉ
Specific Anti-Wrinkle and Firming Eye Creme
LANCÔME
PARIS
FACE & EYES
RÉNERGIE
SOIN DOUBLE PERFORMANCE
ANTI-RIDES ET FERMETÉ
Double Performance Treatment Anti-Wrinkle and Firmness
LANCÔME
PARIS

AGE IS A FACT OF LIFE, BUT WHY LOOK IT?

SOME FACTS FROM LANCÔME RESEARCH THAT COULD CHANGE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT YOUR AGE:

Fact:

Your skin is supported by a network of protein fibres. The more cohesive this network appears... the firmer, smoother and more resilient your skin is. And the more successfully it is able to counteract the appearance of ageing.

Fact:

When Lancôme researched the powerful link between protein fibres and skin ageing, they opened up a new opportunity for the care and maintenance of skin's vital appearance. Result: The power of **Double Performance Rénergie**. With a **Firming Performance** to reinforce the look of skin's youthful strength. And an **Anti-Wrinkle Performance** to help keep the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles at bay.

Fact:

Your eyes show ageing first. Highly vulnerable and tissue-thin, the eye area needs powerful but gentle care. Result: Lancôme adapted its double performance skincare to address specific eye-ageing issues. **Rénergie Eye**...to help bring firmness to this fragile skin while minimizing the look of lines.

Fact:

The latest research from Lancôme says you can love all the beautiful things about your age, but you don't have to love looking it. Discover the power of a new age of skincare with Rénergie.

LANCÔME
PARIS

HEED THE CALL
of the
Hapuna Beach
Prince Hotel

With our special "SPLASH" Package, this is the perfect time to discover the serenity of the Hapuna Beach Prince Hotel at the revered Mauna Kea Resort, located along the Kohala Coast of the Big Island.
To experience this coveted destination, call your preferred travel consultant or 1-800-882-6060.

THE "SPLASH" PACKAGE
$100 DAILY CREDIT
Receive a $100 credit per room, per night to be utilized as a credit against any on-site food, beverage, golf, activity or shop charge that you sign to your room.

Partial Ocean $300
Ocean View $335
Ocean View Prime $370
Deluxe Ocean View $400
Oceanfront View $425

Credits are accumulative over the guest's stay. All unused credit will not be refunded. All rates are per room, per night and are effective from Aug. 19 - Dec. 19, 1994. Room rates are subject to a 10.17% State excise and accommodation tax.

HAPUNA BEACH PRINCE HOTEL
MAUNA KEA RESORT
62-100 KAUNA'OA DRIVE
KOHALA COAST, HAWAII 96743
1-800-882-6060

IN THE MAIL

PAYBACK TIME

I feel that your story on my dispute with the National Endowment for the Arts (The Talk of the Town, August 22nd and 29th) over the funding of my film "Spanking the Monkey" missed a central point of my experience with the N.E.A., which is how effective the right wing has been in making the Endowment more conservative and rigid. This is reflected both in its 1991 refusal of my request to switch my grant from an innocuous short film to "Spanking the Monkey" and in its current use of a procedural matter to deny that the film's content was ever an issue. Furthermore, I referred to the work of artist Andres Serrano not to disparage it but as another example of how much more conservative the Endowment has become: the content of my film is not nearly as provocative as his art, and yet it has still been a problem for the N.E.A. In any event, it has become clear that my violation of the initial funding agreement muddies any straight censorship argument I can now make, so I have decided to give the money back. It was the desperation of low-budget filmmaking that compelled me to break the funding agreement and, in retrospect, I can be happy for the loan. I do wish, however, that the N.E.A. were more like the New York State Council on the Arts, which has supported my work, regardless of its content, on the basis of its quality.

DAVID O. RUSSELL
New York City

HOWELL RAINES

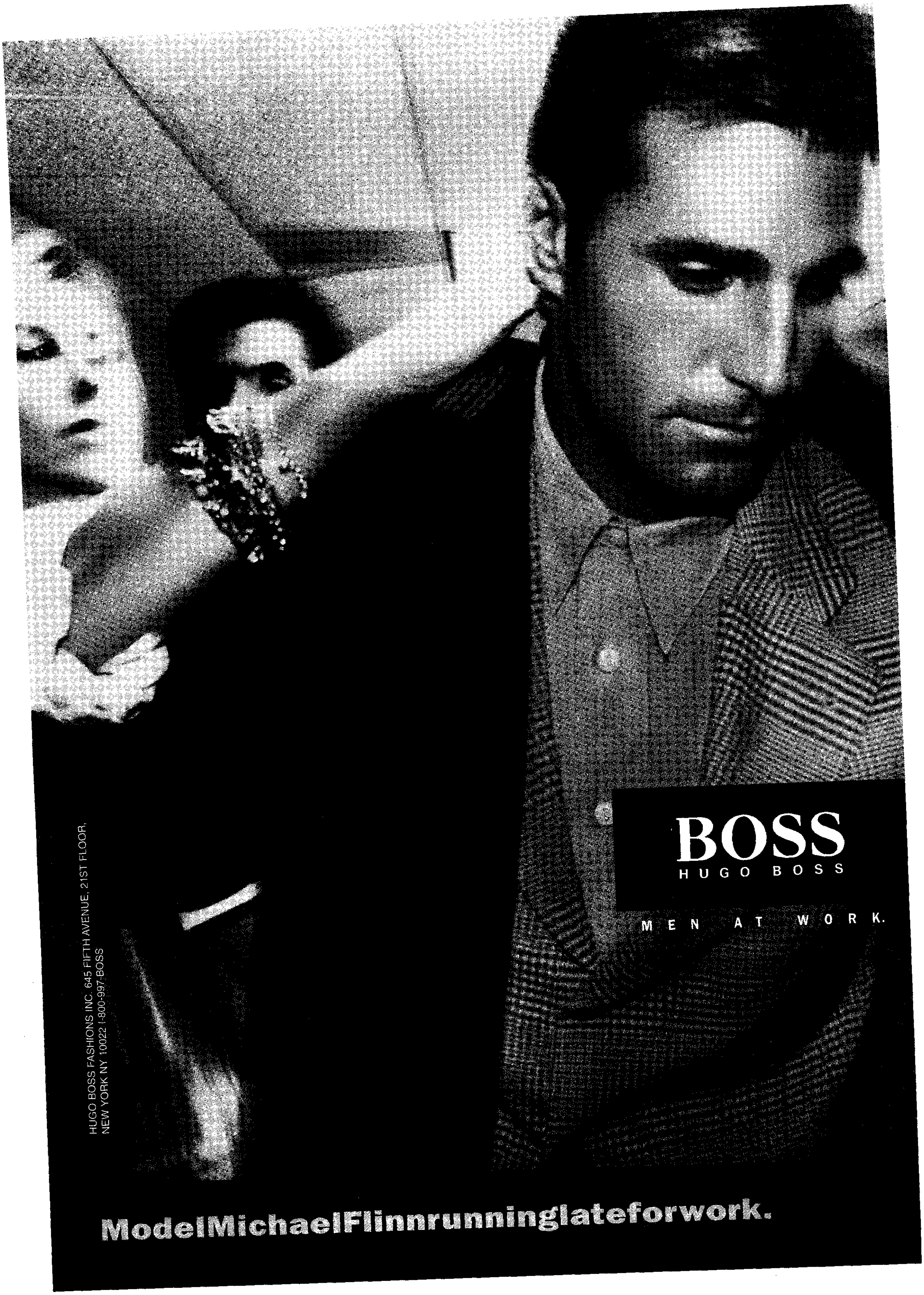
"The Howell Raines Question," by Peter J. Boyer (August 22nd and 29th), does a lot to explain why so many Americans are abandoning the print media as a source of information on Washington. It is distressing to realize that a President who is willing to grapple with complicated issues—issues whose outcomes will never totally satisfy everyone—is receiving so little support from one of the country's most important papers. It has long been apparent to us in the hinterland that Clinton is unpopular with media insiders because they don't own him, but it is disheartening to realize that liberal journalists can't move beyond their own self-importance.

MARSHA NIAZMAND
Evanston, Ill.

Mr. Boyer says that the *Times* editorial page under Howell Raines "has become the clearest success so far of young [Arthur Ochs] Sulzberger's tenure as publisher." If that's success, who needs failure? Once, *Times* editorials consistently made important contributions to public debate. They were researched carefully, and they appealed to reason. Editorials of this calibre still appear in the *Times*, but now there is also stridency, name-calling, and carelessness with the facts. Public discourse nowadays is too often dominated by loudmouths. An editorial page, at its best, ought to be a forum where reason prevails over clamor. It's regrettable that your pages consider it cause to cheer when the *Times* adds to the din.

GILBERT CRANBERG
Des Moines, Iowa

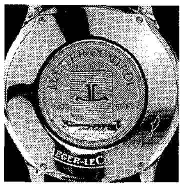
"The Howell Raines Question" did little to demystify the *Times*' editorial-page editor's savage bitterness about Bill Clinton, but it did point up an important difference between the two parties: while Democrats are incorrigibly fratricidal, Republicans are blissfully tribal. Can anyone imagine an editorial writer for a conservative paper repeatedly attacking a Republican President charged with a minor scandal like Whitewater


BOSS
HUGO BOSS
MEN AT WORK.
Model Michael Flinn running late for work.
HUGO BOSS FASHIONS INC. 645 FIFTH AVENUE, 21ST FLOOR,
NEW YORK NY 10022 1-800-997-BOSS

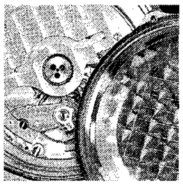
GGK

MASTER CONTROL 1000 HOURS.
BUILT IN THE TRADITIONAL SCHOOL
OF WATCHMAKING.

FOR 1000 HOURS, JAEGER-LECOULTRE TRIED TO DEFEAT THIS WATCH... AND FAILED. THROUGH TEMPERATURE EXTREMES, INTENSE MAGNETIC FIELDS AND CALCULATED SHOCKS, THE CALIBRE 889/1, 33-JEWEL, AUTOMATIC MOVEMENT PERFORMED FLAWLESSLY. VIBRATING EIGHT TIMES A SECOND, ITS FAST-BEAT BALANCE MAINTAINED CHRONOMETRICAL PRECISION IN SIX TIMING POSITIONS. YOUR MASTER CONTROL IS HAND-BUILT IN THE TRADITION OF JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S CELEBRATED AUTOMATIC WRISTWATCHES. AND WE SIGN IT IN TRIBUTE TO YOU... BECAUSE YOUR TIME DESERVES ALL OF OUR TIME.



THE NUMBERED GOLD "1000 HOURS" SEAL ON THE CASEBACK OF EACH MASTER CONTROL – THE AWARD FOR EXTRAORDINARY ENDURANCE.



THE MASTER WATCHMAKER'S SIGNATURE INSIDE THE CASE GUARANTEES A MOVEMENT OF EXCEPTIONAL RELIABILITY.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT WATCHES FROM JAEGER-LECOULTRE,
OR FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE, CONTAINING MORE THAN
200 PAGES WITH DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S HISTORY
AND PRODUCTS, CONTACT YOUR LOCAL RETAILER OR:
JAEGER-LECOULTRE, P.O. BOX 1608, WINCHESTER, VA 22604, TELEPHONE (800) JLC-TIME.

on the basis of... penis envy (as one explanation, reported by Mr. Boyer, plausibly holds)? Raines is kidding himself if he thinks his carping "tough love" will do Clinton any good. By helping erode the President's reputation, the *Times* is dashing the prospects for health-care reform and the rest of the domestic agenda that it supposedly holds dear.

DAVID W. STOWE
East Lansing, Mich.

TAKE MY CASH, PLEASE

William Finnegan's "Deep East Texas" (August 22nd and 29th) exposes what was celebrated as a great battle in the war on drugs as a fraud. A federal prosecutor is quoted as saying, "You could do these types of cases in every town in East Texas." The sad fact is that "these types of cases" are being done all across America, and another line in the story explains how this can happen: "Media coverage was enthusiastic." The media get good copy, the politicians get glory, the lawyers get money, law enforcement gets money and glory, the poor get more misery, and the mesmerized taxpayer gets the bill.

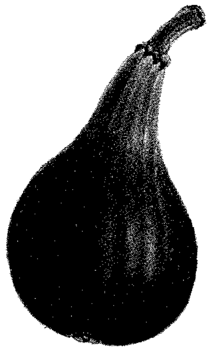
JOHN D. O'CONNELL
Salt Lake City, Utah

BATTLING BIOLOGISTS

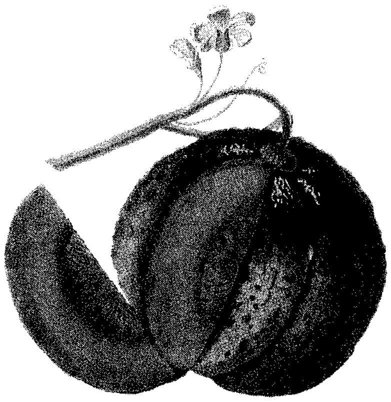
Julian Barnes ("Letter from London," August 22nd and 29th) notes that the current British Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition are both descendants of music-hall performers. He remarks, "That they should end up heading their parties in the House of Commons seems Darwinian: positive proof of the inheritance of acquired characteristics." Actually, this strange case is unlikely to revive support for the Chevalier de Lamarck's famously wrong evolutionary hypothesis. Darwin, who rejected it, would be surprised at the misattribution.

ETHAN TAUB
New York City

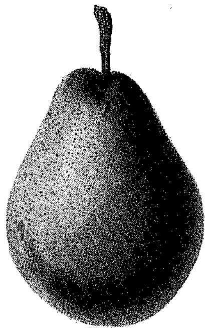
Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.



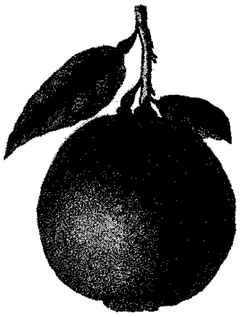
Fico



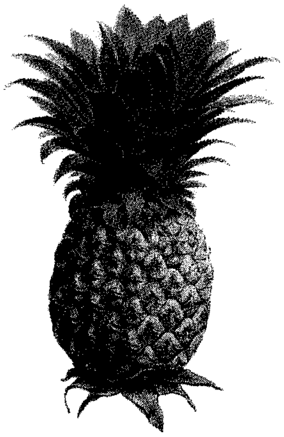
Melone



Pera



Arancia



Ananas

Pesca

Authentic Italian Recipe No. 3

First, select a fruit.
Then, add Prosciutto di Parma.

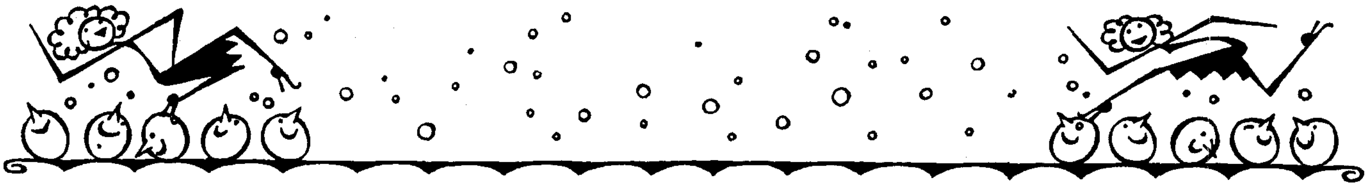
Sometimes the simple pleasures in life are the most delicious. One taste—with fruit, with bread, or with nothing at all—and you will know why Parma is Italy's favorite prosciutto. Ask for it by name in better food stores.

PARMA

PROSCIUTTO DI PARMA
Quite simply, the world's finest.

©1993 Consorzio del Prosciutto di Parma, Parma, Italy

Istituto Italiano per il Commercio Estero (I.C.E.); Italian Trade Commission New York



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4				

THE THEATRE

Insanely Busy

THIS past summer, the director Declan Donnellan and the stage designer Nick Ormerod turned down an offer to play lunatics in the film version of Alan Bennett's "The Madness of George III," directed by their longtime friend Nicholas Hytner. "We had a rehearsal to conduct," Donnellan says, by which he means a run-through of the revival of "As You Like It," which the pair's thirteen-year-old touring company, Cheek by Jowl, will be bringing to BAM next week. Exactly when Donnellan and Ormerod might find time for film work is a good question. In addition to "As You Like It," which has an all-male cast but is an impeccably straightforward production, they're doing a "Mahagonny" for the English National Opera this season. And they're preparing to take their first commercial plunge, with a mega-musical based on the story of the sixteenth-century French peasant Martin Guerre.

Cheek by Jowl may also be doing a new Tony Kushner play, a surprising prospect in light of the squabbles Kushner and Donnellan had over the latter's National Theatre version of "Angels in America." ("We're still great friends," Donnellan insists, "even though we nearly killed each other over that one.") The recent success of their chamber-size "Sweeney Todd," at the National, which featured Adrian Lester, who plays Rosalind in "As You Like It," has theatregoers hoping that Donnellan and Ormerod will also have another go at Sondheim. Will there ever be time for more of the classic repertoire with which Cheek by Jowl made its name? Donnellan mentions the possibility of a "King Lear" with Nigel Hawthorne, who, as the Bard-spouting monarch of "George III," was a much more willing party to Nicholas Hytner's hijinks.

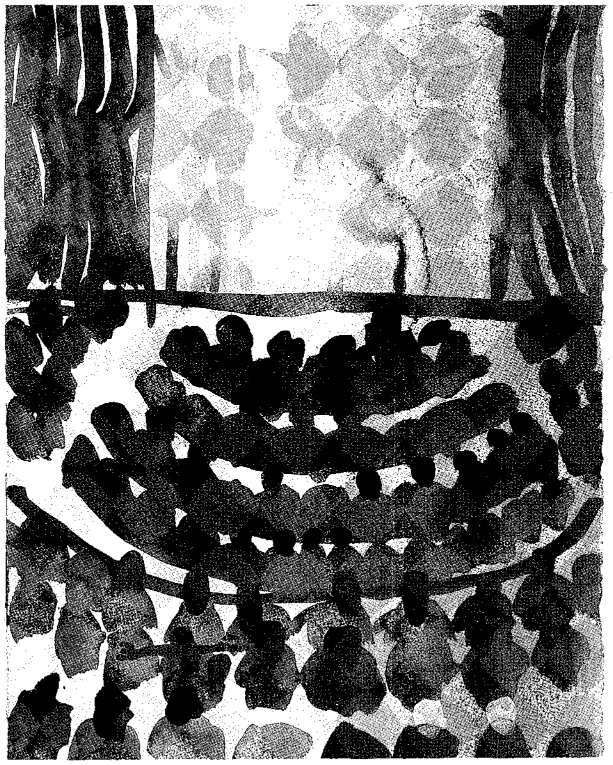
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

As You Like It—Cheek by Jowl, the English company, presents an all-male cast in Shakespeare's play, at the Next Wave Festival. Opens Oct. 4 at 7 and runs through Oct. 9. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

A Cheever Evening—A. R. Gurney's new play, based on eighteen short stories by John Cheever. With John Cunningham, Jack Gilpin, Julie Hagerty, Mary Beth Peil, Robert Stanton, and Jennifer Van Dyck. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company puts its spin on Shakespeare's comedy, directed by, and starring, Everett Quinton. Preview on Sept. 28. Opens Sept. 29 at 8. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)



MAX MILLER

Show Boat—The 1927 musical by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, in a new production directed by Hal Prince. This revival, which originated in Toronto last year, features John McMartin, Elaine Stritch, Rebecca Luker, Lonette McKee, Mark Jacoby, and Michel Bell. Previews through Oct. 1. Opens Oct. 2 at 5:45. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Uncommon Women and Others—Second Stage's revival of Wendy Wasserstein's 1977 play, directed by Carole Rothman. With Joan Buddenhagen, Julie Dretzin, Danielle Ferland, Jessica Lundy, Mary McCann, Haviland Morris, Robin Morse, Rosemary Murphy, and Stephanie Roth. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). But the cast, which includes Victor Garber, delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Down by the Ocean—A play written and directed by P. J. Barry, presented by the York Theatre Company. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

Faith Journey—A gospel musical, set in the South during the civil-rights movement. Book and lyrics by Clarence Cuthbertson and George Broderick, who also wrote the music. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

A Field in Heat—A play by Ricky Spears. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 9.)

First Night—Lannyl Stephens and Daniel McDonald in a romantic comedy by Jack Neary. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Ghost in the Machine—A psychological thriller by David Gilman, presented by the Barrow Group. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 522-1402. Closes Oct. 9.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by Leslie Jordan and starring Mark Baker. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean,

What You Have The Least Of, We'll Help You Make The Most Of. Time.

It seems as if there's never enough of it. And we realize the last thing you can afford to do is run out of it. So to help you make the most of it, Delta Air Lines has a flight leaving every 17 seconds of every day to almost anywhere in the world your business might take you. To London, Frankfurt, Paris, Rome. To Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Seoul. And every step of the way, we'll do everything possible to make sure you not only arrive relaxed and refreshed, but also with plenty of time to spare. Join us on your next business trip. We think you'll love the way we fly.

Oslo
Stockholm
Helsinki
Dublin
Manchester
London
Berlin
Warsaw
Brussels
Frankfurt
Paris
Prague
Zurich
Vienna
Geneva
Nice
DELTA

DELTA AIR LINES

YOU'LL LOVE THE WAY WE FLY™

Based on cities served by Delta and the Delta Connection.® Delta Connection flights operate with Delta flight numbers 3000-5999 and 7000-7999. ©1994 Delta Air Lines, Inc.

thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in a musical show about Jelly Roll Morton. With Morten Gunnar Larsen on piano. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 777-7474.)

The Keepers—A drama by Barbara Lebow, set in Maine in the eighteen-fifties. Presented by Jean Cocteau Repertory. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

King Lear—The Pearl Theatre Company's first show in its new home. Robert Hock has the title role in Shakespeare's play. (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Mark's Pl. 598-9802.)

King Ubu—Paul Todaro directed and stars in this production of George Rand's deft new translation of Alfred Jarry's fin-de-siècle satire. The Independent Theatre Company gives a diverting and campy spin to the nasty, low-down goings on. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes Oct. 8.)

Laughing Matters—A silly-serious autobiographical one-man show written and performed by Nick Ullett, a Brit who arrived in the States around the time of Beatlemania. (His first standup act here included a "She Loves Me" version of Hamlet's soliloquy: "To die, Yeah, yeah, yeah / To sleep, Yeah, yeah yeah.") Mr. Ullett's musings about his past—an assortment of marriages, an appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show," a stint in advertising—were triggered by a cancer diagnosis a few years ago, and intimations of mortality sharpen the comic proceedings. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes Oct. 9.)

Mother and Child—Helen Harrelson portrays a Mississippi woman who goes to New York to be with her dying son, played by Anthony M. Brown. The drama was written and directed by Matthew Lombardo. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 279-4200.)

The Nest—First-time parents Kurt and Martha, who are masters of the sunny aphorism, learn the perils of blind obedience in this blue-collar morality tale by the Bavarian playwright Franz Xaver Kroetz. Ably directed by Moisés Kaufman, the matter-of-fact staging includes some surprisingly moving puppet-show interludes. Translated from the German by Roger Downey. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes Oct. 2.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shea and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—The Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Brian Friel's 1966 play, with Pauline Flanagan, Robert Sean Leonard, Robert Stattel, and Jim True. Joe Dowling directed. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Secretaries—A comedy, set in the office of an Oregon lumber mill, written and performed by the Five Lesbian Brothers (Maureen Angelos, Babs Davy, Dominique Dibbell, Peg Healey, and Lisa Kron). The play is a sustained, amusing look at the fine line between aggression and assertiveness. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes Oct. 16.)

Terese Capucilli and Mario Camacho in "Death and Entrances," at BAM's "Radical Graham."

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Talking Pictures—A drama by Horton Foote, this season's playwright-in-residence at the Signature Theatre Company. The cast includes Hallie Foote. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200.)

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 279-6200.)

Uncle Vanya—British playwright Howard Barker's deconstructed version of Chekhov's play, in which Chekhov himself appears as a character. Directed by Kirk Jackson, with sets by Russell Parkman. (Cucaracha Theatre, 500 Greenwich St. 966-8596. Closes Oct. 1.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Mathew in the School of Life, Part I: The Lamb of God—A new electronic opera/musical-theatre work by John Moran, performed by the Ridge Theatre. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Sept. 29-Oct. 2 at 8. Through Oct. 23.)

DANCE

"Radical Graham"—Ten performances by the Martha Graham Dance Company, focussing on the choreographer's early works. Sept. 28 at 8: A benefit evening, comprising several works on film and performances of "Serenata Morisca," "Lamentation," "Satyric Festival Song," "Maple Leaf Rag," "Errand Into the Maze," and "The Owl and the Pussycat." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 8: "Appalachian Spring," "Satyric Festival Song," "Deep Song," "Chronicle," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 8: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 3: "Appalachian Spring," "Satyric Festival Song," "Lamentation," "Chronicle," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8: "El Penitente," "Deep Song," "Heretic," "Cave of the Heart," and "Death and Entrances." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Oct. 9.)

Setsuko Yamada—A Japanese dancer and choreographer, in "Father." (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Sept. 28-29 at 8.)

Tan Dun and Muna Tseng—The composer and the choreographer present "The Pink," based on an erotic Chinese novel of the sixteenth century and performed by dancers, vocalist/performance artists, and instrumentalists. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Sept. 29-Oct. 1 at 7:30 and Oct. 2 at 3.)

Lyon Opera Ballet—A French company, self-described as "postmodern with a hip French twist," in a program that includes two New York premières by Ralph Lemon: "Bogus Pomp" has a Frank Zappa score of fake movie music; "My Tears Have Been My Meat Night and Day" is set to Monteverdi layered with a commissioned score by guitar iconoclast Rhys Chatham. Former resident choreographer Maguy Marin's "Contrastes" (New York première), and Angelin Preljocaj's "Larmes Blanches" provide the French twist. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 28-30 at 8, Oct. 1 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 2 at 2 and 7:30.)

Lewitzky Dance Company—The Los Angeles-based modern-dance company presents four New York premières: "Confines," "Episode #4: Turf," "Impressions, #1 (Henry Moore)," and "Meta 4." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 4 at 8. Through Oct. 9.)

Calvin Klein

HOVGHTON

Works of Art from Houghton, one of the most important historical houses in Britain, to be sold in London, December 8, 1994.

Highlights from this collection, which includes pictures, 18th Century furniture, silver, porcelain and objects of art, will be on view at Christie's, 502 Park Avenue, New York from September 30 to October 4, 10am to 5pm daily and 1pm to 5pm on Sunday.

Above: A pair of Louis XV gilt-bronze swans, 10½in. wide; 12¾in. high. Estimate: £120,000-£180,000 ($195,000-$292,000).

To order a copy of the catalogue ($55 plus $10 postage), please telephone (800) 395 6300, or fax (800) 395 5600.

CHRISTIE'S

Principal auctioneer Christopher Burge #761543

NIGHT LIFE

Indivisible

Barbara Cook and Wally Harper's current engagement at the Café Carlyle marks the twentieth year of collaboration between the soprano and her musical arranger and pianist—a remarkable achievement in a field not noted for the longevity of its working relationships. Although Harper keeps busy with all sorts of projects—he arranged many of the numbers in Tovah Feldshuh's show at the Ballroom—he steers clear of the spotlight himself, stating, "I don't really perform with anyone except Barbara."

The unpretentious Ohioan was classically trained at Juilliard as a pianist, but never aspired to a concert career. Instead, he became a musical arranger for choreographic sequences, beginning with a flop called "Billy" (an all-male dance show improbably based on "Billy Budd"), and moving on to successes (including "Company," "Irene," and several Tommy Tune productions), mostly on Broadway. He knew Cook through theatrical circles, and when, in 1974, they happened to read through some material together, they recognized each other as soul mates. Even after twenty years, they're constantly sifting through new (or old) material. "We spend more time looking than doing," says Harper of their rehearsal process. "Once we hone in on something, we bat around approaches—rhythmic, emotional—and when we get something that clicks, we both sense it right away." One new piece that clicked loudly enough to make it into their Carlyle show was a song called "Errol Flynn," by Amanda McBroom. Harper says, "Her father was a bit player in the films, and the lyric describes how she sees his name way below Errol Flynn's on a poster. The lyric is exceptional, and Barbara sings it so well that I just indulge myself playing and listening to it."

CONCERTS

Tony Bennett—He won't be over even when the hype dies down. Bennett's voice is still sublime, and his choice of material is as impeccable today as it was forty years ago, so we'll forgive him for posing with the likes of the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Toni Braxton. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Ray Obiedo—Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Sept. 28 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

CIGARETTES & CANDY
chip
chip

ROBERT DEMICHIELI

Bryan Miller and the Pinballs—The former restaurant critic and his band play Cajun and zydeco tunes. (American Institute of Guitar, 250 W. 54th St., sixth floor. 757-3255. Sept. 29 at 8.)

The Hi-Tops—Playing traditional New Orleans and Chicago-style jazz. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Sept. 30 at 1 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

New York Theatre Organ Society—Jonas Nordwall plays a twenty-one-hundred-pipe Wurlitzer in what was once the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre and is now part of Long Island University. (L.I.U.'s Brooklyn campus, DeKalb and Flatbush Aves. Oct. 2 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Meisho Tosha—In a concert of yokobue (bamboo flute) music, with his seven-year-old son accompanying him on the taiko drum. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 3 at 8.)

CLUBS

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—In the heart of the theatre district, a haven for those whose musical tastes run left of "Tommy." **BLUR** arrives on Sept. 29. On their latest album, "Parklife," this British band offers an encyclopedic tribute to English rock styles from the sixties to the present. But there's not a parody in sight—it's all a loving tribute. Live, they groove hard. For concert information, call 249-8870.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. Sept. 30: **DOMINICK ROONEY, DENIS IGOE,** and **DON MEADE.**

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Sept. 29-30: **BRUCE COCKBURN.** Over the past twenty-five years, Cockburn has lent his gritty passion and fierce intelligence to matters both personal and political. The Canadian folk-rocker's latest album, "Dart to the Heart," deals primarily with elemental matters like love, friendship, and death. The great eccentric guitarist **DAVID LINDLEY** appears on Oct. 1-2, with percussionist Hani Naser. Lindley, whose brilliant slide work has energized records by everyone from Ry Cooder to Jackson Browne, fancies garish Day-Glo outfits and vintage instruments of equal wattage.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—Inching closer and closer to respectability, this former dive in the East Village now features a new stage, a beefed-up sound system, and a steady lineup of hardcore bands hungry for the big money. **WHO KILLED BAMBI** is your host on Sept. 29. **HOOCH** is in Sept. 30. **INCINERATOR** headlines on Oct. 1.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. The **BOSSA NOVA BEATNIKS** drop by on Oct. 4.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—A new palace dedicated to the down-and-dirty music of the Windy City. Sept. 28-Oct. 1: **EDDIE SHAW AND THE WOLF GANG** head up a blues-drenched program.

Cleopatra Supper Club, 327 W. 44th St (262-1111)—Live music, belly dancing, and an honest-to-God whirling dervish, every Wednesday through Sunday.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A comfortable lavender and stainless-steel paradise deep in the heart of the meat district. Sept. 29:

LUNACHICKS and **INTO ANOTHER.** Every Monday night, Sonic Youth guitarist **LEE RANALDO** curates a free evening of noise and art. Wednesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spin-offs.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. **SUSAN MC KEOWN & THE CHANTING HOUSE** are here on Sept. 30. On Oct. 1, catch folk troubadour **PIERCE TURNER.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—The **SPECIALS,** those frenetic ska favorites who brought you "Free Nelson Mandela," stop by on Sept. 30, with Let's Go Bowling. On Oct. 1: crowd-moving grunge with the **JESUS LIZARD** and Girls Against Boys. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side Blues. Local guitar hero **JOHNNY ALLEN** appears on Sept. 28.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201-798-4064)—Attention pop retrophiles: guitarist **ARTHUR LEE & LOVE** make a special appearance on Sept. 30. On Oct. 4, be sure to catch legendary drummer **MAUREEN TUCKER,** the Velvet Underground's diminutive dynamo.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—On Sept. 28: **EDDI READER.** "I went west of us and found a Zed-bed to fold my body into," this young singer writes in the album notes for her eponymous début CD. "Then south to California. I couldn't speak out loud yet but Heroine understood." Okay, so Reader wears Lisa Loeb glasses and has some hippie-dippy tendencies. Fortunately, she also has a warm, vibrato-laden soprano somewhat reminiscent of Joan Baez's voice—not quite so pure, perhaps, but ripe and knowing. And Reader's album is full of graceful tunes co-written with collaborators like Boo Hewerdine and Kirsty MacColl. With the Fertile Crescent, Lounge Lizard **JOHN LURIE** débuts his new National Orchestra on Sept. 30. **SEED** swings by on Oct. 1, with the 360's.

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. **OSCAR D'LEON** is in on Sept. 28 and **RAULIN ROSENDO** on Sept. 30. Dining.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week: another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit. On Sept. 30: the **DAVE MATTHEWS BAND,** the latest jam-happy, New York-based blues-pop outfit to parlay a cult following into a deal with a major label. RCA Records just released "Under the Table and Dreaming," no doubt with visions of the Spin Doctors' *Rolling Stone* cover dancing in their heads. With From Good Homes.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Vocalist **ABBEY LINCOLN** is here through Sept. 29. Zambian pop star **MURIEL MWAMBA** makes a special appearance on Sept. 30. Oct. 3: **DAVE VALENTIN.** Closed Sundays. Dining.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The fabulous **BOOTSY COLLINS** is in on Sept. 28, along with Royale Watkins, of HBO's "Def Comedy Jam." **DAVID BROZA** is in on Sept. 29, with the Syrens. On Oct. 1: **ARTHUR LEE & LOVE** swing over from Maxwell's, with guests **ADAM ROTH** and **PSYCHIC PENGUINS.** On Oct. 4: **G. LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE.** This dynamite new trio from Philadelphia plays amazingly loose and swinging rap songs—funky odes to John Lee Hooker, hoops, beer, and other low-down pleasures. Vocalist G. Love is boyishly handsome, like the young Elvis, and together with Jeffrey Clemons (on drums) and Jimmy Prescott (on stand-up bass) he has molded a distinctive sound that combines a chicken-shack hip-hop groove with bluesy guitar riffs (influenced by everyone from Leadbelly to Clapton). In a rap market crowded with busy, overproduced gangsta records, "G. Love and Special Sauce," the band's début, is one of the very necessary albums of the year. This show should crackle like a hot night on the back porch. Monday nights, Tramps hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—**HOOTIE & THE BLOWFISH** come swimming in on Sept. 30. Never mind the unfortunate name—this Columbia, South Carolina, quartet is a swinging purveyor of sincere, wide-open rock anthems and soulful bar ballads. Hootie has just released a very promising major-label album titled "Cracked Rear View." Cowboy Mouth opens.

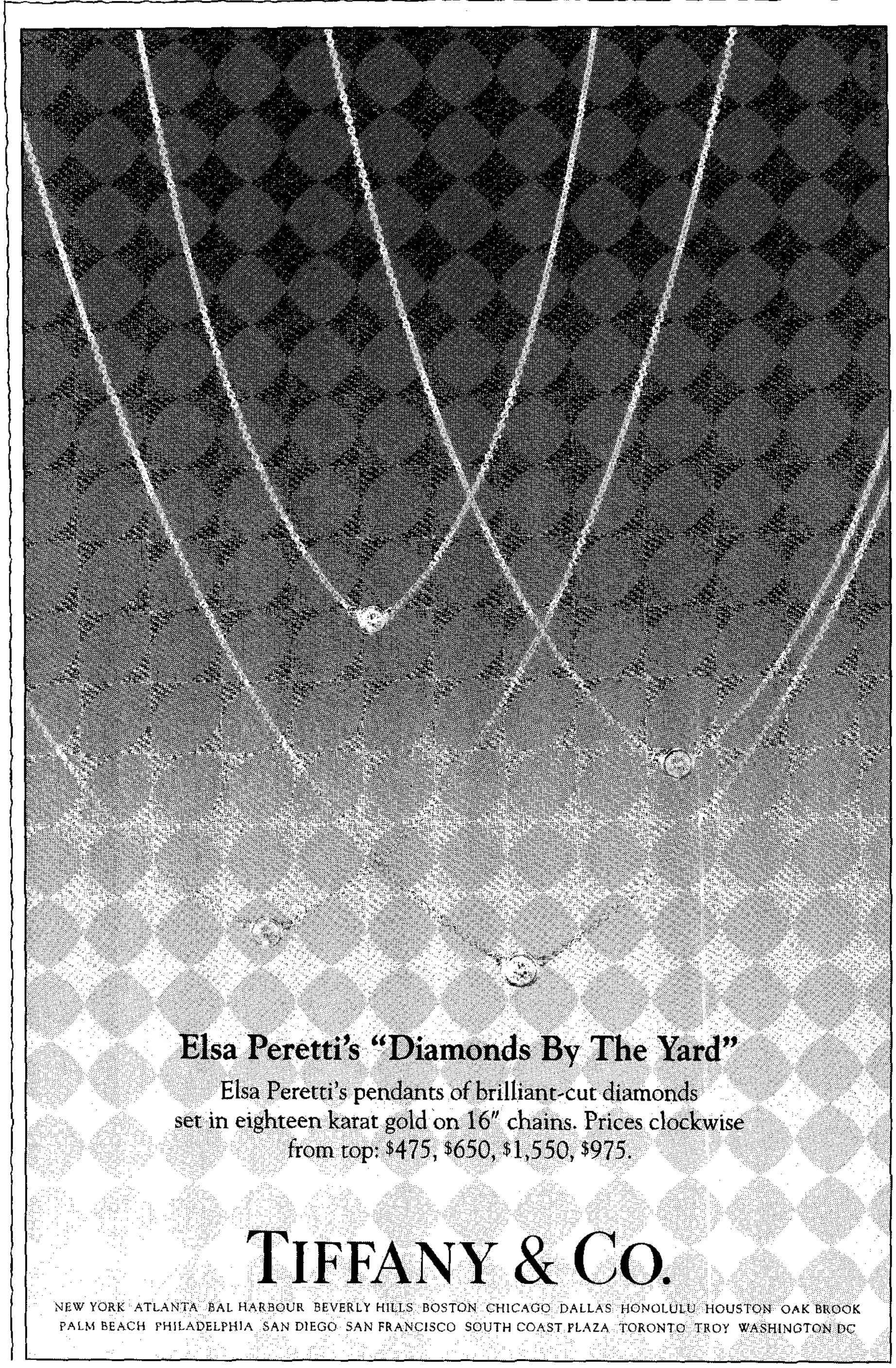
JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Through Oct. 1, vocalist **BOBBY CALDWELL** is at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Singer-songwriter **LOIS WALDEN** begins a two-week run on Oct. 4. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, weekends to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that also features a tapas bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, actress/singer/comedienne **TOVAH FELDSHUH** has the stage.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. The **REBECCA KANE** sextet appears on Sept. 29. On Sept. 30-Oct. 1: the **CHARLES DAVIS–BARRY HARRIS** quartet. Bebop has its gentle side, and Harris is the master of that realm, coaxing flowing



Elsa Peretti's "Diamonds By The Yard"

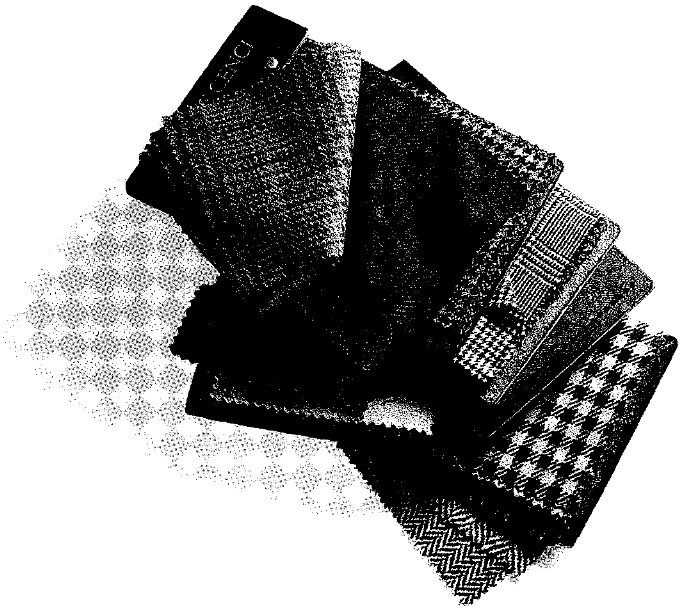
Elsa Peretti's pendants of brilliant-cut diamonds set in eighteen karat gold on 16" chains. Prices clockwise from top: $475, $650, $1,550, $975.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON OAK BROOK
PALM BEACH PHILADELPHIA SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA TORONTO TROY WASHINGTON DC

It's a lot easier to find quality clothes than it is to find a quality store.

Bravo!



Big department stores try to have a little something for everyone. While most clothing store chains cater to the trendy or budget-minded. You might find a quality item at any of them, but you'll have to look hard. You might even have to get lucky. But at Davide Cenci, it's never a matter of luck—it's a matter of skill, service and knowledge. And even though our clothes are tailored, we still offer made-to-measure. Drop by and experience quality.

DAVIDE
CENCI

Our client's favorite store. Since 1926.

New York *801 Madison Avenue* 1 800/528 2515 **Roma** *Via Campo Marzio 1-7* **Milano** *Via Manzoni 7*

phrases from his piano, with a little gilt around the edges. His foil on saxophone will be Davis, who has been unjustly overlooked. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. **Cleo Laine** and **John Dankworth** continue through Oct. 2. The **Chick Corea** quartet begins a run on Oct. 4. Fusion forays aside, there's no denying that Corea has been one of the most influential jazz pianists of the past twenty years. He's a harmonically inventive impressionist who enlivens his work with rhythmic impetuousness. With bass virtuoso John Pattitucci and saxophonist Bob Berg. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through Oct. 1: the **Chris Anderson** trio. Though only a handful of recordings dot Anderson's forty-year career, and his appearances have at best been sporadic, the pianist still safely qualifies as a legend; lyrical and eccentric, his bop runs have the unmistakable power of authenticity. Dining.

G. Love and Special Sauce at Tramps.

VIDEO STILL COURTESY OF EPIC RECORDS

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **Barbara Cook,** backed up by **Wally Harper,** her longtime pianist and arranger. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Ronny Whyte** presides at the piano. Whyte (handsome, dapper, easygoing) is a first-class cabaret singer. His voice and delivery resemble Bobby Short's, and he is a creditable accompanist and jazz pianist. He favors songs that have fallen by the wayside—the ones that were dropped from shows on opening night or landed on the cutting-room floor.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top subterranean jazz spots. The **Al Grey** sextet is here through Oct. 2. Singer **Carol Sloane** starts an engagement on Oct. 4. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul** leads a trio. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **Donald Johnston** is the featured pianist. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. **James Carter** performs through Sept. 30. Carter is ready to give Joshua Redman, hailed as the saxophone sensation of the nineties, a run for his money. With his burly sound, and his fully assimilated knowledge of the jazz-saxophone tradition, Carter seems poised for a major breakthrough.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **Judy Carmichael** and **Mike Hashim** join forces through Oct. 1.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Sept. 29: **Oliver Lake.** One of the last of the true believers, Lake refines and extends the experimental spirit of the sixties with his virtuosic saxophone playing. For this appearance, he'll be playing solo and with his longtime associates Michael Gregory Jackson on guitar and Pheeroan Aklaff on drums. Oct. 1 is given over to a night of acid jazz.

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **Gene Bertoncini** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. Monday nights, catch **Con-Tri-Bution,** a reggae-tinged jazz collective. Tuesdays, tune in to the **George Gee** orchestra, a seventeen-piece swing band. **Julian Fleisher and His Rather Big Band** take over on Sept. 29. On Sept. 30-Oct. 1: the **Peter Yellin All-Star Quintet.**

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Mel Tormé** is in the midst of a monthlong run. At the early shows on Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Cabaret deity **Karen Akers** is presently holding forth. Closed Mondays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. On Oct. 2, Broadway veteran **Jo Sullivan Loesser** lends her lilting soprano to the songs of her late husband, the wonderful musical-comedy composer Frank Loesser. Joining her will be daughter **Emily Loesser** and son-in-law **Don Stephenson.** Some friends of the family—pianist Colin Romoff, bassist Doug Romoff, and guitarist Greg Utzig—will also be on hand. Oct. 3: **Julie Budd** will sing the tunes of Ira Gershwin and others. Dining.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—A new contender in New York's ever-changing jazz topography, this club features young and up-and-coming players jamming late into the night. On Sept. 28, Rick Della Ratta and his trio will take the stage. From Sept. 29 through Oct. 1, catch the **Jerry Gibbs** quintet, with saxophonist **Ravi Coltrane.**

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The uncommonly brave and intelligent soprano saxophonist **Dave Leibman** is in the house through Oct. 2. Beginning Oct. 4: **Dewey Redman.** An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **Miles Evans** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tatou, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—The **Nat Jones** trio entertains every weekend. The rest of the week, a saucy cabaret revue called "Just for Kicks." Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Through Oct. 2, you can check out the **Ahmad Jamal** trio. Jamal, a charming minimalist back in the fifties, has metamorphosed into an eccentric, extroverted pianist with his own game plan of stop-and-start rhythms, mood-swing digressions, and catch-me-if-you-can shenanigans. What holds all this perversely fascinating stuff together is technique.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. For the next few weeks: **Kenny Barron, Buster Williams,** and **Ben Riley.** The team of pianist Barron, bassist Williams, and drummer Riley is more than a rhythm section—it's a brotherhood. These men have been making music together since the early eighties. Over the course of their three-week gig, they're playing host to three different saxophonists, the second of which is the brilliant and garrulous **Gary Bartz,** in through Oct. 2. Starting Oct. 4, the final horn player to join the core trio will be **James Spaulding.** A mainstay of some of the more radical groups of the sixties, Spaulding is mellower today and enjoying new visibility. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—The **Jim Snidero** quartet plays through Oct. 1. Backing up Sinatra is all well and good, but a resourceful altoist like Snidero needs to get out and really blow once in a while. The horn player has armed himself with a whiplash band, including drummer Billy Hart, bassist Dennis Irwin, pianist Kevin Hays, and trumpeter Tim Hagans.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Guitarist **Gene Bertoncini** and bassist **Michael Moore** team up through Oct. 1.

• •

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Recent jazz albums we've been playing and replaying.

CYRUS CHESTNUT, "Revelation" (Atlantic).

MARIAN & JIMMY MCPARTLAND
"A Sentimental Journey" (Jazz Alliance).

FRED ASTAIRE,
"Steppin' Out: Astaire Sings" (Verve).

BILL BARRON, "Higher Ground" (Joken).

STAN GETZ, "Nobody Else But Me" (Verve).

WALLACE RONEY,
"Mistérios" (Warner Bros.).

ERROLL GARNER,
"That's My Kick & Gemini" (Telarchive).

JIMMY ROWLES, "Lilac Time" (Kokopelli).

JAMES CARTER,
"JC on the Set" (DIW/Columbia).

THELONIOUS MONK, "Big Band and Quartet in Concert" (Columbia).

LEE KONITZ,
"Live at the Half Note" (Verve).

RUBY BRAFF, "Ruby & His Quartet Live at the Regattabar" (Arbors).

PAUL MOTIAN TRIO, "Trioism" (JMT).

THE MATTHEW SHIPP DUO, "Zo" (Rise).

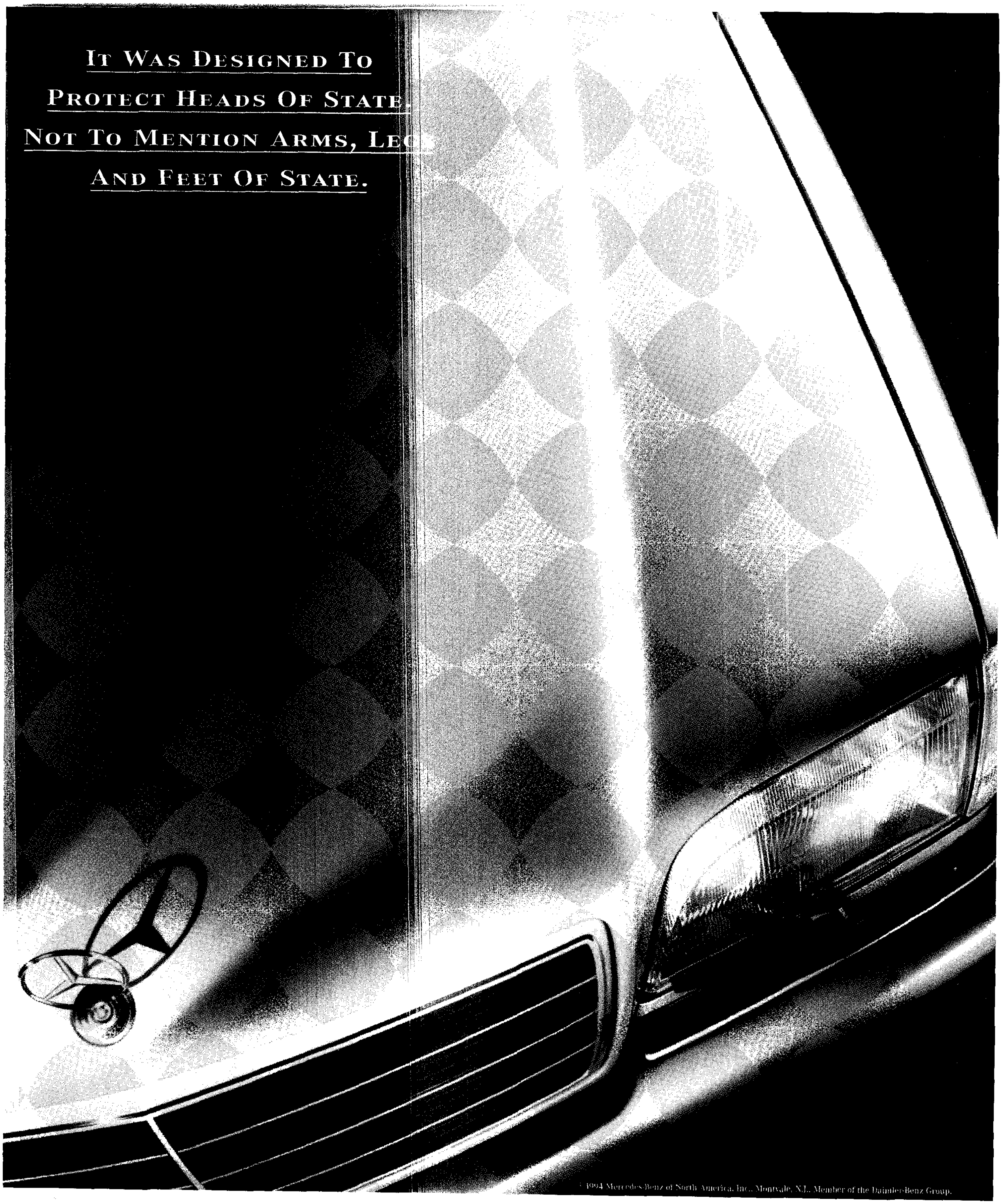
JOE WILDER, "No Greater Love" (Evening Star).

DICK KATZ, "3 Way Play" (Reservoir).

EARL HINES "And the Duke's Men" (Delmark).

SONNY FORTUNE, "Four in One" (Blue Note).

TOMMY DORSEY & FRANK SINATRA,
"The Song Is You" (RCA).


It Was Designed To
Protect Heads Of State.
Not To Mention Arms, Legs
And Feet Of State.
© 1994 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J., Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.

The 1995 S-Class

For information and the dealer nearest you, please call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES.

Equitable is The Equitable Companies Incorporated. Life insurance and annuity contracts, including variable annuities and variable life insurance, are issued by The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States or Equitable Variable Life

Twenty years from now,

will I be living

with my kids?

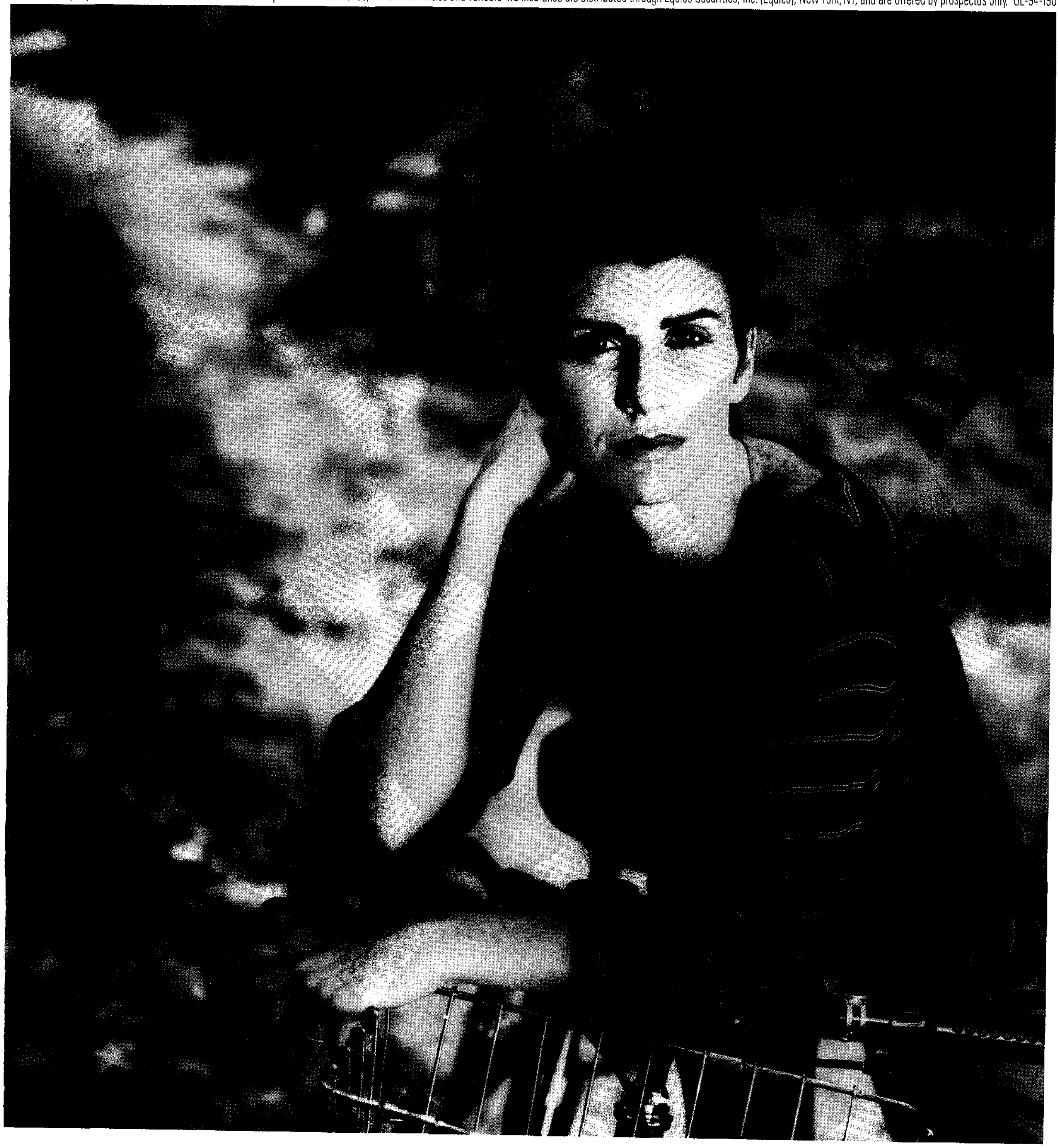
You couldn't call it a nightmare. Yet the thought of not being independent still nags at us all. Companies downsize. Pensions melt away. Social security – who knows?

So how does true independence begin? With Equitable and an array of mutual funds, variable annuities and life insurance – ideas that help you plan the future – some that even help defer taxes. And none of which depend on your company. Or on social security.

To find out more about these products, including charges and expenses, ask your agent for a prospectus. Be sure to read it carefully before you invest or pay money.

And do it soon. Because some things you just have to do for yourself. For tomorrow.

nsurance Company, New York, NY, which are subsidiaries of Equitable. Mutual funds, variable annuities and variable life insurance are distributed through Equico Securities, Inc. (Equico), New York, NY, and are offered by prospectus only. GE-94-190



EQUITABLE

Power over tomorrow℠

ART

Moonlighting

Doug Aitken, whose work is currently on view at the 303 Gallery (89 Greene Street; through October 15), works professionally as a director of music videos and other commercial projects, but, like a number of other artists in the downscaled nineties, he incorporates aspects of his “day job” into his aesthetic strategy. Mixing up work and leisure, he adds several new wrinkles to the already complicated relationship between “fine art” and entertainment, further blurring the boundaries between art, fashion, and pop. Aitken's two new videos at 303 are discreetly mesmerizing. One of the installations, “american international,” features a video of a motorcyclist at a California raceway. The other installation, “autumn,” consists of three TV monitors, each showing a passel of cute, stylishly dishevelled Generation X types wandering through arid Southern California landscapes, with crosscutting to airplane wings, cityscapes, and other anomalous images. A soundtrack of droning music by Saint Etienne establishes a contemplative mood—not what your garden-variety couch potato expects from MTV.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—“The Photographs of Édouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France.” Shots from the nineteenth century. Opens Oct. 4. . . . ¶ “Ominous Hush: The Thunderstorm Paintings of Martin Johnson Heade.” Opens Oct. 4. . . . ¶ “Origins of Impressionism” begins with paintings seen at the historic and influential Salon of 1859 and includes nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. . . . ¶ Gowns, daywear, and costume jewelry by Mme. Grès, a French designer active from 1930 to 1988, are on display in the Costume Institute. . . . ¶ “Four Silk Kashan Rugs.” In the sixteenth century, the Persian city of Kashan produced magnificent silk carpets, only twenty of which have survived; four of them belong to the Met. Displayed together for the first time, they provide a rare glimpse into a vanished world of imperial splendor. . . . ¶ The Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works includes paintings by Picasso and Renoir. . . . ¶ “American Impressionism and Realism: Drawings, Prints, and Photographs” features work from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ “Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra.” Seventy primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from puppets to a three-inch-square ritual book. . . . ¶ The roof garden is open through the end of October. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—“Cy Twombly: A Retrospective.” (A concurrent show of his works is at the Gagosian gallery.) . . . ¶ “Drawing in Black and White: A Selection of Contemporary Works from the Collection.” . . . ¶ “The Prints of Louise Bourgeois.” On the tail of the Brooklyn Museum's retrospective, this exhibit focusses on the artist's etchings and lithographs, including “He Disappeared Into Complete Silence” (1946-47) and “Ste. Sebastienne” (1992). (There are two installations by Bourgeois at the Blum gallery.) (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—While the Goog is between shows, busy hands will be taking down “The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection,” to make room for “The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943-68,” which will open Oct. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, except Sept. 28, from 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—“Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky.” (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—“Jess: A Grand Collage, 1951-1993” includes this former nuclear physicist's painted reproductions of nineteenth-century photographs, as well as “Narkissos,” a collage developed over thirty years. . . . ¶ “Neil Jenney: Natural Rationalism.” Five paintings, including “North America Abstracted” (1978-80), which illustrate Jenney's response to the American landscape tradition. . . . ¶ A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. Through Oct. 9. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—“Empires Beyond the Great Wall: The Heritage of Genghis Khan.” The Mongols controlled China during one of its cultural high points—the Yüan dynasty—yet posterity has never accorded them anything more than grudging respect. This exhibition, drawing on the collections of several museums in Inner Mongolia, attempts to establish the peoples of the steppes as a major world civilization. Some of the most impressive artifacts are those associated with the culture of the horse and the hunt; many of the items seem to have been designed to be easily packed up in a saddlebag. Though they're not all as impressive as, say, the hammered-gold saddle ornament, none of these Mongolian objects have ever been exhibited in the West before; they offer an interesting glimpse into the lives of the nomadic people who conquered China. . . . ¶ “Royal Tombs of Sipán.” Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru and one of the world's major ancient civilizations. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

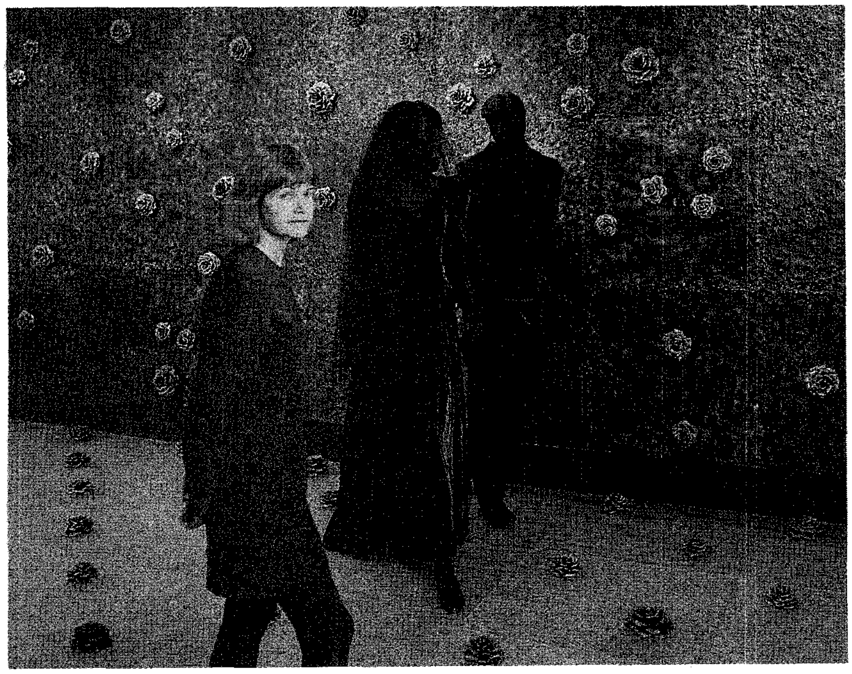
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Dale Chihuly's “The Brooklyn Wall,” an installation of blown glass, will be on view in the lobby. Opens Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Selected works of Leon Polk Smith, an American abstract painter. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—“Hell: Luis Cruz Azaceta, Selected Works, 1978-93.” Nineteen paintings that deal with AIDS, homelessness, and other contemporary issues, by a native of Cuba; a selection of Azaceta's drawings is also on view. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—“Bauhaus Workshops: 1919-1933.” Furniture, metalwork, glass, textiles, and ceramics made by disciples of the German school of architecture and design. This small but instructive exhibit covers the role of women at the Bauhaus. Through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ “Sculptural Concerns: Contemporary American Metalworking.” Jewelry, sculpture, and furniture, among other craftwork. Through Oct. 2. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens—“Hopalong Cassidy: King of the Licensed Cowboys.” William Boyd, who played Hopalong in the movies, and on television (from 1949 to 1954), could hold his own in the current entertainment climate: product tie-ins in the exhibit include everything from trading cards to the Hopalong Cassidy Bunk House. Opens Oct. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Bard Graduate Center, 18 W. 86th St.—“Baroque Splendor: The Art of the Hungarian Goldsmith” includes gilt silver vessels, jewelry, and armor from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, during Hungary's occupation by the Turks, when its artisans were integrating elements of their traditional style with Western European baroque. Through Oct. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.)



Self-portrait by Sandy Skoglund (Borden).

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace" focusses on how the offices of the seventies and eighties incorporated the technological advances of those decades. Opens Oct. 4. . . . ¶ "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism in the Applied Arts 1880-1930" details a period of increasing industrialization in Europe, through selected ceramics, magazine covers, and glassware, among other objects that echoed the arts-and-crafts movement in England. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper Paintings." Five large paintings and a handful of collage-studies based on Leonardo's "Christ and His Apostles at the Last Supper." . . . ¶ Irish artist James Coleman's "Projected Images, 1972-94" includes "La Tache Aveugle," "Seeing for Oneself," and "I.N.I.T.I.A.L.S." . . . ¶ "Rest," by Franz West, an installation of twenty-seven couches on the center's roof. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.—"Double Realities," photographs by Miyase Ceren, who uses photomontage to combine images. Through Oct. 15. (Open Tuesdays and Thursdays, noon to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912-1922" features thirty-six paintings, both interiors and portraits, by Cavaglieri (1887-1969), an Italian Jew, whose work recalls the bright colors and thick brushwork of the Fauves. Opens Oct. 2. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions" ranges from a Jackson Pollock sketch to a Peter Paul Rubens study for "The Descent from the Cross." The collection is particularly strong in French drawings from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. . . . ¶ " 'A Chief of Ideas': Voltaire and the Eighteenth Century" highlights the writer's long love affairs with Mme. du Châtelet and Mme. Denis (his niece). . . . ¶ " 'No Small Pleasure': Benjamin Franklin as Public Servant." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Recovering Popular Culture," the second part of the series "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo," includes a bodega exhibit, work by contemporary craftspeople, and an exhibit pairing work from the permanent collection with that of contemporary artists. Next to woven baskets are Rene David Chamizo's undulating rattan wall hangings; the chock-full bodega setup ties in nicely with Pepón Osorio's "La Cama," a heavily decorated bed. If the theme of the show occasionally seems forced, the momentum makes up for it. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Every Picture Tells a Story: Word and Image in American Folk Art." Everything from a pre-Revolutionary illustrated birth certificate to a more contemporary text: "Try Me," painted on tin roofing. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Beals' Bohemians: Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals." Greenwich Village during the early nineteen-hundreds, as captured by America's first woman photojour-

BLANCPAIN

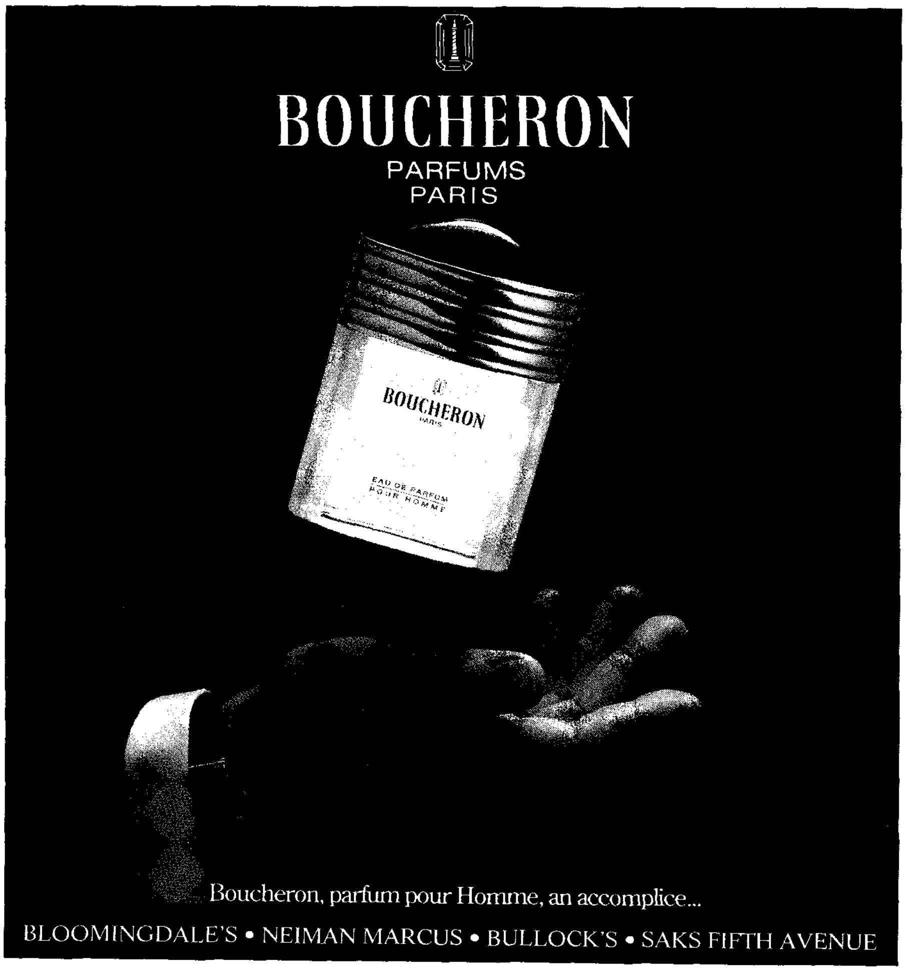
One of the few Swiss watchmakers that still makes watches the old fashioned way... completely by hand. Each watch signed, numbered and registered. Ultra-thin self-winding classic.

In 18K gold and stainless steel or all 18K gold.
Men's from $4,775 to $7,200.
Ladies' from $4,150 to $5,900.

Also available with bracelet.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • SHOP-AT-HOME: 1-800-348-3332


BOUCHERON
PARFUMS
PARIS

Boucheron, parfum pour Homme, an accomplice...

BLOOMINGDALE'S • NEIMAN MARCUS • BULLOCK'S • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

ECONOMY TIP(PLE)S.

FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS LATELY RECEIVED.

Water

Tip 1. At times such as these, it behoves us all to practise frugality. Here is a useful tip sent to us by MRS DOORBARR of Newcastle under Lyme.

'When I give my husband his Macallan Malt Whisky, he likes to drink it neat, savouring its mellow sherry-oak tones and flavours. But when I announce that the bottle is empty, he asks "Have you thrown it out?" "Yes," I answer. "It's too good to waste," says he. "Get it out of the bin and swill in a little water. There's a dram to be *squeezed* from it yet."

Tip 2. When seemingly empty, lie The Macallan bottle on its side. A surprising amount can gather here. Tilt gently forward and ease the residue into your glass.

Tip 3. Rest exhausted bottles, with corks on, upside down, in old flowerpots or similar containers. Every 6 months or so, moisten tongue with cork to recall golden days.

Tip 4. Any other economy notion you may have will be welcomed at the Distillery. Those we publish will be rewarded with an Economy Size bottle (50 ml.) of 12 year old The Macallan to tip at will.

THE MACALLAN. THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol. © 1994

nalist. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "Broadway Cavalcade: From the Battery to Harlem" follows the history of New York's diagonal boulevard, from its origins as an Indian footpath to its fame as the Great White Way. A section celebrating "Show Boat," complete with Playbills from its nine Broadway revivals, has recently been added. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton. Through Oct. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"Visiting Hours: An Installation by Bob Flanagan in Collaboration with Sheree Rose." Flanagan, who has cystic fibrosis, will hold public visiting hours from his hospital-bed installation, where he will be available to discuss his illness and masochism. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Raw and the Cooked: Images of Food from the Renaissance to the Present." On the menu are a Dürer engraving of Adam and Eve sharing an apple, and a Berenice Abbott photograph of potatoes. . . . ¶ "Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." . . . ¶ "New in the Berg Collection, 1991-1993." Manuscripts acquired during this period include Nabokov's papers and several poems by Anne Sexton. Through Oct. 1. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"New Performance in Found Spaces: Documentary Photographs by Tom Brazil and Dona Ann McAdams" features Brazil and McAdams' pictures of performance art from the early seventies to today, as well as black-and-white shots by Peter Moore (1932-94) of "happenings." (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI GARDEN MUSEUM, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—The first exhibit in the museum's newly refurbished and expanded home is "Louis Armstrong: A Cultural Legacy." Original recordings, a trumpet from the twenties, and work by Stuart Davis, Weegee, and Annie Leibovitz, among others, chronicle the life of America's most famous trumpeter. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Invoking the Spirit: Worship Traditions in the African World." Photographs by Chester Higgins, Jr. Opens Oct. 2. . . . ¶ "Art in the Service of the Lord: Sacred Art of the Black Church." Contemporary art with religious themes. Opens Oct. 2. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"Hale Woodruff Memorial Exhibition—Curators' Choice." The third in a series, in which the work of little-known African-American artists is selected for exhibition by curators from around the United States. . . . ¶ Minimalist bronze sculptures by Helen Evans Ramsaran. Through Oct. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

WILLARD DIXON / MARK WORKMAN—Spare still-lifes, some as simple as three bowls on a ledge. / Lancaster County farm scenes. Opens Sept. 29. Through Oct. 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

GARY HUME—Panel paintings with lacquered surfaces and simplified figurative and organic imagery. Opens Sept. 28. Through Nov. 26. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOHN MARIN (1870-1953)—New York City, the Maine coastline, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and other subjects characteristic of the American modernist's œuvre, in the inaugural show at the gallery's new space. Opens Oct. 1. Through Oct. 22. (Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

FAUSTO MELOTTI (1901-86)—Sculptures, dating from 1936 to the year of this Italian artist's death. They range from freestanding geometric pieces to abstract figurative works. Opens Oct. 4. Through Nov. 12. (Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—A dozen new abstract paintings. Opens Oct. 4. Through Oct. 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Paintings of male nudes. Opens Sept. 30. Through Oct. 29. (Stiebel Modern, 32 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD SOREL—Pastels, watercolors, and satirical pen-and-ink drawings of political, artistic, and sports figures. Opens Oct. 4. Through Oct. 29. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

SARAH SUPPLEE—Paintings and pastels of New York State farms. Opens Oct. 4. Through Oct. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

•

FRANCESCO CLEMENTE / ANDREW LORD—A suite of five paintings reveals unsuspected depths of good taste in Francesco Clemente—not necessarily a good thing. Patterns of ducks and Brancusi-like figures with erect penises float on the canvas in cool, abstracted designs, reminiscent of classic Japanese textiles. They are classy as hell, but emotionally flaccid compared with much of his earlier work. Simpler and more satisfying are the expressionistic pastel self-portraits, from which the artist stares unflinchingly at the viewer. / Lord's colossal bronze cups and vases have a brutal, barbaric power, like booty from a novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs: a massive vase is clutched by a pair of severed hands, another is rammed inside a severed head; there's also a three-legged dish called, simply, "Blood." Through Oct. 15. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GABRIEL OROZCO—A new and extremely minimal installation of lids from cartons of Dannon yogurt, and some earlier, quiet, rather opaque sculptures by the new star of conceptual art. While subtly engaging his Mexican heritage, Orozco assiduously avoids gilt Madonnas, flaming Sacred Hearts, and Day of the Dead kitsch. Through Oct. 15. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

LORENZO CARDI—Ghostly charcoal drawings and oil-on-wood paintings by a young Italian artist. Cardi shrinks from modernism, preferring to indulge in an adept, sensual pastiche of past masters. Through Oct. 22. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MANNY FARBER—Still-lifes of produce from the artist's garden in San Diego. They include references to his everyday life. Through Oct. 15. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK FORSMAN—Paintings of Western dams and reservoirs. Through Oct. 15. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY / ANDREW MASULLO—Semi-abstract landscape studies. / Tiny, suffocated abstractions that seem to aspire to flea-market versions of abstract art. Through Oct. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

DONALD JUDD / JIM DINE—Recent plywood and Plexiglas wall pieces, Corten-steel slabs stacked on the floor, and a multi-unit aluminum floor piece. / Watercolor, pastel, and mixed-medium renderings on paper of plants and flowers. Through Oct. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—New paintings, titled "Shales," combining bright-colored photo-transfers and layers of wax. Through Oct. 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

THEODORE ROSZAK—Sculptures and drawings (1942-63) that trace the artist's transformation from Constructivist to Expressionist. Through Oct. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW (1898-1957)—A survey of the Russian artist's work from the twenties, when he was influenced by the School of Paris, to his Surrealist period in New York, during the fifties. A focal point is the monumental painting "Hide-and-Seek," on loan from the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 5. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"THE STILL-LIFE IN LATIN AMERICA"—Paintings and sculptures by Claudio Bravo, Frida Kahlo, Rafael Ferrer, and others. Through Oct. 29. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

THREE WEIMAR ERA WOMEN—The best known of this trio is Käthe Kollwitz, whose lugubrious proletarian woodcuts depict the sufferings of women and children. Jeanne Mammen's watercolors depict a radically different social and spiritual world—one of pinched-faced, painted, mannequinlike women. The collages of Hannah Höch, who was on the cusp of the Dadaist movement, are as good as anything by Ernst or Schwitters. Through Nov. 5. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

ROD GILCHRIST—Paintings that use semaphore to create a narrative. Opens Oct. 4. Through Oct. 29. (Information, 411 E. 9th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

NICHOLAS PEARSON—Sculptures of coiled aluminum and steel, mounted on the walls. Opens Oct. 4. Through Oct. 29. (Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway.)

MARY PUTMAN—Pristine American landscapes. Opens Oct. 4. Through Oct. 22. (Bibro, 584 Broadway.)

PATRICIA STEGMAN—Western landscapes. Opens Oct. 4. Through Oct. 22. (Atlantic, 475 Broome St.)

•

WILLIE DOHERTY—This Northern Irish artist's angry, uncomplicated video installation successfully captures the creepy, creeping paranoia of life in a police state—or in a state of siege, depending on your point of view. "The Only Good One Is a Dead One" consists of two large projections at right angles to each other, one of a drive down a dark country road and the other of a dreary suburban street. The latter has a voice-over by a man who alternately fears being killed and fantasizes about killing. The viewer is left pondering what "one" is better dead. Through Oct. 22. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Open Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)

VITO ACCONCI—A project called "Private Houses," featuring miniature models for outdoor sculptures. Through Oct. 15. (American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

DOUG AITKEN—A video installation. Through Oct. 15. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

JOHN BALDESSARI—Conceptual photographic works. Through Oct. 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—An installation titled "The Red Rooms." Through Dec. 15. (A show of the artist's prints is on view at the Museum of Modern Art.) (Blum, 99 Wooster St.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Eleven new painted-steel sculptures made from van tops. Through Oct. 15. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

DALE CHIHULY—A show of brilliant-colored glass sculptures, the highlight of which is "Maccia Forest," an installation on pedestals. Through Oct. 15. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

BREITLING
1884

CHRONOMAT
Self-winding chronograph. 18K gold, steel and 18K gold, and all stainless steel. Leather strap or metal bracelet.
From $2,400 to $19,500.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

STEUBEN
Timeless • Elegant • American
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET, NEW YORK • STAMFORD TOWN CENTER, STAMFORD, CT
THE AMERICANA AT MANHASSET, MANHASSET, NY
Available only at Steuben stores and select fine retailers. For more information or a catalogue ($8), please call 800 424-4240.

LAST WEEKS

ANGELS

MILLENNIUM APPROACHES
BEST PLAY
1993 TONY® AWARD

PERESTROIKA
BEST PLAY
1994 TONY® AWARD

TO ORDER TICKETS CALL:
TELE-CHARGE®:
(212) 239-6200
OUTSIDE METRO NY:
(800) 432-7250

WALTER KERR THEATRE, 219 W. 48TH STREET

The all things to some people package.

The Drake Swissôtel, classic elegance on Park Avenue, offers deluxe European accommodations and special weekend packages that let you do anything you like, eat anything you like, sip anything you like from $155 per night.

Whether you're celebrating an anniversary or just the weekend, create the package that's all things just for you. For information and reservations, please call toll free 1-800-DRAKE NY.

swissôtel

NEW YORK
THE DRAKE HOTEL
440 Park Avenue at 56th Street • New York, NY 10022
A Swissair Company

ZÜRICH • BASEL • MONTREUX • DÜSSELDORF • AMSTERDAM • ISTANBUL • CAIRO
BANGKOK • BEIJING • SEOUL • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • NEW YORK
WORLDWIDE RESERVATIONS: 1-800-63-SWISS
Rate subject to availability and taxes.

ART–Cont'd

ERIC FISCHL—A series of five oil-on-linen canvases, each depicting a naked woman in an enervated or sullen pose. The brushy effects of yore have solidified into tighter, more conventional modelling. Fischl seems intent on draining the female nude of the lushness and grace which it has traditionally been accorded in Western art. Through Oct. 22. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—"Fire Fields," a series of abstract collage drawings based on the artist's recent observations of active volcanoes in Hawaii. Through Oct. 15. (Ledisflam, 130 Prince St.)

KEITH HARING (1958-90)—Early paintings. Through Oct. 22. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

LUIGI ONTANI—Allegorical photographic self-portraits of this Italian artist, plus ceramic floor pieces rife with sexual, religious, and mythological imagery. Through Oct. 22. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

LARI PITTMAN—Bright-colored, explosive paintings with recurrent images of devilish-looking Puritans, credit cards, and wiseacre phrases ("Cum n' Git It!"). Through Oct. 29. (Gorney Modern, 100 Greene St.)

SANDY SKOGLUND—Two years ago at Borden, this forty-eight-year-old enfant terrible from Quincy, Mass., showed three installations using mannequins and related photographs of real people, as well as smoked bacon, Cheez Doodles, and raisins. In her new piece, "The Wedding," the floors and ceiling are covered with strawberry jam and orange marmalade, and a pair of motorized mannequins play the bride and groom. Through Oct. 29. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

ROSEMARIE TROCKEL—An installation of sculptures referring to the artist's personal art history, plus a video. Through Oct. 15. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

CY TWOMBLY—"Untitled Painting," a monumental, primarily abstract triptych, begun in Italy in 1979. Through Dec. 17. (A complementary retrospective of the artist's work is at the Museum of Modern Art.) (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

FRANZ WEST—An installation titled "Home Elements (A Retrospective)" includes sculpture, furniture, and works on paper and invites viewer interaction. Through Oct. 22. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St.)

MICHELE ZALOPANY—Landscapes. Through Oct. 15. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

JOE ZUCKER—Paintings and drawings from the artist's "Tofte Journal," a humorous record of a fishing expedition in Minnesota. Through Oct. 22. (Nolan-Eckman, 560 Broadway.)

"FOUR RUSSIAN MESSAGES: CARNIVAL OR DRAMA?"—Paintings by contemporary artists from different generations and schools. Through Nov. 18. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway.)

"LET THE ARTIST LIVE!"—An experimental exhibition of habitat installations. Fifteen artists from the United States and abroad have been given areas in the gallery to live and work in, engaging the public in the process. Through Oct. 22. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays until 8, and Fridays and Saturdays until 10.)

OTHER VENUES

ANN AGEE—Pieces from "Factory Work," a series of porcelain murals of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and its shopping malls, as well as platters depicting workers in the Kohler Company porcelain factory, are currently installed on the parlor floor of this year-old gallery in the Cobble Hill section of Brooklyn. They are done in the ersatz, intricate delftware style of the artist's "Lake Michigan Bathroom," seen in the recent "Bad Girls" exhibit at the New Museum. The gallery, open on Sunday afternoons, has an agreeable salon-style atmosphere—a welcome alternative to the fast-paced gallery-hopping scenes uptown and in SoHo. Through Oct. 23. (Arena, 313 Clinton St., Brooklyn. Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AUCTIONS

CAMERABILIA—This is Photo Week at the auction houses. At Swann, 104 E 25th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including Civil War portraits and work by Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Curtis, and Lewis Hine. (Oct. 3 at 10 and 2. For further information, call 254-4710.) . . . ¶ At Christie's, Park Ave. at 59th St.: A two-part sale highlighting a selection of photographs by Man Ray, notably "Swana" (1931; estimate: $180,000-$220,000), formerly in the collection of the Surrealist art dealer Julien Levy. (Oct. 4 at 6 and Oct. 5 at 10 and 2. For further information, call 546-1119.) . . . ¶ At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St.: A three-part sale with a focus on what is believed to be the earliest known photograph of Custer, taken when he was a West Point cadet (estimate: $20,000-$30,000). (Oct. 5 at 6:30 and Oct. 6 at 10:15 and 2.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BILL BRANDT—Studies of English society and abstract female nudes. Through Oct. 29. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—Photographs of Paris, from 1930 to 1980, by the French master. Through Oct. 22. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

LEONARD FREED—Black-and-white photographs from 1950 to 1970. Through Oct. 22. (Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St.)

LESLIE GILL (1908-58)—Images by a photographer best known for his work for *Harper's Bazaar.* Through Oct. 22. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

JANINE NIEPCE—Black-and-white photographs of French country life, taken primarily in the fifties and sixties. Through Oct. 22. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

GORDON PARKS—Recent still-life and abstract images by a photographer who worked for *Life* and the Farm Securities Administration. Through Oct. 22. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

AUGUST SANDER (1876-1964)—Sixty photographs of life in the Weimar Republic. Through Oct. 8. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN SZARKOWSKI—Work from 1948 to 1962, by the former director of MOMA's photography department. Through Oct. 22. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

EUGENE VON BRUENCHENHEIN (1910-83)—Obsessive, erotic pictures by an outsider artist from Milwaukee. Through Oct. 15. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM (1942-81)—Dark, turbulent photographs by a photographer whose commercial work appeared in *Harper's* and *Vogue.* Opens Sept. 24. Through Oct. 29. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

GEORGI ZELMA—Vintage images of Central Asia. Through Oct. 29. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave. at 94th St.—A retrospective of the work of Cornell Capa, featuring images from *Life* and other magazines. . . . ¶ Forty images of contemporary Russian life, by Hans-Jürgen Burkhard. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Talking Pictures," an exhibition that features images by more than fifty people not generally associated with photography—Mario Cuomo, Jesse Jackson, Diane Keaton—and taped commentaries on the work. . . . ¶ Photographs by Arthur Rothstein, who is best known for his work for *Look.* . . . ¶ More than thirty black-and-white photographs of Appalachian Kentuckians, by Shelby Lee Adams. Opens Sept. 24. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, Goethe House, the Museum of the City of New York, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, and the Schomburg Center.)

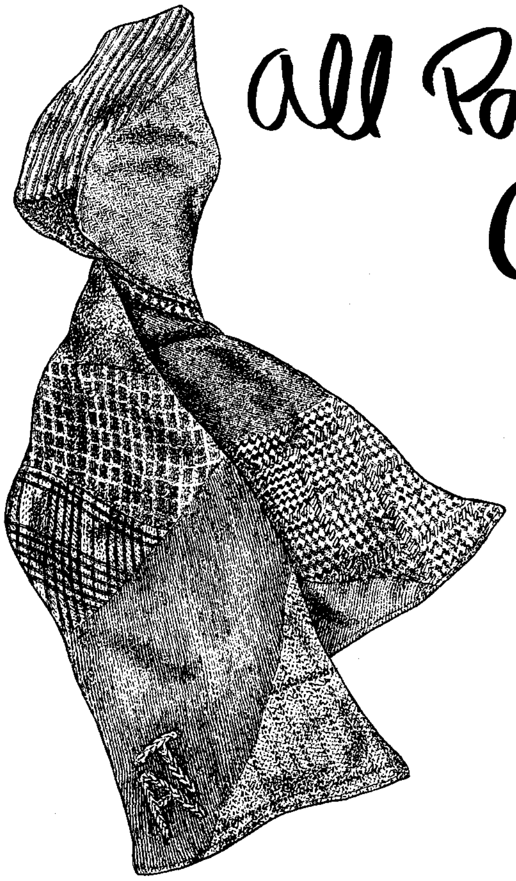
A Holiday Celebration
Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Roberts
invite you for an evening
Saturday, the tenth of December
at half after seven o'clock
Candlewood Lake Country Club
Greenwich, Connecticut
NOEL

KINDLY RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO GIFT-WRAP THEM.

The vivid color and bold relief of our copperplate-engraved seasonal vignettes and the rich texture of our finest 100% cotton paper make a Crane Christmas card seem more like a gift than a greeting. For a gift you're welcome to wrap, consider the Crane pen. In claret, cobalt, or green, it's hand-crafted and finely lacquered, with a point of 18-kt. gold. See Crane greetings, invitations and pens at authorized Crane stationers. For the one nearest you, call 1-800-472-7263, or visit Crane & Co., Papermakers, Prudential Center, Boston.

CRANE

PERSONAL STATIONERY · INVITATIONS · ANNOUNCEMENTS · SEASONAL CARDS · BUSINESS PAPERS



Anthony Tarassi cleverly joins wool tweed and cotton velour remnants from his fall '94 cuttings to create patchwork scarves, 76" x 12", of special character. No two are alike. $195. Call for yours.

Louis, Boston.

Cor. Newbury and Berkeley Sts.
1-800-225-5135

HIRE TWO TOP CORPORATE IMAGE BUILDERS.

When you give the Victorinox® Original Swiss Army Knife with your company name imprinted on it or you present the Swiss Army® Brand Original Watch as a gift to employees or to current and future clients, you can be sure these two image-building tools will work long hours. Because they stay on the job for life. Find out more. Send us your business card or call (800) 243-4066 Ext. 383. In Connecticut (203) 929-6391 Ext. 383.

The Forschner Group, Inc., Dept. 33, One Research Drive, Shelton CT 06484.

SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

High Voltage

When Valery Gergiev conducts, he emits such electricity that the word "superconductor" seems entirely apropos. He burst onto the international scene five seasons ago, having established his reputation in the Soviet Union and gained, in 1988, the artistic directorship of St. Petersburg's (then Leningrad's) Kirov Opera and Orchestra (which, in the post-Soviet era, sometimes go by their historic name of Mariinsky). When Gergiev leads his Kirov Orchestra in New York on October 1-2, it will be the first time this highly charged combination makes music in the resonant acoustic of Carnegie Hall. Intensified by impassioned native repertoire and a pair of powerful soloists—violinist Viktor Tretyakov and pianist Alexander Toradze—it promises to be an unusually bracing event.

Gergiev's onstage vigor exudes temperament, but his expressive energy never seems to be wasted. It's at the core of his style, and it shouldn't be altogether unfamiliar to New Yorkers. "The best example in America," he maintains, "was Bernstein. The way he moved on the podium was very telling, and completely idiomatic. He had the gift of addressing each musician through every second of his conducting, making it immediately clear not just *when* to start playing but *how* to play once they made their attack. This was the case with the greatest conductors—Bernstein, Furtwängler, Mravinsky—but it's practically lost now. It's a gift of personality, but for me it is the essence of conducting. Giving the downbeat is maybe the beginning of everything, but it is by far not the most interesting moment of our profession. A conductor has to create something that the orchestra will not come up with otherwise. You think of character, sound, what you want to hear—and then you lead. You can't just follow."

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000, and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—RIGOLETTO, with Young Ok Shin, Ramon Vargas, and Juan Pons; conducted by Christian Badea. (Sept. 28 and Oct. 3 at 8.) . . . **IL TABARRO** (with Teresa Stratas, Luis Lima, and Juan Pons; James Levine) and **PAGLIACCI** (with Ms. Stratas, Luciano Pavarotti, Mr. Pons, and Dwayne Croft; Mr. Levine). (Sept. 30 at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Angela Gheorghiu, Diana Soviero, Richard Leech, and Timothy Noble; Michelangelo Veltri. (Oct. 1 at 1:30.) . . . **IDOMENEO,** with Luciana Serra, Dawn Upshaw, Susanne Mentzer, Plácido Domingo, and Ryland Davies; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 1 and Oct. 4 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—PRINCE IGOR, with Oksana Krovytska, Valery Alexeyev, and Vladimir Grishko; conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Sept. 28 at 8.) . . . With Jeanne-Michèle Charbonnet, Robert Perry, and Carlo

Scibelli; Mr. Ajmone-Marsan. (Oct. 4 at 8.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Erie Mills, Charles Workman, Louis Otey, and Joseph McKee; Joseph Colaneri. (Sept. 30 at 8.) . . . **LAKMÉ,** with Elizabeth Futral, Julia Anne Wolf, Richard Drews, Ron Baker, and Joseph Corteggiano; Scott Bergeson. (Oct. 1 at 1:30.) . . . **CARMEN,** with Robynne Redmon, Patricia Johnson, Allan Glassman, and Mark Delavan; Semyon Vekshtein. (Oct. 1 at 8.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Eva Zseller, Vincenzo Scuderi, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. (Oct. 2 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Magic Circle Opera Repertory Ensemble—Presenting concert versions of two one-act operas by Rorem—“A Childhood Miracle” and “Three Sisters Who Are Not Sisters”—and Edgar David Grana’s requiem “Stones, Time and Elements.” (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 29 at 8.)

Dicapo Opera Theatre—Presenting Puccini’s “Gianni Schicchi.” (184 E. 76th St. 288-9438. Sept. 29 at 7:30 and Oct. 1 at 8. Through Oct. 8.)

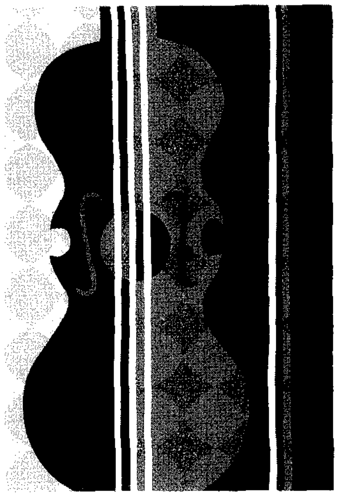
Amato Opera Company—Presenting “La Bohème.” (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Sept. 30-Oct. 1 at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts three concert overtures by Dvořák (“In Nature,” “Carnival,” and “Othello”), as well as Prokofiev’s Symphony No. 5. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Sept. 29 and Oct. 1 at 8, Sept. 30 at 2, and Oct. 4 at 7:30.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducts works by William Grant Still. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 28 at 8.)

Academy of St. Martin’s in the Fields—Neville Marriner conducts the opening concerts of Carnegie Hall’s season. Sept. 29 at 7: Mozart’s “Le Nozze di Figaro” Overture, Symphony No. 35, and motet “Exsultate, Jubilate” (featuring mezzo-soprano Cecilia Bartoli); Berlioz’ “Béatrice et Bénédict” Overture; and arias from Rossini’s “Le Siège de Corinthe” and Bellini’s “La Sonnambula” (with Ms. Bartoli). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 8: Mozart’s “Die Zauberflöte” Overture, Elgar’s “Enigma” Variations, and Tchaikovsky’s Violin Concerto (featuring Leila Josefowicz).


LAURA LJUNGKVIST

Russian Chamber Chorus of New York—Nikolai Kachanov directs the première of Viktor Copytsko’s Mass for the Feast of St. Francis. (Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 31st St. Sept. 30 at 8. The concert will be repeated on Oct. 7 at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music Symphony Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducts Joan Tower’s “Fanfare for the Uncommon Woman,” Mozart’s C-Minor Piano Concerto (featuring Gloria Yi-chen Lin), and Bruckner’s Symphony No. 7. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 30 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Basically Bach Festival—The second annual daylong Bach marathon. Oct. 1 at 1: Organist John Weaver. . . . At 2: Organist Gwendolyn Toth. . . . At 3: Organist Walter Hilse. . . . At 4: Organist Joan Lippincott. . . . At 5: Harpsichordist Kenneth Cooper plays the “Goldberg” Variations. . . . At 8: Thomas Schmidt directs the St. Peter’s Choir and Bach Orchestra in the Fifth “Brandenburg” Concerto, the motet “Komm, Jesus, komm,” the Magnificat, and—for variety’s sake—a motet by Heinrich Schütz. (St. Peter’s Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 935-2200.)

Kirov Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Valery Gergiev conducting. Oct. 1 at 8: Wagner’s “Parsifal” Prelude, Prokofiev’s Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Viktor Tretyakov), and Shostakovich’s Symphony No. 8. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 3: Symphonic excerpts from Mussorgsky’s “Khovanshchina,” Prokofiev’s Piano Concerto No. 5 (with Alexander Toradze), and Rachmaninoff’s Symphony No. 2.

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducts David Diamond’s “Rounds for String Orchestra,” Schumann’s Piano Concerto (with Ivan Moravec), and Mendelssohn’s Symphony No. 3. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 1 at 8 and Oct. 2 at 3.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Trumpeter Alex Holton is featured in concertos by Telemann and Pietro Baldassare; Alexis Gerlach is the soloist in a Vivaldi cello concerto. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Oct. 2 at noon.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts Brahms’ “Variations on a Theme by Haydn,” Schoenberg’s Piano Concerto (with Emanuel Ax), and Schumann’s Symphony No. 2. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 4 at 8.)

RECITALS

Midtown Lunchtime—Peter Schickele is joined by Juilliard students for a concert of his music. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Sept. 28 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Speculum Musicae—The modern-music ensemble performs works by Mario Davidovsky, including the première of his Quartet (for guitar, viola, cello, and double bass). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Sept. 28 at 8.)

New York Wind Soloists—A wind quintet, performing quintets by Paul Taffanel and Elliot Carter, as well as Mozart’s Quintet for Piano and Winds and Ludwig Thuille’s Sextet for Piano and Winds. Pianist André-Michel Schub assists. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 28 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Blair McMillen and Theodora Satolia—The winners of the most recent installment of Juilliard’s Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition share a recital. Mr. McMillen’s program includes Bartók’s Sonata and shorter works by Chopin, Rachmaninoff, and Scriabin; Ms. Satolia offers three movements from Granados’s “Goyescas.” (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Sept. 28 at 9. No tickets necessary.)

Electronic Sounds—Electro-acoustic solos and chamber music featuring Matt Sullivan, C. Bryan Rulon, and William Kannar. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Sept. 29 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Carmit Zori and pianist Philip Bush perform Respighi’s B-Minor Sonata; cellist Christopher Costanza joins them for piano trios by Haydn (in A-Flat Major) and Brahms (in C Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 29 at 8:45 and Oct. 2 at 4.)

Sanford Sylvan and David Breitman—The baritone and the pianist perform songs by Fauré, Schumann, Ravel, and Brahms, as well as selections from the “AIDS Quilt Songbook” (a compendium of vocal works composed in support of people with AIDS). (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 30 at 8.)

Sounds of the Gilded Age—Soprano Kate Hurney and mezzo-soprano Blair Resika perform music that resounded in the American and European salons of the Edith Wharton era; with pianist Elizabeth Rodgers. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 369-4880. Sept. 30 at 8.)

USA Agent:
MODA & COMPANY

745 Fifth Ave. Suite 604
New York, N.Y. 10151
Tel. 212 223 3223

MOSCHINO

CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

The Music Project—The chamber-music ensemble plays works by Mozart, Vivaldi, Katherine Hoover, and Brahms (his Horn Trio). (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 2 at 2.)

Parthenia—A consort of viols, playing seventeenth-century German music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Oct. 2 at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Heliosphere—The chamber group offers a program of works by J. C. Bach, Stravinsky, Dowland, and Górecki, as well as Native American flute music. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Oct. 2 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Jon Kimura Parker—Pianist, performing sonatas by Mozart (in D Major, K. 311) and Chopin (his Third), Liszt's "Sonetto 104 del Petrarca," Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau," and what is billed as an atmospheric suite assembled by the performer to mix jazz compositions with works of a more classical idiom. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 2 at 5.)

Salon Soirées—Presenting string trios by Beethoven and Schubert. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Oct. 2 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Bradley Brookshire—Harpsichordist, playing Bach's six French Suites. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Oct. 2 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Performing Beethoven's Quartet in A Minor (Op. 132), the adagio movement of Mozart's "Hunt" Quartet, and Fauré's song cycle "La Bonne Chanson" (featuring tenor Robert White). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Oct. 3 at 8. For information about tickets, call 769-7406.)

Peter Schuman—Organist, performing works by Buxtehude, Bach, Messiaen, and others. (Church of the Incarnation, 209 Madison Ave., at 35th St. Oct. 4 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Meridian String Quartet—Presenting a casual concert focussing on Beethoven's F-Minor Quartet (Op. 95). (Turtle Bay Music School, 244 E. 52nd St. 753-8811. Oct. 4 at 7:30.)

Ensemble 21—A contemporary-music group, playing works by Berio, George Edwards, Brian Ferneyhough, Harvey Sollberger, Wuorinen, and Rolv Yttrehus. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Oct. 4 at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Performing piano trios by Beethoven (in G Major, Op. 1, No. 2), Turina (his Second), and Brahms (in C Major). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 4-5 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Bless the Beasts—A llama, an elephant, a turkey vulture, a hedgehog, and, of course, dogs, cats, and humans will gather on Oct. 2, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, for the annual blessing of the animals. Each year, at the Feast of St. Francis, the cathedral opens its eighteen-foot-tall bronze doors for all manner of birds and beasts. A service, beginning at 11, will include a performance of Paul Winter's "Earth Mass/Missa Gaia." An afternoon of animal-related activities will follow, from 1 to 5, featuring a petting zoo and contests (e.g., for pets who look most like their owners). (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. No tickets necessary.)

Ban Busters—A benefit reading of children's books that have been banned or challenged. (CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery, at Bleecker St. Sept. 29 at 6:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Martha My Dear—Dancers, choreographers, and critics, including Dorothy Bird, Erick Hawkins, and Francis Mason, will participate in "Radical Graham," a daylong symposium with screenings, panel discussions, and lectures about Martha Graham's influence on twentieth-century dance. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Oct. 1, from 11 to 5. No tickets necessary.)

Delicious—Three festivals will celebrate the fruits of the season. The New York Botanical Garden will offer hayrides, a square dance, and tours at its Garden Harvest Festival. (Bronx Park. Oct. 1-2, from 11 to 4. 1-718 817-8700.) . . . ¶ The Brooklyn Botanic Garden will roast the chili, which is found in gardens from India to Mexico. Talks, a tour of the chili-pepper bed, and live musical performances will be featured. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Oct. 2, from 10 to 4. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ In a tribute to the apple, the Queens County Farm Museum will bake a huge apple cobbler. Visitors will have a chance to press cider and play apple-on-a-string. (73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park. 1-718 347-3276. Oct. 2, from 11 to 5.)

Readings—Sept. 28 at 7:30: Edward Albee, Paul Auster, Diego Cortez, Nan Goldin, and Klaus Kertess will give a benefit reading, in memory of Henry Geldzahler. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166.) . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: William Kennedy, author of "Ironweed," will read from his work in progress. (Glucksman Ireland House, New York University, 1 Washington Mews. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 7: Richard Howard will read from his own poetry. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 8: Novelist E. L. Doctorow will read from his new novel, "The Waterworks." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

The blessing of the animals, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

RICHARD SANDLER

About Art—Sept. 28 at 6:30: Sculptor Helen Evans Ramsaran will talk about her work, some of which is on exhibit at the Studio Museum. (144 W. 125th St. 864-4500, ext. 237.) . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8: Francesco Clemente, Brice Marden, and Richard Serra will talk about MOMA's current Cy Twombly retrospective. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9795.)

Talks—Sept. 28 at 6: Composer Ned Rorem will be interviewed by editor Claire Brook. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders will talk about health-care issues for African-Americans, at a town meeting in Harlem. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Tickets are free, but call 840-2523 for reservations.)

Walks & Tours—Oct. 1 at 1: The Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation will offer a tour called "The Immigrant Families of Greenwich Village." For more information, call 924-3895. . . . ¶ Oct. 2, from noon to 6: The *Jersey Journal* and the Art Tour Coalition are sponsoring a free, open-house tour of dozens of artists' studios in Jersey City. For more information, call 1-201 217-2480.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducts the orchestra in the season's first concerts in the Lolli-Pops series, which introduces three-to-five-year-olds to classical music. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 1 at 10:30 and 11:45 and Oct. 2 at 12:30 and 1:45.)

"Maira Kalman's Max (A Dog)"—Max, the canine hero of several books by author-illustrator Maira Kalman, is the star of a new exhibit at the Children's Museum of Manhattan (starting Sept. 30). Opening festivities include "Upside Down Art" (a crafts project) on Oct. 1 at 2:30 and 3:30; and, on Oct. 2, a dog parade, led by Ms. Kalman, at 11, book signings from 12:30 to 2, and storytelling with music at 3:30. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, from 1:30 to 5:30; Fridays through Sundays, from 10 to 5.)

Museophiles—Create your own collage at the Whitney, after taking a look at the exhibit "Jess: A Grand Collage, 1951-1993." Pre-registration is required; call 570-3652. Recommended ages: five to ten. (Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. Oct. 1, from 9 to 11.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Giants—Away until Oct. 10, when they'll face the Minnesota Vikings.

Jets—Away until Oct. 9, when they'll face the Indianapolis Colts.

HOCKEY

Rangers—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Oct. 3 at 7:30.

Devils—Vs. the Rangers, Oct. 1 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Tampa Bay Lightning, Oct. 1 at 7.

(The Giants and the Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders at Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300.)

In your Pendleton…

How many crosswords will you attempt?

How many will you actually finish?

How many mornings will you savor?

Pendleton.
For the best part of the week.

Pendleton's 100% worsted wool shirt is from the Sportswear Collection. Available at Pendleton stores. Call 1-800-760-4844.

New York.
New Look.

Uniquely
Inter·Continental.

Experience the timeless luxury of a midtown Manhattan classic as we renew and enhance the quiet elegance of Hotel Inter-Continental New York. You'll also enjoy a valuable amenity option of your choice and receive 500 miles or points with participating airlines each night of your stay. All from $179.*

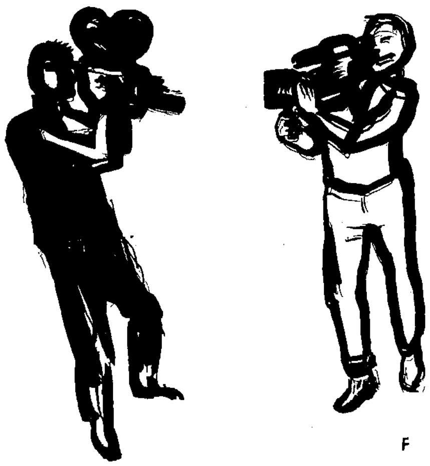
- ☐ *Upgrade to a suite.*
- ☐ *Adjoining guest room for half-price.*
- ☐ *Overnight parking.*
- ☐ *$25 credit per day for food and beverage.*
- ☐ *Double bonus miles or points for participating airlines.*

For reservations, contact your travel agent or call (212) 755-5900, toll-free 800-327-0200.

HOTEL
INTER·CONTINENTAL
NEW YORK

111 East 48th Street • New York, New York

** Per night, single or double occupancy Friday through Sunday through 12/31/94. Based on availability. Rates start at $179 and vary based on available room category at time of booking. If an amenity is not available upon check-in, a substitute will be offered. Local taxes and gratuities not included. Not available to groups. Some restrictions apply.*



THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Caro Diario—Nanni Moretti was named best director at Cannes for this first-person account of his daily life in Rome. The three sections of the film are titled "On My Vespa," "Islands," and "Doctors." In Italian. Opening September 30. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.) . . . **note:** "Nanni x 7," a retrospective program of seven films by Moretti, from "Io Sono un Autarchico" (1976) to "La Cosa" (1990), begins at the Little Theatre on September 28.

Ed Wood—Tim Burton's story of the life of the trash-cult movie director, starring Johnny Depp. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening September 28. (Sutton.)

I Don't Want to Talk About It—In this dark comedy, set in the nineteen-thirties, a stranger (Marcello Mastroianni) falls in love with a dwarf and scandalizes the residents of a Latin-American town. Written by Jorge Goldenberg and the director, Maria Luisa Bemberg. In Spanish. Opening September 30. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Inevitable Grace—A campy comedy about murder, cross-dressing, and sexual game-playing among psychiatrists, mental patients, and other tormented characters. With Jennifer Nicholson, Stephanie Knights, Maxwell Caulfield, and Tippi Hedren. Written and directed by Alex Canawati. Opening September 30. (Quad Cinema.)

Jason's Lyric—Two brothers (Allen Payne and Bokeem Woodbine) struggle with illusory dreams, violence, and family tragedy in inner-city Houston. With Forest Whitaker, Jada Pinkett, and Suzzanne Douglas. Written by Bobby Smith, Jr. Directed by Doug McHenry. Opening September 28. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

The Last Klezmer—Yale Strom's documentary profile of the klezmer violinist and Holocaust survivor Leopold Koslowski, who returns with the filmmaker to the Ukrainian village where he grew up. Opening September 30. (Cinema Village.)

London—A "faux documentary" about a Londoner returning to the city after a seven-year absence. Narrated by Paul Scofield. Written and directed by Patrick Keiller. Opening September 28. (Film Forum.)

The River Wild—Meryl Streep's action-movie début. A family white-water-rafting outing turns ugly when two bad guys (Kevin Bacon and John C. Reilly) hijack the boat. With David Strathairn and Joseph Mazzello. Written by Denis O'Neill. Directed by Curtis Hanson. Opening September 30. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

The Scout—A has-been major-league scout (Albert Brooks) discovers an unpredictable rookie (Brendan Fraser) and takes him all the way to the World Series. With Dianne Wiest. Written by Brooks and Andrew Bergman; based on an article by Roger Angell. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Opening September 30. (Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

Second Best—William Hurt, a lonely middle-aged postmaster in a Welsh village, decides to adopt a son (Chris Cleary Miles). With Prunella Scales, Alan Cumming, and John Hurt. Written by David Cook, from his novel. Directed by Chris Menges. Opening September 30. (19th Street East 6 and New York Twin.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 40.)

The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert—Paragons of camp become campers, of sorts, in this cult-pleasing tale of a transsexual (Terence Stamp) and two drag queens (Hugo Weaving and Guy Pearce) who take a lip-synching act from Sydney to a resort in arid central Australia. Stephan Elliott, the writer-director, has one original idea—posing creatures of the night in wild sunbaked settings. As crossover drag sagas go, it's neither as robustly funny as "La Cage aux Folles" nor as lively and poetic as the best parts of "Outrageous!"—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, New York Twin, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Advocate—A black comedy set in medieval France. With Colin Firth as an idealistic lawyer and Amina Annabi as the owner of a homicidal pig. Also with Nicol Williamson and Lysette Anthony. Written and directed by Leslie Megahey. (Angelika Film Center and 68th St. Playhouse.)

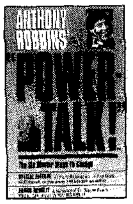
À la Mode—A comedy set in the mid-sixties, about a teen-age orphan (Ken Higelin) and the Jewish tailor (Jean Yanne) who teaches him to make magic with his scissors. Directed by Rémy Duchemin, who wrote the screenplay with Richard Morgievo. In French. (Paris.)

Barcelona—The second film by the writer and director Whit Stillman ("Metropolitan") is a culture-clash comedy about a pair of conservative young Americans (played by Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman) in early-eighties Barcelona. Although the picture begins promisingly, its charm peters out fast. Every scene seems to make the same not very interesting point: that Americans get a bum rap from foreigners. Stillman's style is placid and a little smug—prematurely gray. In just two movies he has found the sort of rut that most filmmakers take decades to settle into. Also with Tushka Bergen and Mira Sorvino.—T.R. (8/15/94) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Blue Sky—Tony Richardson's final film is a psychological drama set in the late fifties, starring Tommy Lee Jones as an Air Force nuclear engineer and Jessica Lange as his flamboyant wife. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Center.)

Café au Lait—The début feature from Mathieu Kassovitz, a young French director trying very hard not to be the Jewish Spike Lee, and only just succeeding. Kassovitz plays Félix, an annoying young bike messenger smitten by a dreamy young heroine (Julie Mauduech) who refuses to confine her charms to a single man. Félix has a rival for her affections, a wealthy black student (Hubert Kounde); after a raucous and unconvincing start, the movie settles down nicely into a good-natured love triangle. In French.—A.L. (9/12/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Scarlett
490581 C $25.00


Powertk 6 Master Steps
479014 C $16.95

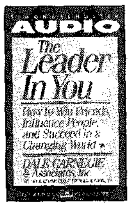
Everything To Gain
491944 C $22.50

Embraced By The Light
480632 C $20.00

The Agenda
491654 C $18.00

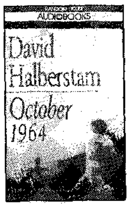
The Alienist
490706 C $22.00

Inca Gold
491241 C $23.00


The Leader In You
480640 C $12.00

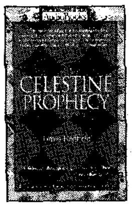
Standing Firm
479287 C $17.00

Saved By The Light
492165 C $17.00


October 1964
479790 C $17.00

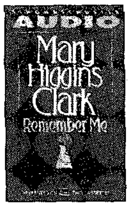
Agels Bod/Timlss Mind
479816 C $16.00

The Haldeman Diaries
491803 C $24.95


The Celestine Prophecy
481044 C $17.00

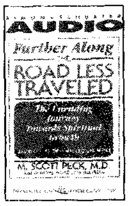
Men/Mars, Wom/Venus
479303 C $11.00

The 22 Immutable Laws Of Marketing
by Al Ries & Jack Trout
479279 C $11.00
Interview With The Vampire
by Anne Rice
479725 C $17.00
The Psychology of Achievement
by Brian Tracy
492157 C $16.00
The Waterworks
by E.L. Doctorow
491274 C $22.50
Eat More, Weigh Less
by Dr. Dean Ornish
480772 C $12.00
Mexico
by James Michener
480889 C $22.00
Live Your Dreams
by Les Brown
479410 C $17.00
Wouldn't Take Nothing For My Journey
by Maya Angelou
480160 C $12.00

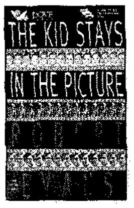

Remember Me
490490 C $18.00

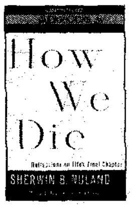
Disclosure
480517 C $22.50

Star Trek Nxt Gen Q-Sq
491639 C $17.00


Further/Road Less Trav
480673 C $20.00

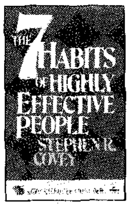
Spencerville
492173 C $22.50


Kid Stays In Picture
492116 C $24.95


How We Die
491258 C $17.00

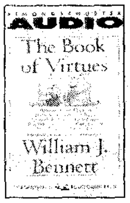
D-Day: June 6, 1944
491431 C $25.00

Nightmare/Dreamsc 2
479584 C* $30.00

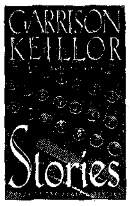

7 Habits Hi Eff People
480715 C $12.00

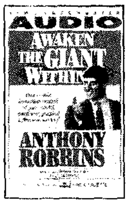
Clear & Present Danger
490730 C $15.95

Bridges Of Madison County
by Robert James Waller
479212 C $17.95
See, I Told You So
by Rush Limbaugh
490540 C $18.00
Nothing Lasts Forever
by Sidney Sheldon
491860 C $17.95
Stop The Insanity!
by Susan Powter
480723 C $12.00
Schindler's List
by Thomas Keneally
480731 C $20.00
Care Of The Soul
by Thomas Moore
480798 C $16.00
Secrets Of Closing The Sale
by Zig Ziglar
492090 C* $29.00
Walking Shadow
by Robert B. Parker
491407 C $24.95

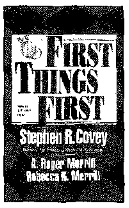

Book Of Virtues
480749 C $25.00

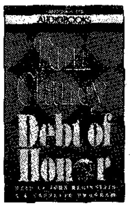
Truman
480954 C $25.00

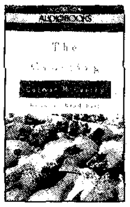

Stories
479600 C $16.95


Awaken The Giant
480624 C $12.00

The Higher Self
490631 C $16.00


First Things First
480707 C $12.00


Debt of Honor
491936 C $25.00


The Crossing
491555 C $17.00

©1994, The Columbia House Company

All prices shown above are regular Club prices.

IF YOU LIKE TO READ, BUT ARE TOO BUSY TO READ ALL YOU'D LIKE...

WELCOME TO THE COLUMBIA HOUSE AUDIOBOOK CLUB

As your introduction, save up to $67 off the publishers' prices on your choice of

ANY 4 AUDIOBOOKS for 99¢

BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP

Membership begins with your choice of 4 of today's best audiobooks for 99¢, plus shipping and handling.

As a member, you receive *The Audiobook Guide*, our FREE Club magazine, up to 13 times a year (approximately every 4 weeks). Each issue contains capsule reviews of the Audiobook of the Month as well as dozens of other audio bestsellers.

If you want the Audiobook of the Month, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply fill in the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will have 10 days to decide. If you receive an audiobook without having had 10 days to decide, you can return it at our expense.

You may cancel your membership at any time after you have bought 4 additional audiobooks at regular Club prices in the next two years. Regular Club prices are currently $10.95-$25. Sets with more than 4 cassettes may be higher. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

COLUMBIA HOUSE AUDIOBOOK CLUB
3109 Canterbury Court
Bloomington, IN 47404-9936

YES! Please accept my application for membership in the Columbia House Audiobook Club and send me the 4 audiobooks I've selected, for which I will be billed 99¢. I agree to buy 4 more audiobooks at regular Club prices during the next 2 years, after which I may cancel my membership at any time. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Please indicate by number the 4 audiobooks you want. VL

☐	☐
☐	☐

*Counts as two selections TE

Advance Bonus Audiobook: Take an additional audiobook now for only $7.99, plus shipping and handling. Send no money now. You will be billed later.

NAME AGE (09)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Do you have a telephone? (01) ☐ yes ☐ no
Have you bought anything by mail in the past? (27) ☐ yes ☐ no
How have you paid for your mail-order purchase? (Check all that apply.)
☐ Cash (28) ☐ Credit Card (29) ☐ Check (30) ☐ Money Order (31)

NOTE: All applications are subject to review. Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Applicable sales tax added to all orders. 6J6

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

Ciao, Professore!—It's a baggy-pants comedy version of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," with Paolo Villaggio as an idealistic third-grade teacher from Northern Italy mistakenly assigned to the squalid Neapolitan village of Corzano. The conflicts he faces are played for guffaws as well as poignancy. The director, Lina Wertmüller, replaces the usual schoolhouse sanctimony with her salt-of-the-earth smugness. Many of the boys and girls are so unvaryingly "lively" you wish Villaggio would try to solve their problems by administering Ritalin. In Italian.—M.S. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Clear and Present Danger—Further adventures of Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), the courageous and incorruptible C.I.A. analyst who is the hero of Tom Clancy's ungainly novels. The director, Phillip Noyce, whose "Patriot Games" (1992) was a surprisingly elegant Clancy adaptation, has once again taken a tub of prose and sweated it into a sleek, classically proportioned suspense picture. Also with Henry Czerny, Willem Dafoe, Donald Moffat, James Earl Jones, and Anne Archer.—T.R. (8/15/94) (34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Art Greenwich Twin, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

The Client—Joel Schumacher's thriller, based on a John Grisham best-seller, has a familiar chase-picture plot: innocent citizen stumbles on some incriminating information about the Mob, and runs like hell. The reluctant witness here is an eleven-year-old Memphis boy, Mark Sway (Brad Renfro), whose lawyer, Reggie Love (Susan Sarandon), acts as a sort of surrogate mother. This is safe-as-houses entertainment, directed with no particular finesse, but it's refreshingly straightforward and unpretentious. It's the first Grisham-based thriller that actually lowers itself to provide a thrill or two. Also with Tommy Lee Jones.—T.R. (8/1/94) (Cinema 3 and Metro Cinema.)

Color of Night—This comic murder mystery about psychotherapists and their patients is the first movie that Richard Rush has directed since "The Stunt Man" (1980), and it gives the audience nearly as wild a ride. The film is terrifically enjoyable, but it's so unstable that it plays as parody—as the "Beat the Devil" of erotic thrillers. It's worth seeing for Rush's witty, imaginative visual conceits, and for the sensational supporting cast, which includes Rubén Blades, Lesley Ann Warren, and Brad Dourif. Bruce Willis and Jane March are the stars.—T.R. (9/5/94) (Embassy.)

Corrina, Corrina—It's the fifties, and Ray Liotta is a widowed atheistic jingle writer searching for a housekeeper who can also play surrogate mommy for seven-year-old Tina Majorino. He lucks out with Whoopi Goldberg. She gives a varied, even jazzy performance as Ms. Wonderful. But the movie is hopelessly pedantic—chock-full of lessons about grief, racism, and, so help us, God. With Joan Cusack and Curtis Williams, Jr. Jessie Nelson produced, directed, and wrote the semi-autobiographical script.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

December Bride—In a turn-of-the-century Irish village, a young unmarried woman (Saskia Reeves) defies propriety by living with and bearing the children of two brothers (Donal McCann and Ciaran Hinds). Based on the 1951 novel by Sam Hanna Bell. Directed by Thaddeus O'Sullivan. (Quad Cinema.)

Eat Drink Man Woman—Another film comedy from Ang Lee, the director of "The Wedding Banquet." The aging Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) is a widowed chef, living in Taipei with his three daughters, each of whom is getting itchy for the world beyond. (Watch out for the exquisite Chien-Lien Wu as Jia-Chien, the pushiest of the three.) Mr. Chu is a King Lear of the kitchen: a master on his own ground, slapping fish around and blowing air into a boiled duck, but gradually losing his sense of taste and his power to rule. The movie is more likable than memorable; you come out running for the nearest restaurant. In Mandarin.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Forrest Gump—As all the world now knows, Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. With Sally Field and Gary Sinise. Directed by Robert Zemeckis.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Fresh—A grim tale of New York youth fouled up in the drug trade. Fresh (Sean Nelson) runs heroin, plays truant, and annoys his family; finally, inspired by chess moves learned from his no-good father (Samuel L. Jackson), he turns the tables on two local dealers. Apart from one breathtaking spasm of violence at a basketball game, Boaz Yakin's first film is dulled by its own earnestness. Furious, but no fun.—A.L. (9/12/94) (Village East Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Embassy.)

Killing Zoe—The first-time director is Roger Avary, one of a new breed of filmmakers who appear to conceive of cinema as a superior form of abattoir. (He co-wrote "True Romance" and "Pulp Fiction.") Eric Stoltz plays a safebreaker who comes to Paris to see an old friend, Eric (Jean-Hugues Anglade). Together with their band of merry men (the merriment is all heroin and liquor), they try to rob a bank and foul it up. From time to time—during the opening credits, or at the start of the raid—the movie kicks into life, with traces of Godard in its hectic insouciance. But this eagerness to find a style has nothing to launch from—no obsessions, no arguments, no strong feelings, just a vague desire to rub our noses in the dirt. Also starring Julie Delpy as a whore with—of course—a heart of gold.—A.L. (8/22-29/94) (Angelika Film Center.)

Latcho Drom—A nonfiction exploration and celebration of Gypsy culture, with an emphasis on traditional Rom (Gypsy) song, music, and dance. Filmed in India, Egypt, Turkey, Romania, Hungary, Slovakia, France, and Spain. Directed and written by Tony Gatlif. In Romany. (Quad Cinema.)

Charlie Sheen and Nastassja Kinski in "Terminal Velocity."

J. C. SMITH

The Lost Words—The story of a depressed East Village songwriter (Michael Kaniecki) who decides to document his life with a video camera. The director, Scott Saunders, shot this feature on high-definition video, which was then transferred to film. Kaniecki and Saunders collaborated on the script with Dan Koeppel. (Cinema Village.)

Making Up! and The Coriolis Effect—Two short films. "Making Up" is a one-hour romantic comedy by the German director Katja von Garnier. Louis Venosta's half-hour film "The Coriolis Effect" is a chronicle of bad weather and complicated love lives involving two tornado chasers. (Quad Cinema and Angelika 57.)

The Mask—Genial goonery. Jim Carrey stars as a sweet loser who gets an id tune-up when he puts on a super-powered Norse mask and becomes a zoot-suited jolly green giant. Since Carrey looks as if he were made of Play-Doh anyway, the computer animation that allows him to bounce and gyrate appears to spring from his own pliable core. The funniest moment comes when Carrey mimes the effects of the Mask *without* special effects. With Max as Milo the plucky terrier. Directed by Charles Russell.—M.S. (Village East Cinema and Criterion Center.)

Me and the Mob—A comedy about a down-on-his-luck journalist who joins the Mafia. With James Lorinz, Sandra Bullock, and Tony Darrow. Directed by Frank Rainone. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex and Criterion Center.)

Milk Money—Melanie Griffith and Ed Harris star in this romantic comedy about a kind-hearted city hooker and a small-town widower whose son decides to play matchmaker. Directed by Richard Benjamin. (First & 62nd Cinemas and Orpheum VII.)

My Fair Lady—The 1964 adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical, in a completely restored version. With Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison. Cecil Beaton designed the costumes and sets, and George Cukor directed. (Ziegfeld.)

Natural Born Killers—"Bonnie and Clyde" in a blender. Oliver Stone uses fractured, blindingly fast editing to depict the warped consciousness of Mickey (Woody Harrelson) and Mallory (Juliette Lewis), a pair of young sociopaths in love. They're familiar types, and Stone's "ideas" about American violence turn out to be the same glib received notions that we've seen in countless other outlaw-couple movies. The oddest thing about this would-be satire is that, for all the gore and hysteria, the film doesn't feel particularly impassioned; it's a frivolous barrage.—T.R. (9/5/94) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The New Age—Michael Tolkin, the author of "The Player," wrote and directed this satire about a Los Angeles couple (Judy Davis and Peter Weller) who open a boutique to finance their divorce. (Village East Cinemas and Tower East.)

The Next Karate Kid—In the fourth installment of the "Karate Kid" series, the teen-ager with a lot to learn about life and the martial arts is a girl (Hilary Swank). Noriyuki (Pat) Morita reprises his role as the wise teacher Miyagi. Directed by Christopher Cain. (Olympia and Criterion Center.)

Princess Caraboo—A historical drama, set in England in 1817, based on an actual incident. An exotic young woman (Phoebe Cates) who speaks an unknown language appears in a village and manages both to charm those she meets and to arouse their suspicions. Stephen Rea co-stars as a newspaperman. Directed by Michael Austin. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, and Columbus Circle.)

Quiz Show—Robert Redford's movie is a speedy, absorbing chronicle of a trivial show-business scandal of the fifties: the rigging of big-money quiz shows. The screenplay, by Paul Attanasio, tries hard to sell some sweeping ideas about the class dynamics of American society, and doesn't quite succeed. The picture's real strength is its witty, vigorous evocation of the fifties media world. Redford's

Call Mel
CO. P.C.
(212) 826-1000
14 Wednesday
Staff Mtg. 10:00
Lunch – Susan
~~Eschuates~~
6PM – PTA!
two stamford
stamford
203 348-7089
928-6

Like, who has time to shop anymore?

Maybe shopping at the Mall was fun once. But not these days.

You're too busy working, chauffeuring the kids around, doing a thousand other things. You simply can't afford the time to shop, can you?

Well, think of our Lands' End catalog as Time Regained. It's a kind of 24-hour store where you can browse at odd moments, any old hour, when there's nothing else nagging to get done.

You can phone us toll-free with your order, day or night. And whether it's 4 p.m. or 4 a.m., you'll always hear a friendly, helpful voice on the other end.

Our catalog abounds in classic clothing and accessories – like fine cashmere sweaters and buttondown shirts, Merino wool blazers and our own original soft luggage.

All of it is well made, and honestly priced. And usually, we'll fill your order in one day, ship it to you just two days later. It comes with our simple, all-embracing guarantee – "Guaranteed. Period.®"

You can have our catalog for the asking. Why not call us now?

We promise it won't take much time.

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

Guaranteed. Period.®

© 1994 Lands' End, Inc.

If you'd like a free catalog, call us any time, 24 hours a day, at **1-800-356-4444** (in Canada, too). LW

Name ________________

Address ________________ Apt. ______

City __________ State ______ Zip ______

Phone (   ) __________ Day/Night *(circle one)*

Mail to: 1 Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, WI 53595

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

alert direction captures the slapstick unreality of this odd footnote to our cultural history: the movie hums along like a well-constructed farce, and its crazy momentum carries it over the bumps of social significance. Ralph Fiennes, John Turturro, and Rob Morrow have the largest roles, but they're outshone by the supporting players: Paul Scofield, Mira Sorvino, Christopher McDonald, Allan Rich, Hank Azaria, Barry Levinson, and—best of all—David Paymer.—T.R. (9/19/94) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Red Rock West—A clever thriller about a good-hearted loner (Nicolas Cage) who trips and falls into a murder plot. It makes spooky use of the setting—a small, windblown Western town—and its surprises actually add up: for once, an angular narrative serves to sharpen the characters. Cage's shaggy hang-dog charm and core of intelligence and rectitude keep the audience rooting for the hero after several dumb moves. John Dahl's direction, like the script he wrote with his brother Rick, is sure and economical. With Dennis Hopper, J. T. Walsh, and Lara Flynn Boyle.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Shawshank Redemption—Tim Robbins returns to his best form with his haunted, cunning portrayal of Andy Dufresne, a young banker sentenced to life imprisonment. It's the nineteen-forties, and he is sent to Shawshank, a dark and doomy jail where the inmates protest their innocence and the satanic warden (Bob Gunton) brandishes a Bible. Frank Darabont's movie never grabs at you, preferring to work patiently on your sympathies and nerves while finding time for casual jokes. What at first seems like a plotless tale of companionship—principally between Andy and a fixer named Red (Morgan Freeman)—tightens into excitement. There are moments of hokey togetherness, and way too much voice-over, but the picture stays on track and leaves you, appropriately enough, with a surging sense of release.—A.L. (9/26/94) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.).

A Simple Twist of Fate—Despite the title, there are convolutions aplenty in this variation on George Eliot's "Silas Marner," set in present-day Virginia. Steve Martin, who stars, also wrote and executive-produced. In the hero's miser period, Martin shuffles gold coins as deftly as Chaplin's Monsieur Verdoux did banknotes. In the hero's single-parent period (he regenerates spiritually after taking in a foundling child), Martin fails to reimagine the character as thoroughly as he did Cyrano in his triumphant "Roxanne." Still, Eliot's plot withstands the forced transition, and Martin's performance gives the melodrama an emotional center. The director, Gillies MacKinnon, tries to conjure storybook moods, yet casting Gabriel Byrne as a Southern politician and Stephen Baldwin as his kid brother strains even dream logic. Also with Catherine O'Hara.—M.S. (Gotham Cinema.)

Sleep with Me—Eric Stoltz and Meg Tilly are the lovers, but Craig Sheffer, the couple's best friend, loves Tilly, too. The romantic triangle unfolds in six acts, each section by a different author: Duane Dell'Amico, Roger Hedden, Neal Jimenez, Joe Keenan, Michael Steinberg, and Rory Kelly, who also directed. (Village Theatre VII and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Spanking the Monkey—A movie about mother-son incest may sound like a daring writing-directing début, but David O. Russell, the fledgling auteur, stacks the deck like an old sharpie. The mother (Alberta Watson) is frustrated, careless, confined to bed with a broken leg, and medicated for pain and depression. When the son (Jeremy Davies) returns from his freshman year at M.I.T., his father (Benjamin Hendrickson) orders him to take care of her. All too obvious psychological dynamics stunt the black comedy, and the only completely lucid and spontaneous performances are by young Carla Gallo, as the boy's would-be girlfriend, and Matthew Puckett, as his cheerfully stupid buddy.—M.S. (Plaza and Quad Cinema.)

Speed—Evil mastermind Dennis Hopper (who else?) is a disgruntled psycho who wires a bomb to the bottom of a Los Angeles bus. Enter Keanu Reeves as a young cop who is one step behind Hopper, but catching up fast. The director is Jan De Bont, who used to be a cameraman; this is his first feature, and he sees the plot through in a surge of bright images. With Sandra Bullock, who gives a gutsy performance as a passenger who finds herself behind the wheel of the bus.—A.L. (6/13/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas and Waverly.)

Terminal Velocity—A thriller starring Charlie Sheen as a skydiving instructor drawn into international intrigue when he discovers that a student (Nastassja Kinski) who apparently fell to her death is still alive. Written by David Twohy. Directed by Deran Serafian. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Timecop—The come-on: Jean-Claude Van Damme's emergence as a superstar. The plot: In 2004, a time-travel enforcement agent (Van Damme) discovers that a senator (Ron Silver) has been looting the past to buy the Presidency. The reality: Van Damme and the movie are stiffs. That the film acknowledges the actor's dullness (the timecop himself quips, "I'm never funny") doesn't make it more palatable. Mia Sara, as his wife, must carry the love story while Van Damme does his usual kick-fisticuffs. The filmmakers lack consistency or cleverness even when it comes to their big point: that changes in the past ripple into the future. They want their movie to skip like a stone. It sinks like one. Peter Hyams directed and photographed; script by Mark Verheiden.—M.S. (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Trial by Jury—The lawyer defending a Mob boss (Armand Assante) accuses the prosecutors (led by Gabriel Byrne) of "cheap theatrics." The D.A. isn't the only party guilty of that charge. The director, Heywood Gould, and his co-writer, Jordan Katz, swamp the movie with ludicrous histrionics. Joanne Whalley-Kilmer stars as a single mother and vintage-clothing entrepreneur whose jury duty becomes a nightmare when Assante threatens the life of her son. As if the melodrama weren't loaded enough, Assante forces himself upon her sexually. (She is remarkably resilient.) The cast includes William Hurt as a corrupt ex-cop and Kathleen Quinlan as a slutty freelance killer; Margaret Whitton, as Whalley-Kilmer's jury pal, delivers the only snappy line readings.—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

True Lies—James Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger join forces for their first outing since "Terminator 2," and it's a bumpy ride. Schwarzenegger stumbles into James Bond territory as a suave international spy named Harry Tasker; it's a stiff and rather sad sight. The middle chunk of the film defies belief—not with special effects, unfortunately, but with humdrum misogyny. Harry suspects his wife (Jamie Lee Curtis) of adultery, kidnaps her, and subjects her to a series of humiliations, apparently in an effort to win back her love. Yeah, right. Tom Arnold saves the show as Harry's sidekick.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th Street Showplace, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

What Happened Was . . .—Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at the 1994 Sundance Film Festival. Tom Noonan wrote, directed, and stars in this blow-by-blow saga of an awkward first date. With Karen Sillas. (Angelika Film Center.)

White—The second in Krzysztof Kieślowski's "Three Colors" trilogy—"Blue" was released here in 1993, and "Red" was recently screened at the Cannes festival—is the story of a Chaplinesque Polish Everyman named Karol Karol (Zbigniew Zamachowski). The picture traces his progress from utter ignominy, in Paris, to a strange kind of personal power, which he acquires in the unsettled new society of his homeland. Kieślowski has abandoned the elegantly abstract style and enigmatic tones of his recent work and has adopted instead a folksy-picaresque manner, which doesn't suit him. Mysteriously, this great filmmaker lacks the mundane skills to keep us interested in a story that has no real spiritual dimension. Also with Julie Delpy. In Polish and French.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (752-4600).
Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

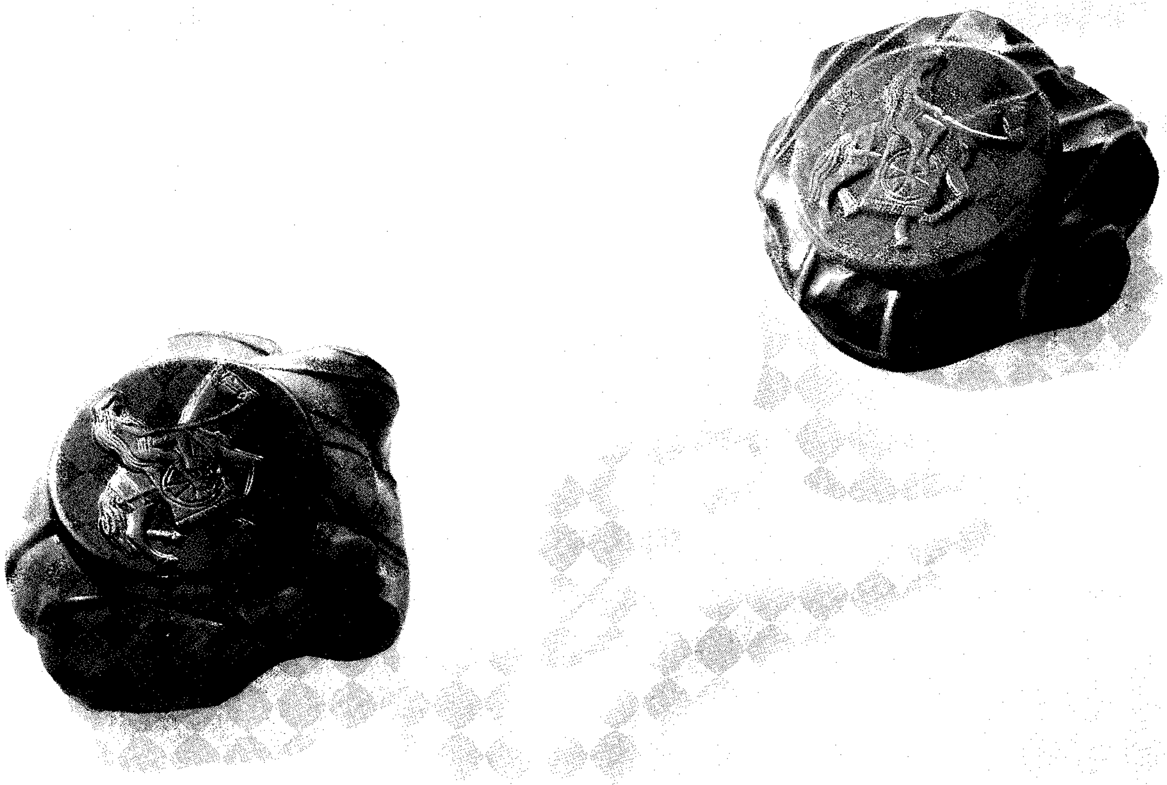
WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (691-4744).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

Godiva Chocolatier, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York City ©1994 Godiva and the Gold Ballotin are registered trademarks



ONE FOR ME, AND ONE FOR ME.

What could make your taste buds happier than one of our wondrous medleys of fresh pecans, hazelnuts, or cashews wrapped in caramel and chocolate? Partake of these caramel nut boucheés, and your sweet-tooth will positively swoon. Stop in or call 1-800-9-GODIVA.

GODIVA
Chocolatier

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the film-library listings following these notes.)

La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's tragicomical triangle of a cashier-painter (Michel Simon), a gigolo-like pimp (Georges Flamant), and the woman who destroys them both—a reluctant demimondaine (Janie Marèze). What's most exhilarating about this movie is figuring out who everyone is at any instant: lover or buffoon, hero or villain, exploiter or victim. Simon's performance is forceful even when he's in repose. For Renoir, character is both action *and* inaction. His lambent lighting, restless camera, and emotion-charged stagecraft center attention on his doomed erotic fools and crystallize the pressures the world puts on every single soul. In French.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—An ode to France's Popular Front and to popular art, it has the shape and bittersweet flavor of a modern fable. Lange (René Lefèvre), an aspiring serial writer, slaves for a greedy publisher named Batala (Jules Berry); after Batala is reportedly killed in a train wreck, his employees form a coöperative, and Lange's cowboy creation, Arizona Jim, becomes a smash in a photo-and-text format. Everyone poses as Lange's characters: fellow-workers, beautiful laundresses, an irascible concierge. Then Batala comes back.... Lange's friends and colleagues coalesce into a perky, unpredictable group hero. But the greatness of the director, Jean Renoir, and the screenwriter, Jacques Prévert, is best exemplified by the complexity and charm of their villain. In his rapacious wisdom, seductiveness, and cunning use of disguise, Berry's Batala prefigures Peter Sellers' Quilty in "Lolita." In French.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Mississippi Masala (1992)—In this multicultural variation on "Romeo and Juliet," the Capulets are East Indian refugees from Uganda, and the Montagues are African-Americans who live and work with them in Greenwood, Mississippi, circa 1990. Denzel Washington stars as Demetrius, a can-do guy with his own carpet-cleaning business; Sarita Choudhury, in her feature début, plays Mina, a vaguely dissatisfied motel maid. If Demetrius and Mina are meant for each other, it's solely because they're the best-looking couple in town. Their romance fails to move past physical attraction, and that's more than a disappointment—it's a crippling letdown. The director, Mira Nair, introduces viewers to a milieu in which Indians practice their bright-hued rituals while competing with whites in the motel trade and keeping a friendly distance from blacks. But Nair and her screenwriter, Sooni Taraporevala, try so hard to be *all* things to *all* racial and ethnic groups that by the end the story ceases to make sense on its own terms.—M.S. (Whitney Museum; Sept. 30.)

The Natural (1984)—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? There isn't a whisper of surprise in Redford's performance, and he's photographed looking like a wary, modest god, with enough back lighting and soft focus to make him incandescent even when he isn't doing a thing. Each time Roy is about to pitch or hit with supernatural help, he's glorified in slow motion, and the rhythm of the shots is unvarying. Directed by Barry Levinson, in a picturesque, prose-poetry style, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the bat boy.—P.K. (Metropolitan Museum of Art; Sept. 30.)

Hopalong Cassidy
Hopalong Cassidy Hair Trainer
Hopalong Cassidy's Drinking Straws
Along Cassidy's in the News

Starting October 1 at the American Museum of the Moving Image, William Boyd, as Hopalong Cassidy, in films and in episodes from the TV series.

BOB HOLMES

The Private Affairs of Bel Ami (1947)—Albert Lewin, a writer who became head of Irving Thalberg's story department and then functioned as a producer for Thalberg, seemed to stand for the same values as his boss: carefully mounted, prestigious entertainment. But when he turned director, in 1942 (writing his own scripts as well), he showed a predilection for ultra-literary material, and his style—a mixture of sophistication, romanticism, and stiff, awkward staging—finally led him to the visual poetry and high camp of "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" and the peerless, posh silliness of "Saadia." The Newark-born director suffered from an almost obsequious lust for everything European and an excess of taste that resulted in tastelessness. Bel Ami, taken from a de Maupassant story that had been filmed in Germany in 1938, is a flaccid, overdressed production about a nineteenth-century cad who makes his way in the world by taking advantage of women. Lewin got an interesting ambivalence out of George Sanders in "The Moon and Sixpence," and then typecast him amusingly as Lord Henry Wotton in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," but here Sanders seems heavy and monotonous.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 1.)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

New York Film Festival—The annual festival of international films. Sept. 28 at 6: "The Cloud Door" (Mani Kaul, Germany/India) and "Whispering Pages" (Aleksandr Sokurov, Russia/Germany).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 9 and Sept. 29 at 6: "Cold Water" (Olivier Assayas, France).... ¶ Sept. 29 at 9 and Oct. 1 at midnight: "Amateur" (Hal Hartley, United States/France).... ¶ Sept. 30 at 6 and Oct. 1 at 8:45: "To Live" (Zhang Yimou, China).... ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:15 and Oct. 1 at 11:30: "The Silences of the Palace" (Moufida Tlati, Tunisia).... ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:45 and Oct. 2 at 6:30: "A Confucian Confusion" (Edward Yang, Taiwan).... ¶ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 2 at 1:30 "Bullets Over Broadway" (Woody Allen, United States).... ¶ Oct. 2 at 4: "Theremin: An Electronic Odyssey" (Steven M. Martin, United States).... ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30 and Oct. 3 at 6: "See How They Fall" (Jacques Audiard, France) and "A Pair of Boots" (1962; John Cassavetes; United States).... ¶ Oct. 3 at 9 and Oct. 4 at 6: "To the Starry Island" (Park Kwang-su, South Korea).... ¶ Oct. 4 at 9: "Red" (Krzysztof Kieślowski, France). (Alice Tully Hall. For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—A program of films by Jean Renoir. Through Sept. 29: "Toni" (1935, in French) and "Madame Bovary" (1934, in French).... ¶ Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (†) and "La Chienne" (†).... ¶ Oct. 3-4: "La Bête Humaine" (1938, in French) and "The Lower Depths" (1936, in French).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from M-G-M studios. Sept. 29 at 2:30: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920, Rex Ingram; silent), with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery.... Sept. 29 at 6: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1922, Ingram; silent), with Terry, Lewis Stone, and Robert Edeson.... Sept. 29 at 8: "Turn on the Right" (1921, Ingram; silent), with Lydia Knott.... ¶ A program of television films by Alan Clarke. Sept. 29 at 3: "Contact" (1985), with Sean Chapman.... Sept. 29 at 6: "Rita, Sue, and Bob Too" (1987), with George Costigan.... Sept. 30 at 3: "Christine" (1987), with Vicky Murdock; and "Elephant" (1989), with Gary Walker.... Sept. 30 at 6:30: "Road" (1987), with Mossie Smith and David Thewlis.... Sept. 30 at 8: "Made in Britain" (1982), with Tim Roth.... ¶ Oct. 1 at 12:30, 3, and 5; Oct. 2 at 12:30, 2:45, and 5; Oct. 3 at 3 and 6; and Oct. 4 at 3: "Baseball" (1994), Ken Burns's nine-part documentary, divided into nine "innings" for easy showing.... ¶ A program of Mexican films, from 1933 to 1959. Oct. 1 at 2 and Oct. 4 at 6: "Hidden River" (1947, Emilio Fernández; in Spanish).... Oct. 1 at 5 and Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Woman of the Port" (1933, Arcady Boytler; in Spanish).... Oct. 2 at 2: "Republic of Sin" (1959, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).... Oct. 2 at 5 and Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Over on the Big Ranch" (1936, Fernando de Fuentes; in Spanish).... Oct. 3 at 6:

"Salón Mexico" (1948, Fernández; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: More than a hundred commercials, winners of the 1993 British Advertising Broadcast Awards.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati. Sept. 28 at 2 and 6 and Sept. 29 at 4: "Mon Oncle" (1958). . . . Sept. 28 at 4:15 and Sept. 29 at 2 and 6:15: "Traffic" (1971). . . . Sept. 28 at 8:10 and Sept. 29 at 8: "Parade" (1973). . . . ¶ The Third New York Video Festival. Oct. 1 at 2 and Oct. 4 at 6: "United States of Guns" (1993, Folke Ryden). . . . Oct. 1 at 4:15: "X 1/2: The Legacy of Malcolm" (1994). . . . Oct. 1 at 6:15 and Oct. 4 at 4: "Memory" (1994, Edin Vélez). . . . Oct. 1 at 8:15: "The Children Play Russian" (1994, Jean-Luc Godard). . . . Oct. 1 at 10: "Uh-Oh!" (1994, Julie Zando). . . . Oct. 2 at 2 and Oct. 3 at 4: "In the Land of the Oranges" (1994, Amos Gitai). . . . Oct. 2 at 4: "Former East/Former West" (1994, Shelly Silver). . . . Oct. 2 at 6:15 and Oct. 4 at 2: "Free Fall" (1994, Gea Kalthegener and Douglas Ferguson). . . . Oct. 2 at 8:15 and Oct. 3 at 6: "Moscow X" (1993, Ken Kobland). . . . Oct. 3 at 3: "I Have Graduated" (1992). . . . Oct. 3 at 9: "Exploring the Digital Frontier: Bob Stein, High Tech Explorer" (1994). . . . Oct. 4 at 8:15: "West of MTV," with Armond White.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films directed by Albert Lewin. Oct. 1 at 4:30: "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami" (†). . . . Oct. 2 at 4:30: "The Living Idol" (1957). . . . ¶ Two films with William Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy. Oct. 1 at 3: "Bar 20 Justice" (1938, Lesley Selander). . . . Oct. 2 at 3: "Colt Comrades" (1943, Selander).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Oct. 2 at 7, poet Gerry Gomez Pearlberg will introduce her favorite film, which was written by Dr. Seuss (Theodore Geisel), "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953, Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig.

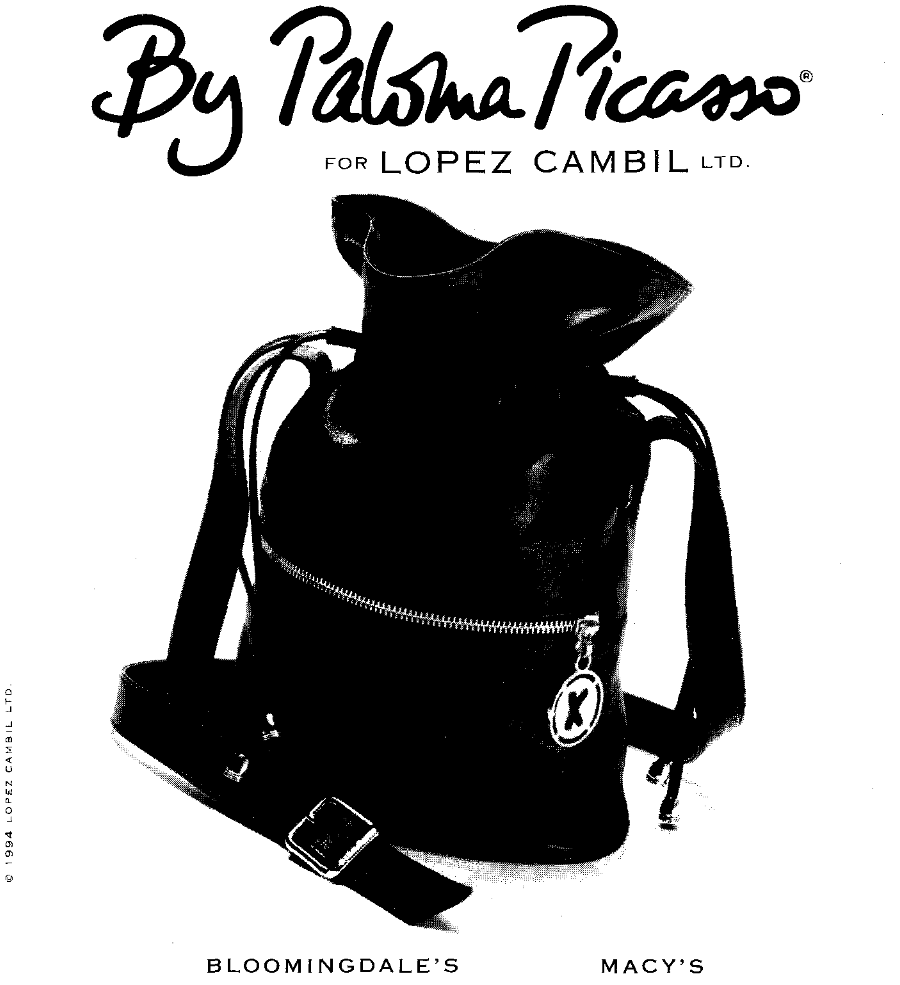
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—Sept. 30 at 7: "The Natural" (†).

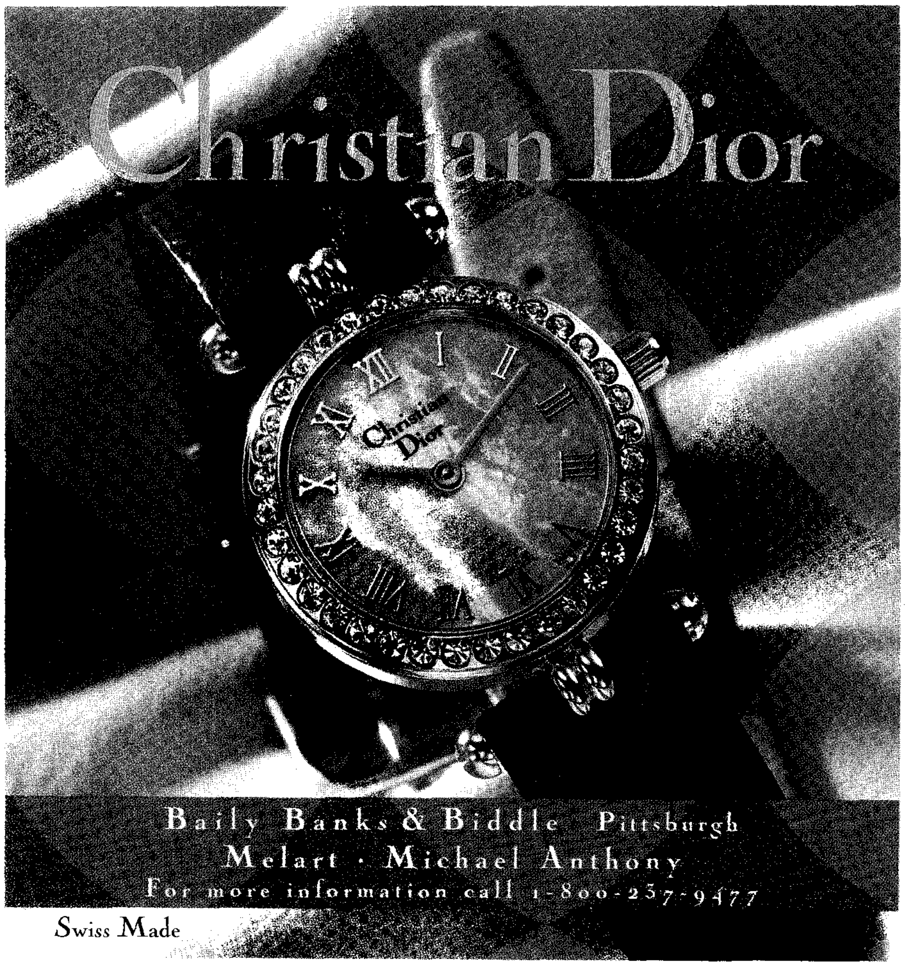
Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films from India. Sept. 28 at noon, Sept. 29 at 1:15, Sept. 30 at 11:30, Oct. 1 at noon, and Oct. 2 at 2:15: Five different programs of short films and videos. . . . Sept. 28 at 2: "One Hand Don't Clap" (1988, Kavery Kaul). . . . Sept. 28 at 4: "An Unremarkable Life" (1989, Amin Q. Chaudhri), with Patricia Neal and Shelley Winters. . . . Sept. 29 at 5:30: "In Custody" (1993, Ismail Merchant), with Om Puri and Shashi Kapoor. . . . Sept. 30 at 3:30: "Mississippi Masala" (†). . . . Oct. 1 at 4: "West Is West" (1988, David Rathod). . . . Oct. 2 at noon: "Salaam Bombay!" (1988, Mira Nair; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 2 at 4:30: "Courtesans of Bombay" (1983, Merchant), with Kareem Samar and Saeed Jaffrey.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—From Sept. 30: "My Name Is Barbra" (1965), with Barbra Streisand. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ From Sept. 30: "Martha Graham: The Dancer Revealed" (1994), a documentary. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 3:30.). . . ¶ Through Nov. 20, episodes of "Star Trek: The Next Generation." (Showing Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 2 and 4, Thursdays at 2, 4, and 6, Fridays at 2, 4, 5:45, and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadows Park. (1-718 592-9700)—Oct. 1 at 2: "Going Places" (1938, Ray Enright), with Dick Powell, Anita Louise, Ronald Reagan, and Louis Armstrong.

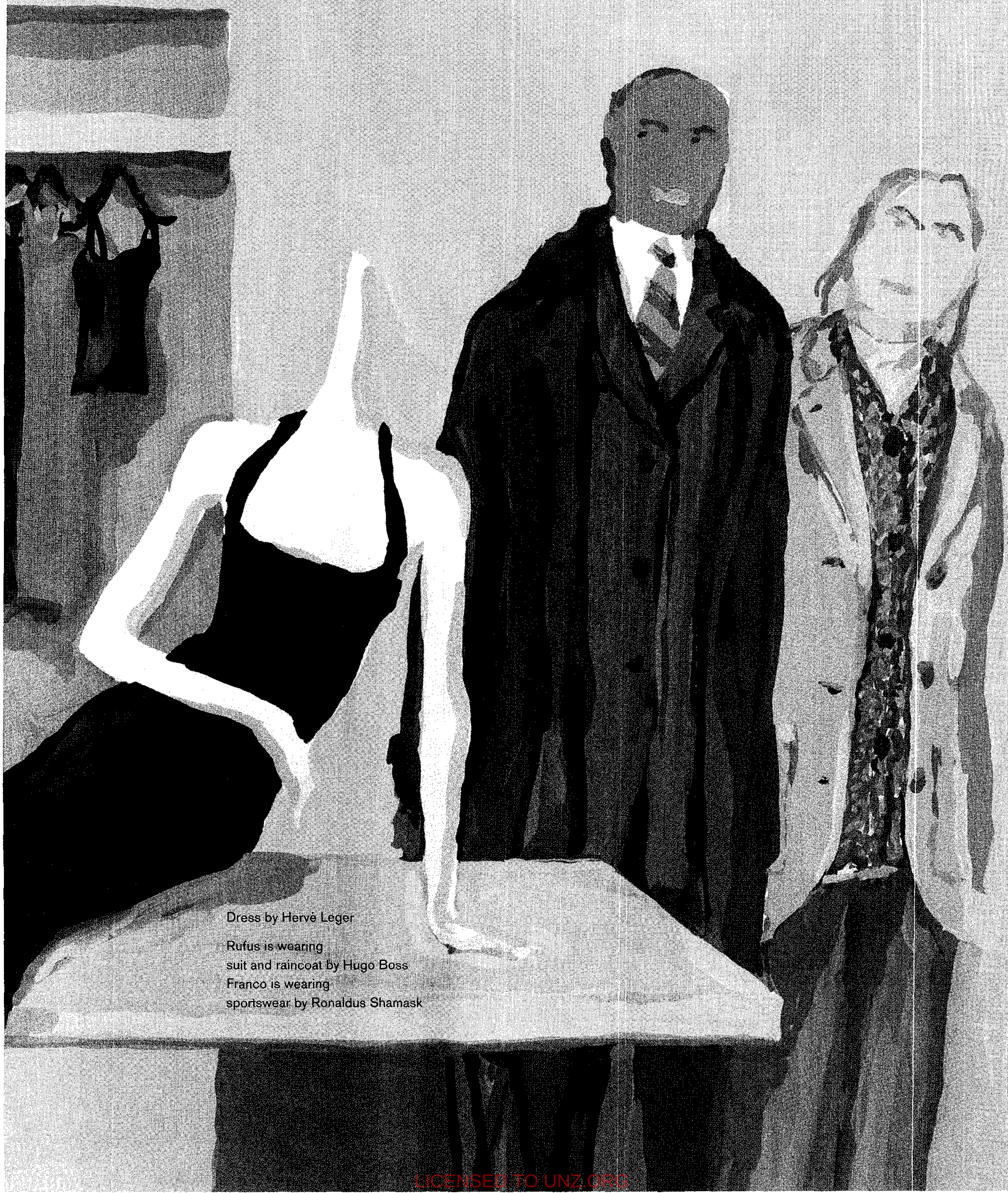
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 4 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Accompanist" (1993, Claude Miller; in French), with Richard Bohringer, Elena Safonova, and Romane Bohringer.


By Paloma Picasso®
FOR LOPEZ CAMBIL LTD.
© 1994 LOPEZ CAMBIL LTD.
BLOOMINGDALE'S MACY'S


Christian Dior
Baily Banks & Biddle Pittsburgh
Melart · Michael Anthony
For more information call 1-800-257-9477
Swiss Made

BARNEYS
NEWYORK

Rufus and Franco liked all kinds of women.



Dress by Hervé Leger

Rufus is wearing
suit and raincoat by Hugo Boss
Franco is wearing
sportswear by Ronaldus Shamask

Beverly Hills Chestnut Hill Chicago Cleveland Dallas Houston Manhasset Madison Ave. NY Seventeenth St. NY World Financial Ctr. NY Seattle Short Hills South Coast Plaza Tokyo Troy Westport Yokohama Hair by Roger Thompson Salon

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE MEANING OF MADAME CÉDRAS

YANNICK CÉDRAS probably has a balcony at home almost as impressive as the one at Haitian Army General Headquarters, whose balustrades graced our television screens all last week as the Carter Mission met with her husband, General Raoul Cédras, and his associates.

Even if you've never met Mrs. Cédras, you can place her on the Haitian social scene from just a few telling details; you may not know her in particular, but you can pretty much guess exactly who she is. Look at that hair: perfectly coiffed, stylishly cut, no more or less than what is seemly. The glasses: big, tinted, fashionable in Haitian terms. The clothing: sensible tropical wear, appropriate, nothing outré, very Miami. Slim, as former President Jimmy Carter noted. Attractive, as he also pointed out. And light-skinned, as he failed to mention. From the look of her, Mrs. Cédras typifies the new generation of élite Haitian matrons.

The new Haitian matron is not a self-involved Cruella DeVille, like Michèle Duvalier, but she's not a down-to-earth Haitian, either. Like so many of her generation and training, she turns to Miami or New York for culture and couture, not to the Paris of the previous generations.

"We were ready to die," Mrs. Cédras is said to have told former President Carter. And isn't that like the new Haitian woman? Speaking out, even in a man's forum, as opposed to the old caricature of the élite Haitian mulatto temptress, the Queen of Carnival, who would stand in a corner, statuesque in high-fashion chiffon, waiting to be wooed. The new Haitian woman has some of the salty and acerbic tongue of the Haitian market woman, and the same lack of *pudeur* when it comes to giving an unsolicited opinion.

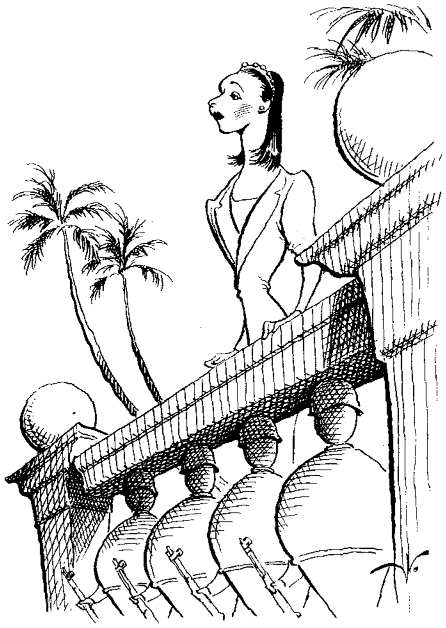
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

She usually drives her own car: a Cherokee or a Montero or a Trooper. You can sometimes find the new Haitian woman ferrying her husband around downtown, something unthinkable in the last generation. She likes the sense of power that driving gives her.

When you see Yannick Cédras, you think: A breezy house in Laboule or Péguy-Ville, boutiques in the wealthy suburb of Pétionville, coffee with her girlfriends at La Promenade shopping center. Swimming weekends at Kyona Beach. Maybe a summerhouse on the coast at Montrouis, a mountain getaway at Kenscoff. Perhaps a wild youth spent in the discos of Pétionville, dancing to Tabou Combo and Coupé Cloué and System Band. Eating little bites from her husband's plate at the Vietnamese place on the Rue Grégoire and at Bolero, the pasta joint where all the American Embassy people hang out.

This kind of Haitian woman thinks of Haitian democracy as a personal affront to her family. The concept of democracy, she'll tell you, is fine in *your* country, where the people are all educated and civilized. But not in Haiti. This kind of Haitian woman thinks of Haiti's elected President Jean-Bertrand Aristide as an uppity and ill-behaved houseboy who is somehow wrecking the party that she and her friends have spent so long arranging. Because Haitian politics affects her personally—perhaps her husband's job, her brother's job, her father's job—she always knows what's going on.

She may even have a job herself—just for her own amusement, of course. But some things have not changed: she is still totally in charge of the children, the servants, and the household—if not, quite, of her husband. Yes, she is his excuse for everything: "Oh, no, my wife says we must be with the children this evening," and "Oh, no, Mama, I'm sorry, my wife says we have to visit with her family this weekend." And then he goes out, as men in Haiti have done for generations beyond memory, and does exactly what he wants to do. "The key to Cédras's decision was his wife," Carter said. And that's probably just what the General wanted him to think.



REAPING AND SEWING

TIME was—and not too long ago, either—if you wanted pickup work sewing or cutting or pressing fabric in the garment industry, lampposts and mailboxes festooned with help-wanted notices were your most reliable personnel agency. So reliable that last winter, when John Christ and Rocky Panico went around ripping down the randomly posted want ads, they were trailed by job hunters hungry for the vanishing leads. Christ and Panico work for the Fashion Center Business Improvement District, which was established last fall, with tidying up as part of its mandate. Their winter search-and-destroy mission was the first step toward creating a clearing house for freelance work in the New York garment industry. The second step is the Fashion Center Business Improvement District Bulletin Board, which went up last spring on the southwest corner of Eighth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, providing space for manufacturers to post their needs. By eight o'clock on weekday mornings, a few dozen hopefuls are quietly scanning a few dozen handwritten classifieds and conferring on the merits of pleas that go "Necesito: Operarias (os) Para: Merrow Ruedo 247 W. 38 St. Piso 5" and "Necesitamos Operadores de Singer con Experiencia 257 W. 39 St. Piso 14E."

Staff members at Fashion Center BID (that's how they answered the phone) are chuffed about the response, but Luis Guiracocha, a board regular, files a mixed report. He likes access to so many opportunities but suggests that while paper blight on mailboxes and lampposts has been ameliorated, other problems haven't. "Some of these signs are a couple days old," he says. "Other people already got the jobs. Or when you get there they're paying four dollars and twenty-five cents an hour. They should be paying at least five dollars."

HEADING INTO THE OPERATIC STRATAS-SPHERE

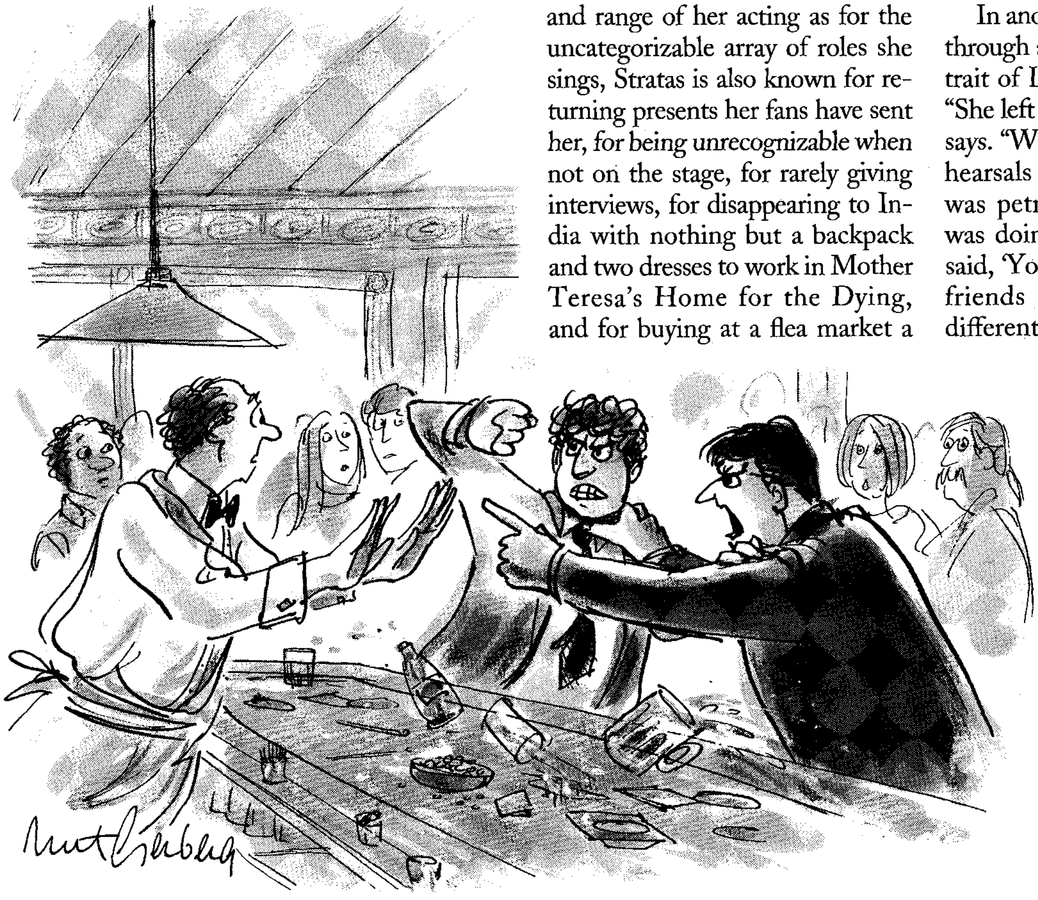
Her doorbell has a mechanical crank, like an old alarm clock. Its genteel jingle reminds one that this is the residence hotel where Caruso used to live. There is no sound of advancing footsteps, but presently the door inches open to frame a tiny woman with long red hair. Smiling, she looks up with luminous dark eyes and says, "Hello. I'm Teresa Stratas," in a voice so rich and deep it couldn't possibly belong to a soprano. But it does, and to the most elusive and mysterious one in existence.

As renowned for the brilliance and range of her acting as for the uncategorizable array of roles she sings, Stratas is also known for returning presents her fans have sent her, for being unrecognizable when not on the stage, for rarely giving interviews, for disappearing to India with nothing but a backpack and two dresses to work in Mother Teresa's Home for the Dying, and for buying at a flea market a vermillion-and-white kimono, which she will wear onstage when she opens the Metropolitan Opera season this week. Opening night this year marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of her début in the house, and the Met has given her two operas to sing on the same evening and the two most illustrious tenors in the world to sing them with: "Il Tabarro," with Plácido Domingo, and "I Pagliacci," with Luciano Pavarotti.

Today, Stratas is dressed in navy-blue silk—a long-sleeved duster over voluminous slacks. She strides soundlessly about the vast, high-ceilinged apartment, her feet clad in Chinese Mary Janes. Her music room, in stark contrast to the other, fastidiously cluttered rooms, looks like a nun's cell. One's eyes ache from the glare of its bleached-skull-white walls. The severity is barely relieved by a small piano and by a "Bartleby the Scrivener"-type desk that stands opposite. "What else do you need in a music room?" she says. "When I come in here, it's just me and the music." A birdcage in one corner adds a sinister note: there is a doll inside. "Sometimes I close the door to the cage," she says. "And sometimes I keep it open. It all depends."

In another room, a lace curtain billows through an open window and an oil portrait of Lotte Lenya hangs on the wall. "She left me that when she died," Stratas says. "We met when she came to my rehearsals of 'Mahagonny.' Naturally, I was petrified. But she never said if I was doing it right or wrong. She only said, 'You will be just fine.' We became friends afterward, but we were very different. She could never understand that I like to be alone on New Year's Eve, or why I don't answer the telephone."

The large living room is full of soft sofas tumbled with cushions. A framed arabesque from the gold damask curtain of the old Met and a compote dish of fossilized sharks' teeth on a low table seem apt decorating touches for a Violetta Valéry who also sings "Mack the Knife." There is not the faintest suggestion in her face of the Salome who looks at the severed head of John the Baptist with a bestial depravity that turns the stomach. On the contrary,



"Butt out, Buster! Who the hell do you think you are—Jimmy Carter?"

her expression is sweet and wistful.

"My father was illiterate," she says. "When he emigrated to Canada from Crete as a teen-ager, he didn't even own a pair of shoes. He wore his dead brother's boots, and they were three sizes too big. He was a manic-depressive. We spent half the year fearing he might kill us and the other half worrying that he might kill himself. When people ask me how I learned to move so well on the stage, I say it was from dodging my father's murderous rages."

In 1959, when Stratas arrived at the Met as a young apprentice, a glorious era was in full bloom. The review of Birgit Nilsson's début as Isolde appeared on the front page of the *Times*. Zinka Milanov, Victoria de Los Angeles, and Renata Tebaldi were the reigning goddesses. Yet, however wonderful a time it was for opera fans, it was by no means an auspicious time for a young woman to come to the Met singing one-liners with the hope of becoming a star. It never is. Few women have left the Met more famous than they were when they arrived; you can count them on the fingers of one hand and still hold a hamburger. Stratas says, of her rise to international stardom against these odds, "I worked hard, and Mr. Bing was very generous in giving me opportunities." She pauses, then says, "Opera is not life. It's part of life, of course, but it isn't life itself." She pauses again. "I couldn't live without singing." She pauses yet again. "At least, I wouldn't want to."

WHEN A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE

If there is fresh energy in Charlie Rose's enterprise, it is because he is now its owner. This summer, Thirteen/WNET, the financially troubled New York City PBS affiliate, began talking about closing the in-house studio that Rose and his show shared with "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour." So, on a Thursday in late July, Rose met with Michael Bloomberg, the owner of a news service that in thirteen years has become a five-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar company, with fifty bureaus feeding financial information to forty-two thousand computer terminals. By Monday, he and Bloomberg had a deal. And on Labor Day, with construction just getting under way on his own set—in Bloomberg's complex on Park Avenue—Rose settled himself behind his signature round table in a borrowed closet of a studio, stared into a camera, and began to demonstrate why "equity" is such a magic motivator.

"This isn't about technology," Rose declared the other day, as he snaked through a broadcast facility as fully stocked with computers and monitors as a Wall Street trading floor. "It's about believing that if the mission is to create something unique, other things may very well happen. Now, you can make a compelling interview with one camera and a flashlight, but not every night. That's where Bloomberg comes in. Now I can tape whenever I want, I can use his studios in Washington, London, and Tokyo, I can talk with guests on his satellite. And that gives me enormous flexibility."

The day the baseball season ended was very close to perfect for Rose. In addition to interviewing authors of books on aging and on Morocco, he taped an intense hour with Ken Burns, whose eighteen-and-a-half-hour documentary about the business that used to be a sport is appearing, like Rose's show, on PBS. Then, a few hours before his 11 P.M. airtime, he pondered the implications of the strike with Bob Costas, that most literate of sportscasters. Rose, who is so voluble that his guests sometimes seem extraneous, was consistently crisp and focussed. His guests did not mouth prepared sound bites. Even in the conversations about a game that is burdened as much by metaphor-mad pundits as by its intransigent stewards, you felt you were watching smart people actually *think* in front of you.

Down the line, Rose sees himself generating videos and CD-ROMs; more immediately, he has a state-of-the-art studio rent-free. "Part of each day, our facilities are sitting there doing nothing," Bloomberg said. "And Charlie can give us access to his guests. On the finance side, our reporters can get Bob Rubin and Robert Reich. But Charlie gets Gore and Shalala and Cheney. My hope is that our reporters can get to talk to those guests as they're leaving Charlie's show, so when they call—or when a salesman calls to sell them a terminal—they'll know who we are."

Appreciation of the value of networking at the highest levels has long been a Rose hallmark: he's a master of booking guests at dinner parties. Now that he has found in Bloomberg a host as welcoming as Brooke Astor, he can, he believes, lure more than his current seven hundred and twenty-five thousand viewers to his program. There is a bit of Alistair Cooke in that hope, and of Jay Gatsby; Rose has a wealth of ideas, and can see himself becoming wealthy through them. Michael Bloomberg, for his part, sees a more direct route. " 'MacNeil/Lehrer'—did they find a studio?" he asked. "I think I'll call."

JULE STYNE: THE BOTTOMLESS WELL, THE JOYFUL NOISE

Jule Styne, who died last week, at eighty-eight, was a small man with a big gift for melody. He belonged to Broadway's heyday, when being brilliant and corrupting an audience with pleasure were part of the job description. He was the last of his talented, bowwow breed. Once, in his early years, when he had a band and was tinkering with one of his compositions at the piano after a gig, a dapper man tapped his shoulder and said, "Keep it simple but harmonically attractive." The man, Styne found out later, was Vincent Youmans, the composer of "No, No, Nanette" and other Broadway hits. And Styne did just that. He wrote memorable musicals—"Two on the Aisle," "Bells Are Ringing," "Gypsy," "Funny Girl"—when the musical was still selling confidence instead of impotence. "Everything's Coming Up Roses," "Don't Rain on My Parade," and "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" are brilliant examples of the sense of fun and wonder that Styne found in the material world, enabling him to give people anthems of expectation.

Billeted until recent years on the second floor of the Mark Hellinger Building, on West Fifty-first Street, Styne worked not at the piano but at his desk while chain-smoking cigars. An obsessive gambler (he visited OTB every day of his adult life) as well as a fertile composer, he wrote with the radio tuned to the racing results. When he had fleshed out an idea, he'd pick up the paper and say, "Let's hear how it sounds." "God forbid you should say, 'I loved it, Jule, but the bridge . . .' " says Susan Birkenhead, who wrote the lyrics to "Jelly's Last Jam," and who had been lifted from obscurity by Styne to collaborate on "Treasure Island" in the early eighties. "Rather than *potchky* with the lyric, he'd rip it up and start again. He had this bottomless well of music in him."

STYNE, a cocky, well-dressed man, never hid his light under a bushel; "I'm pulling my score!" he'd threaten when he was throwing a tantrum. Betty Comden tells of Styne's dropping a song through the transom of a Hollywood producer's office with the declaration "May I say, another hit!" At parties, Styne would make a beeline for the piano and play what he called "a medley of my Academy Award losers," which included "I'll Walk Alone," "It's a Great Feeling," and "Change of Heart." Then, peering over thick tinted glasses—a sartorial trademark—he'd say, "And what song of mine do you think finally won?" Then he'd play "Three Coins in the Fountain."

When Styne was nervous about a show tune, he would growl to his lyricist, "We gotta have a home run here." He always knew how to swing for the fences, and usually delivered that rare stroke, almost impossible to encounter these days: a blast of joy. Styne had, by his count, fifteen No. 1 Tin Pan Alley hits, yet he was also a musical dramatist who knew how to write for stars. "They're stars for a reason, and don't you forget it," he lectured his lyricists, and his music turned talents into legends. He gave Carol Channing "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" and "I'm Just a Little Girl from Little Rock," he gave Barbra Streisand "People," and, most memorably, he gave Ethel Merman "Everything's Coming Up Roses" and "Rose's Turn." When he was writing "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday told him she would sing anything but a ballad. "Jule knew that Judy loved to sing harmony," says Betty Comden, who co-wrote the show's lyrics with Adolph Green. "He took Judy into another room and said, 'This is the harmony part in this number.' She learned it and sang it perfectly. He said, 'Well, that's the song.' It was 'The Party's Over.' "

THIGH ANXIETY

A PART of your body that you never knew you had, if you are a woman, will be introducing itself to you soon. It will happen the day you buy your first pair of over-the-knee knee socks, which you will certainly do, because they are one of this fall's fashion imperatives. You will pull on your over-the-knee knee socks, which climb up your calf, traverse the knee, inch over the upper kneecap, and then stop, and where they stop is where your new body part starts. It is that band of flesh between the top of your over-the-knee knee sock and your skirt. Technically, it might be your lesser-anterior-femur whatever. The anatomical term for it might be the lower-upper-knee-thigh something. The fashion term for it is . . . Well, actually, there is no fashion term for it—it's just understood to be the proximal segment of the leg that's not covered by sock and not covered by skirt, which, when exposed, makes you look like a naughty schoolgirl. In form, it appears to be thighlike, but it's not exactly your thigh, which is the part of your leg that your miniskirt is covering. You know, *up there*. That's your thigh. It's not your haunch or your loin or your rump, either. The body part that you have just discovered is quite something else. Once you discover it, you will realize that you always instinctively knew of its existence, because, obviously, there was *something* that connected your upper knee area to your lower thigh area—you just never had anything quite like black microfibre over-the-knee knee socks emphasizing its being and form. At this very moment, there are probably trainers devising exercise routines to put this new body part in shape. Right after that, QVC will start hawking the Lower-Upper-Knee-Thighlike-Newly-Exposed-Leg-Section-Master, and then all will be right with the world.

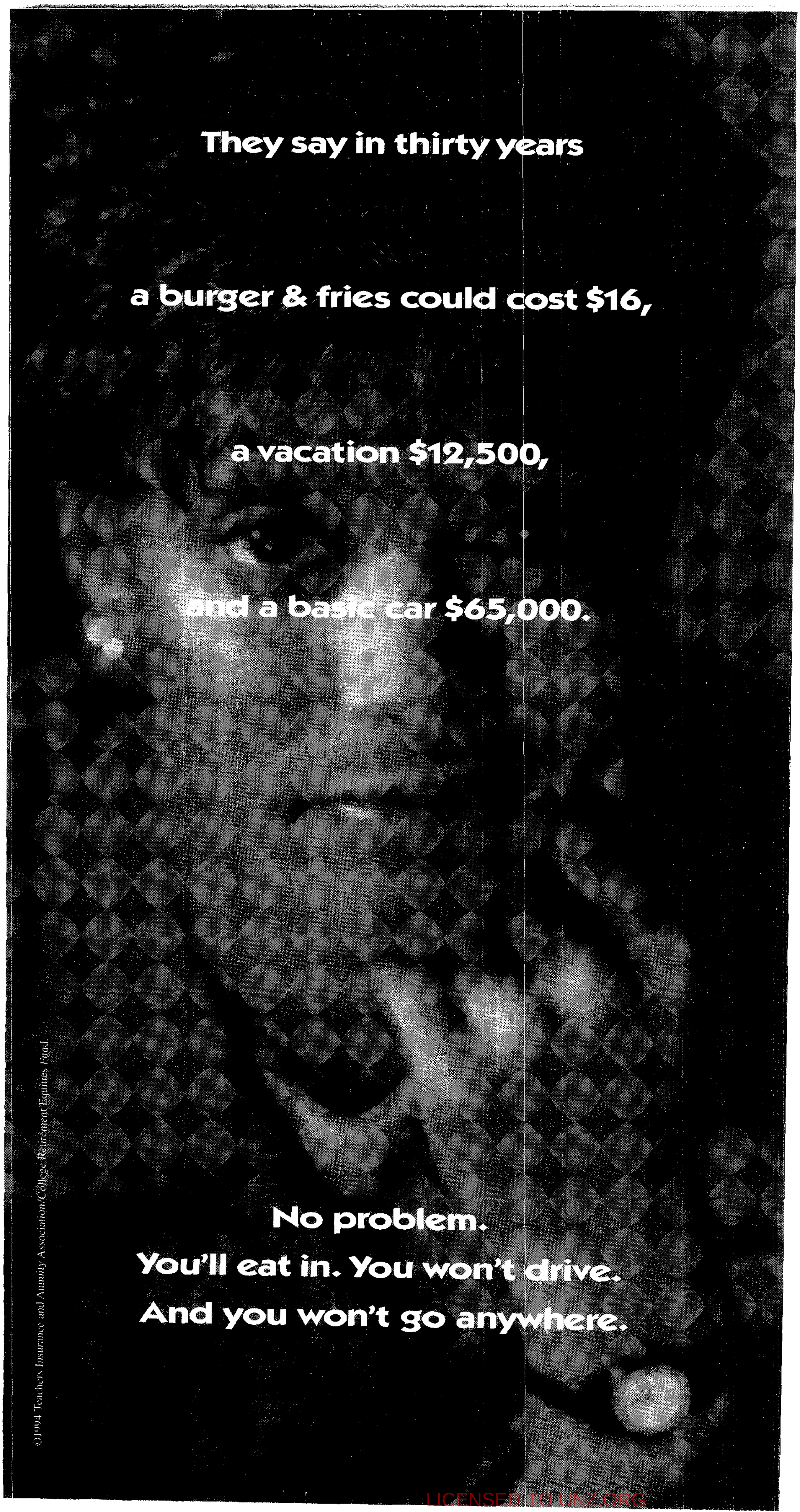
CAPITOL GAINS FOR HILL NEWSHOUNDS

SINCE its inception some forty years ago, the giveaway, twice-weekly, decidedly unglossy tabloid *Roll Call* has held a comfortable corner on the Washington market of readers with an interest in staff changes at the Senate Rules Committee or even articles such as Best Body on the Hill. But the presence in town of *The Hill*, a like-minded though more writerly weekly, which was launched last week, has a sort of neighborhood rivalry stewing. *The Hill's* first scoop (Al Gore and staff have seventeen books overdue at the Library of Congress from his days as a senator) was preëmpted by *Roll Call*, which came out earlier in the week with the same news. But *The Hill* did beat *Roll Call* to a story naming Speaker of the House Thomas Foley as a leading choice for Secretary of State, should Warren Christopher be pushed aside.

The other day, a visitor stopped by the offices of *The Hill*, which aren't actually anywhere near the Hill (they're in downtown D.C.: cheaper and safer, it was explained), where the publisher and editor-in-chief, Martin Tolchin, led the visitor into his office. Tolchin, who for many years covered Congress for the *Times*, is heavyset and balding, in his mid-sixties, and was wearing a tattersall shirt from Brooks Brothers. "We have great access," he said in a tone that sounded boastful only in an avuncular way. "I know a lot of people on the Hill. A lot." He cocked his head, threw a hand in the air, and giggled. "A *lot*."

Across town at *Roll Call*, an editor said, "You're not hearing this from me, O.K.? If you look at *The Hill's* masthead, they've got three people who used to work here. They want to take us out. That declaring-war stuff may work in New York, but it ain't gentlemanly," the editor went on, "and I'll tell you, it ain't Washington." ♦

This week's contributors: Amy Wilentz, David Finkle, David Daniel, Jesse Kornbluth, John Lahr, Susan Orlean, Eric Konigsberg.


They say in thirty years
a burger & fries could cost $16,
a vacation $12,500,
and a basic car $65,000.
No problem.
You'll eat in. You won't drive.
And you won't go anywhere.

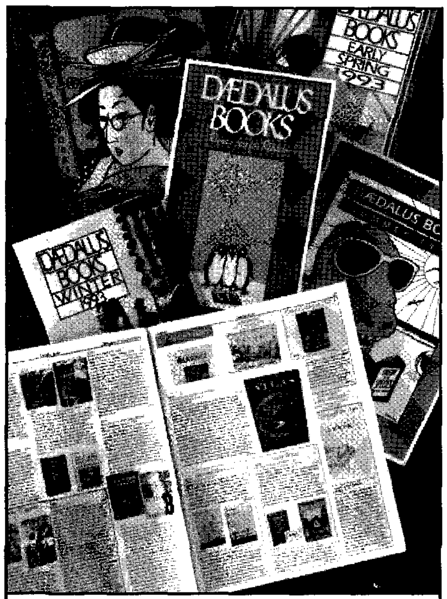
©1994 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association/College Retirement Equities Fund.

TIAA-CREF.
Proven
Solutions
To Last
a Lifetime.

Granted, sitting around the house may not be your idea of the perfect retirement. But what's your choice when inflation is slowly but surely eroding the value of your nest egg? Talk to TIAA-CREF. We offer investment, insurance, and personal savings plans that can help you outpace inflation and build the rewarding future you deserve. Maybe that's why we've become the largest retirement system in the world. To hear more, call 1 800 226-0147 for your free Personal Investing Kit. After all, you've always had places to go and things to do. And why should it be any different when you retire? TIAA-CREF. Financial services exclusively for people in education and research.

TIAA
CREF

Ensuring the future
for those who shape it.℠



THE BOOK LOVERS' CATALOG. WRITTEN BY BOOK LOVERS.

For people who love books, Daedalus Books is more than a catalog. It's an irresistible collection of the finest literary remainders. Seven issues a year featuring hundreds of books on everything from art to politics, children's literature to new fiction. Each described with uncommon insight and clever commentary and ***all at savings of up to 90%.*** Call for your free catalog today.

DÆDALUS BOOKS

PRICELESS CULTURE. PRICED LESS.

Call 9:00 am - 6:00 pm EST
1-800-395-2665

NIGHTS AT THE OPERA

TWILIGHT OF THE GOD?

James Levine has ruled the Met for over a decade. The general manager, Joseph Volpe, who rose from the carpentry shop, may have ambitions of his own.

BY FREDRIC DANNEN

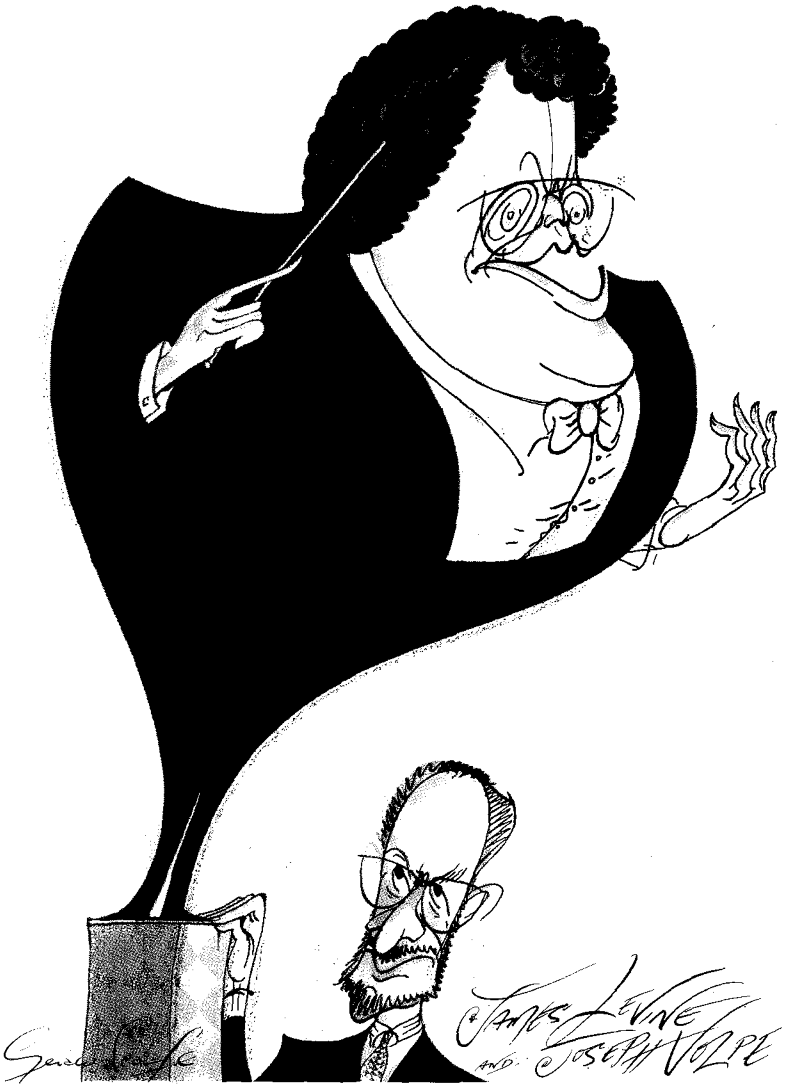
IT had been a bad week for James Levine. First, Levine, the artistic director of the Metropolitan Opera, came down with the flu during a vacation in Florida, which forced him to cancel a conducting engagement in Dresden, and meanwhile he got word that his father, in Cincinnati, was gravely ill. And now, on Saturday, February 5, 1994, he was being told over the phone that Kathleen Battle, a soprano from his home state of Ohio, whom he had nurtured and helped turn into one of opera's greatest stars, was about to be fired from the Met. The man at the other end of the line was Joseph Volpe, the Met's general manager, and he told Levine that he had decided to fire Battle, who is notoriously difficult, largely because of complaints of her abusiveness toward other cast members during rehearsals of Donizetti's "La Fille du Régiment," in which she had the title role. Levine had seen Battle's bad side, but he had always been able to work with her, and he now wondered whether Volpe wasn't going too far. Couldn't she be got through her five performances and then, if need be, simply not rehired? "Joe," he said, at last, "you're the one sitting in that chair. My job is to tell you what I think. I'm telling you."

Volpe not only fired Battle that Monday, despite a phone call in which she essentially pleaded for one last chance, and despite a visit from her manager, Ronald Wilford, who manages Levine as well; he also put out a press release so caustic that music critics found it hard to believe that it had come from the Metropolitan Opera. In it he said, "Kathleen Battle's unprofessional actions . . . were profoundly detrimental. . . . I could not allow the quality of the performance to be jeopardized." (On learning that she had been fired, the cast of "La Fille" broke into spontaneous applause.)

The Battle incident underscored the contrast in personality between Joe Volpe, who is fifty-four, and Jim Levine, who is fifty-one. Volpe is a Brooklyn-born ex-carpenter, tough and decisive, who was once summoned before a union tribunal to explain why he had fired a stagehand on Christmas Eve (because, Volpe said, the man was insubordinate), and who, when someone recently called him a "charmer," objected, saying, "Don't ruin my reputation." Levine, a former child prodigy on the piano, and now an internationally famous conductor, is known to millions of television viewers worldwide through broadcasts of "The Metropolitan Opera Presents"—a chubby, good-natured man with a corona of frizzy hair and a round, angelic face. Levine (rhymes with "wine") is a favorite of many singers; opera's two biggest stars, the tenors Luciano Pavarotti and Plácido Domingo, perform more opera with him than perhaps with any other conductor.

While Volpe enjoys the aura of power, Levine acts uncomfortable when anyone refers to the power he possesses. "I'm not an administrator or a politician," he says. "I am an artist. But, you see, Ronald"—Wilford, his manager—"said something interesting to me a few years ago. He said, 'Do you have any idea how many people think of you as the sun coming up every day? And if you are irritated, or you are disturbed, they go into a real tizz.' Well, I've seen that. I see that if I tap the table some people react as if I'd used a baseball bat."

In fact, Levine's power at the Metropolitan Opera has long been enormous. He is approaching a quarter century there, having made his début in 1971, conducting Puccini's "Tosca" at the invitation of the general manager, Sir Rudolf Bing, who retired from the Met a year later. Levine was appointed principal conductor in 1973, music director in 1975, and artistic director in 1986, but those titles do not begin to convey the extent to which he filled the power vacuum created by Bing's departure—and, indeed, has made the house a reflection of his personal taste. Like Bing, Levine has been able to dictate the repertoire, the casting, and the hiring of conductors, stage directors, and designers; and, in addition, he has shaped the Met from the podium, conducting around a quarter of each season's more than two hundred performances. Since its founding, in 1883, the Met has witnessed nothing like James Levine; probably the nearest equivalent was his idol, Arturo Toscanini, but Toscanini's reign at the opera house lasted a mere seven seasons—from 1908 to 1915. Levine has seen four general managers come and go since Bing retired (not counting one who died in a car crash just after taking office). The job has been difficult to fill, because Levine's artistic control has made it seem too limited.


Gerald Scarfe
James Levine and Joseph Volpe

Levine's artistic presence has overpowered previous general managers, but Volpe is not easily intimidated.

GERALD SCARFE

Volpe is not easily confined, however. He has been at the Met even longer than Levine—a full thirty years. Big and stocky, with a rich baritone voice and a trim beard, Volpe joined the opera company as an apprentice in the carpentry shop at the old Met—the one-square-block house, near the theatre district, that was razed after the company's move, in 1966, to Lincoln Center. He advanced steadily, to technical director and labor negotiator, but he was passed over once for general manager—because, he believes, some members of the Met board found him too headstrong. When the top post became open again, in August, 1990, Volpe was appointed to it but was initially given less authority than his predecessor—an indication that the board remained wary of him. He has been hugely effective, and his probation is over. "Every member of the board today gives me a pat on the back, saying, 'I knew you could do it, Joe,' " he says, amused. Though Volpe plays down the significance of his very public firing of Kathleen Battle, it has been interpreted as a demonstration of strength. The odd pairing of Volpe and Levine has been likened by one Met executive to "a streetwise tabby trying to work with a highly bred Persian," and no one is quite sure just yet how well the combination will work.

THE Met begins its new season this week, with Levine conducting Puccini's "Il Tabarro" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" at the opening-night gala. For most of the year, and especially during the Met season, Levine maintains such a backbreaking rehearsal and performance schedule that access to him is all but impossible. Early this summer, however, as he prepared to conduct the four-opera "Ring" cycle at the Wagner festival in Bayreuth, he agreed to a series of interviews, to be held at his hotel in nearby Pegnitz. Each afternoon, he came downstairs in his standard attire—a polo shirt, dark polyester pants, and scuffed brown desert boots—with a terry-cloth bath towel draped over his left shoulder, to mop up perspiration. (Levine, who is five feet ten and weighs more than two hundred pounds, gets so drenched during a performance that he changes all his clothes between acts, from his black tie down to his underwear.)

Levine is remarkably articulate but is possessed of such a busy mind that he almost never answers a question directly; a conversation with him is more like a symposium on Music and Art and Literature. Yet, unlike Leonard Bernstein, whom Tom Wolfe dubbed "the Village Explainer," there is nothing pedantic about Levine. Sprawled comfortably in a chair, with his feet up, he drinks Évian, talks rapidly, and laughs easily, coming across as very likable.

Levine had checked into the hotel with his younger brother, Tom, and later they shared a rented house nearer the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth. Tom is the person closest to Levine, apart from Suzanne Thomson, an oboist, who has lived with the conductor since 1971, and performs the chores of a housewife, a secretary, and a music researcher, and is paid a salary; and Jonathan Friend, a thirty-nine-year-old Englishman who is the Met's artistic administrator. Tom is employed by Levine as well, and his job is a demanding one—it ranges from overseeing Levine's finances and helping to coördinate his tour dates to looking after his performance clothes—but it leaves Tom time to pursue his art. (He

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while at the same time lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what Hilton Head Health Institute® enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include:

The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet
If I'm So Smart, Why Do I Eat Like This?
The Hilton Head Over-35 Diet

You can also participate in our stop smoking clinic and begin a new, smoke-free life.

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come, call **Toll free: 800 292-2440; in Canada: 800 348-2039 (Fax: 803 686-5659)** or mail in the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NYR
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name ____________
Address ____________
____
City ____________
State ______ Zip ______
Daytime Phone (____) ____________

is a talented painter and printmaker whose work has been exhibited mostly in Germany.) Tom's praise for his brother is rapturous: "He's always optimistic and enthusiastic, and he has the most incredible energy of any person I've ever known," he says.

Levine's energy is undeniable. He can get by on as little as four hours' sleep, he says, because the music stimulates him endlessly. (Last season, he conducted Berlioz's five-hour "Les Troyens" on a Thursday night and, two days later, a matinée of Verdi's "I Lombardi" and an evening performance of Strauss's "Elektra"—a hat trick that few would dare to imitate.) There is no denying his constant cheerfulness, either; and, unlike one of his mentors, the conductor George Szell, he is unfailingly pleasant with his musicians. "There's a big psychological component to conducting," he says. "Let's face it. It isn't simply a question of telling people what you want them to do. Some of them respond to you because they respect you. And others respond because they love you."

To hear Levine tell it, however, he was not by nature cut out to direct a huge orchestra and chorus, let alone provide the artistic leadership for an institution the size of the Met. "I'm shy, and very, very happy by myself," he says. "But I fell in love with the music of ensemble—operas, oratorios, symphonic music—and, realizing I had a talent for absorbing and communicating that music, I went with it. I didn't fight it. But if my talents had made me a poet, a painter, or a composer, which are careers that I could have pursued more or less alone—well, that would have been very close to my nature."

Levine may be shy, but he is also a man of supreme self-confidence. In May, Levine and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus were invited to Frankfurt, as the star attraction in the city's twelve-hundredth-anniversary celebration. There was considerable argument in Frankfurt over whether a German city ought to be spending so much money on American musicians, and Levine knew it. Unperturbed, he put on four concerts of which three consisted only of difficult German repertoire—Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," and excerpts from the "Ring." He was a sensation.

Among singers—at least, those singers who are Met perennials—there may be no more popular conductor than Levine. He works regularly with a large group of audience favorites, who, in addition to Pavarotti and Domingo, include Hildegard Behrens, Renée Fleming, Aprile Millo, Jessye Norman, Dawn Upshaw, Vladimir Chernov, Thomas Hampson, James Morris, and Sherrill Milnes. He is said to be a superb vocal coach; perhaps one reason the Met is among the very few opera houses at which Pavarotti still sings is that he is a notoriously slow study, and Levine patiently coaches him through his parts (as he will need to do before Pavarotti sings his first live performance of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," at the Met next season).

Levine devotes an extraordinary amount of time to the Met and does relatively little guest conducting. As a consequence, he has been able to develop the Met orchestra from a mediocre pit band into a world-class ensemble. (For two decades, he led the Chicago Symphony every summer at the Ravinia Festival, but he gave that up this year, in part to spend more time touring and recording with the Met orchestra.) Levine is such a fixture in New York that some people think the critics take him for granted. His conducting generally gets good, though seldom exuberant, reviews, and critics occasionally complain about his tempos. Yet many critics, when they are pressed to name the best all-around conductor of opera now living, concede that it is probably Levine.

He sometimes gets bad, and even nasty, reviews for his artistic stewardship of the Metropolitan Opera, however. As far back as 1980, the music critic and Met historian Irving Kolodin wrote a cover story for the now defunct *Saturday Review* entitled "Is James Levine Wrecking the Met?" Kolodin complained that Levine, then only thirty-seven, had "neglected, alienated, or misused" some of the best singers of the day, and that he had a habit of filling leading roles with singers well past their prime—such as the soprano Renata

Scotto, whom, when she was in her mid-forties, Levine had cast as the teenage virgin Manon Lescaut. Kolodin also noted that other big-name conductors rarely appeared at the Met, as they frequently had done in pre-Levine days, and accused him of hogging the podium. These charges have since been echoed by others, to support the thesis that the Met has declined in quality since Levine took over.

Levine is impatient with the criticism; it is one of the few subjects that can puncture his equanimity. "I don't want to sound petty—it's not my personality," he says. "But there is an element that doesn't understand what the Met's achievements are. I think we've improved the Met a great deal, and continue to do so. I don't mean I'm breaking my arm patting myself on the back. But I believe we have a consistently higher-quality result than you will find elsewhere. There is a tendency nowadays—don't ask me why—for a lot of criticism to be sardonic, cynical, reductive, arrogant, beside the point,. sort of strange. And I think it is symptomatic of the current state of our culture—this mania in America these days for pissing on everything, which is something I just don't understand. I think life is too short and too good."

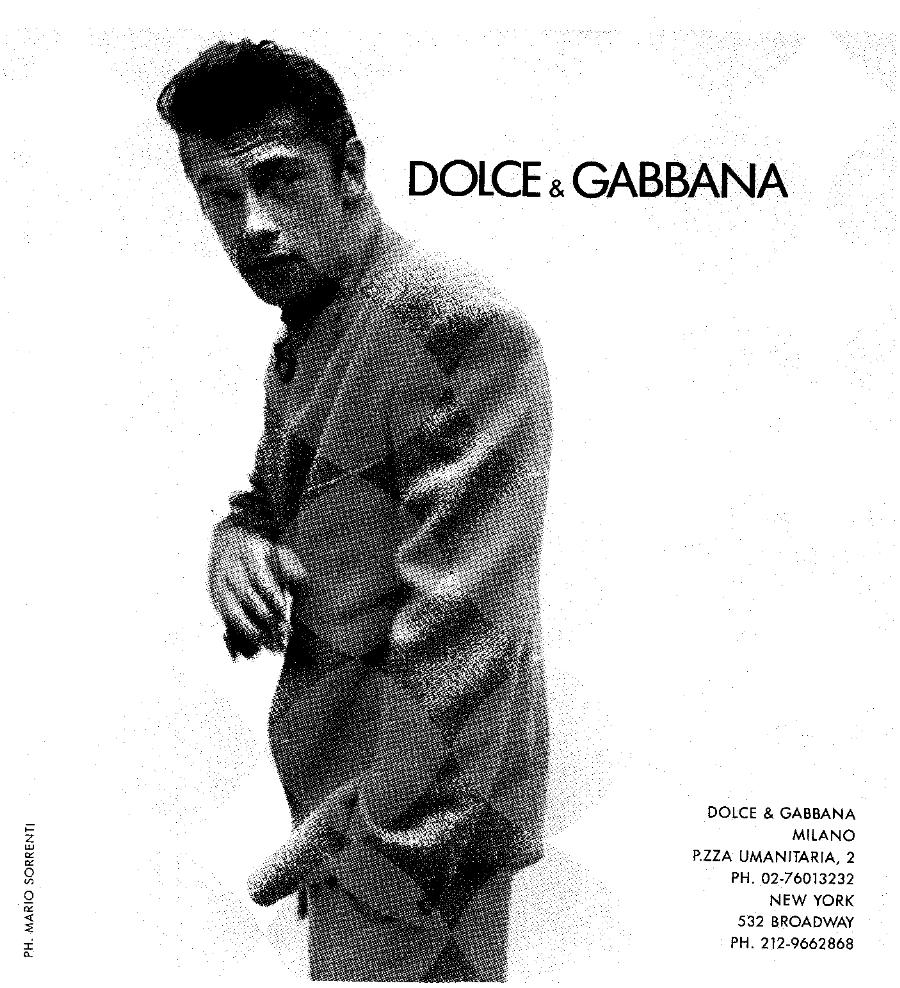
One of Levine's great accomplishments, his supporters say, is the high level of musicianship at the opera house. The Met has a longer season (up to thirty-two weeks), during which it performs more different operas (as many as twenty-six), than any comparable company in the world. Alec Treuhaft, the former artistic administrator of the Netherlands Opera, who is now an executive at BMG Classics, says, "The musicians play like clockwork. For my money, the Met has the best opera orchestra in the world. The chorus is the best. The preparation of singers in small roles is the best. That kind of consistency is remarkable, and it can be laid at Jim's feet."

It can also be argued that the Met's most profound artistic problem is beyond Levine's control: the sheer size of the theatre. The house at Lincoln Center has thirty-eight hundred seats and one of the largest stages in the United States. It is virtually too big to accommodate operas such as Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" and "La Clemenza di Tito," and even Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Ironically, these are operas that can be better cast today than in Bing's time, while the opposite is true of the larger-scale Wagner, Verdi, and Puccini works, around which the new house was designed. During Bing's last season at the old Met, in 1965-66, he presented four different Toscas—Renata Tebaldi, Birgit Nilsson, Dorothy Kirsten, and Régine Crespin. Now Tosca is a difficult role to cast at all.

Even within the field of obvious choices for certain roles, the Met, for all its glory, cannot always get the singer it wants. "People assume that you only have to ask," Levine says. The fact is that most top singers can make more money in Europe, where the theatres are closer together and the fees run higher. The Met's top fee is thirteen thousand dollars a performance, with no exceptions, while the fees at La Scala, for example, are said to climb as high as thirty thousand dollars.

Despite all this, the discontent over Levine's casting is not limited to a few critics. Bruce Crawford, who used to be the Met's general manager and is now president of the board, has maintained a running debate with Levine over whether the active roster is in fact too old. "Jimmy knows I'm always pushing for the younger side," Crawford says. He admits that Levine has usually been right in rejecting the younger singers he occasionally recommended ("They would crash and burn somewhere," Levine says), but he still thinks that Levine has favored too many singers who have "overstayed their time," and says he has "spent some anguished nights at the Met" as a result. Until a few years ago, Levine continued to use Fiorenza Cossotto, the last of a generation of great Italian mezzo-sopranos, though her voice had largely given out. Levine is unrepentant, saying, "There comes a moment in a casting decision when you have a singer who is aging but who brings an aging version of all the right qualities, and your alternative is a fresh person but a person of no particular artistic individuality."

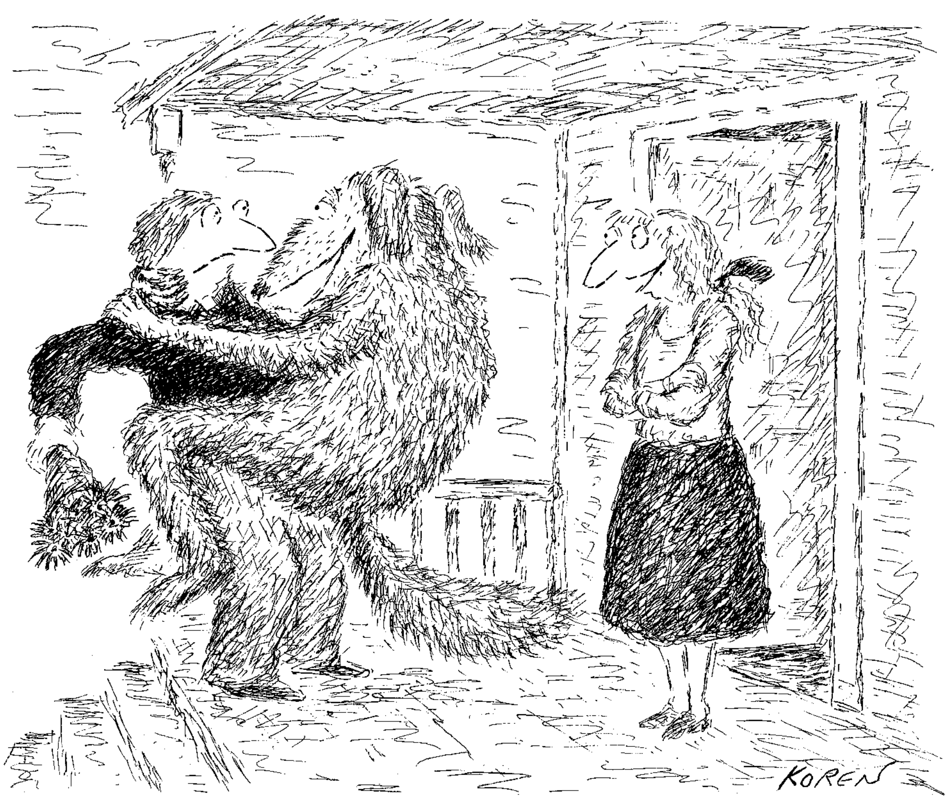
It is also probably true that the Met's



DOLCE & GABBANA

PH. MARIO SORRENTI

DOLCE & GABBANA
MILANO
P.ZZA UMANITARIA, 2
PH. 02-76013232
NEW YORK
532 BROADWAY
PH. 212-9662868



"Pay Princess no heed, Ben—she's not used to having men around."

• •

resources are heavily skewed toward Levine's projects, and the least charitable view is that he hoards for himself the choice casts and productions. A decade ago, Erich Leinsdorf refused to conduct Strauss's "Arabella," because he was unable to get a telecast. (Levine has conducted about eighty per cent of the Met's television broadcasts.) Apart from Carlos Kleiber, Seiji Ozawa, Leonard Slatkin, and a few others, big-name guest conductors have largely avoided Levine's Met. Crawford says, however, that the shortage is not Levine's fault. The real problem, he says, is that frequently the top conductors want to do new productions, and not revivals, but they are unwilling to commit the amount of time that new productions require.

Another thing that Levine has been criticized for is not making the repertoire more diverse and adventurous. Levine responds that while he is "a banquet person," who likes variety, he is also a believer in depth over breadth. (Between the Met and Bayreuth, he has conducted Wagner's "Parsifal" about a hundred times.) It is also an economic reality that familiar repertoire plays better at the box office. Favorites like Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," which is being given twenty times this season, in a new production, regularly sell out the house, and would probably be done even more often were it not for the fear of boring subscribers. As it happens, the Met is also presenting three contemporary works this season, one more than usual: the Met première of Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk," and revivals of Britten's "Peter Grimes" and John Corigliano's "The Ghosts of Versailles," an opera commissioned by the Met and given its world première there in 1991. Levine will conduct Berg's "Wozzeck" next season and, he hopes, again in 1997.

The Met under Levine has similarly been accused of being too traditional in stage design and direction. Otto Schenk's production of the "Ring," for example, struck some reviewers as surprisingly literal-minded. Levine acknowledges that "there is a worldwide crisis in how opera should look," but he has concluded that the increasingly popular "analogy" approach, taken perhaps to its extreme by the director Peter Sellars, "has largely been a flop" and is not well suited to the Met. Levine says that he saw Sellars' production of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" at Chicago's Lyric Opera—in which the title character was presented as a TV evangelist and Venus as a hooker—and "had a terrible time." He says, "If I'd happened to be the director of a small avant-garde festival, I'd have been very happy. But the Met is the Met. It is a kind of temple. And if you turn it into a place where people cannot worship the art form, they won't thank you."

LEVINE could have easily avoided the responsibility of shaping a giant opera company if he had not strayed from his first musical discipline, the piano. At the age of ten, he performed Mendelssohn's Second Piano Concerto with the Cincinnati Symphony. As a present, the conductor gave Levine the score to Verdi's "Aida," and Levine's father took him to the old Met. The boy was hooked. "The day we landed in New York, I had the funny metaphysical sensation that I lived here," Levine says.

He was born in Cincinnati on June 23, 1943, to parents who had both abandoned the entertainment field after early successes. In the thirties, Lawrence Levine was a pop singer and bandleader, whose Larry Lee & His Orchestra was broadcast on the radio nightly from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. He returned to Cincinnati in 1940 to join the family dressmaking business as a salesman, and married a former actress, Helen Goldstein, who, as Helen Golden, had once taken over the lead in the Broadway play "Having Wonderful Time."

"My father told me I could sing before I could talk," Levine says. As a child, he had a terrible stammer, and his parents gave him piano lessons, on the advice of a pediatrician who believed that playing the piano would cure his impediment. The stammer soon disappeared. His progress on the piano was so rapid that by the time he was in third grade the school officials in the Cincinnati suburb of North Avondale, where Levine grew up, gave him permission to go home early every day so that he could practice. Tom Levine says that he and their younger sister, Janet (who is a psychotherapist in Massachusetts), saw Jimmy mostly at dinner. Music had become his life. Levine recalls that the first time he heard Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" he "walked around like a zombie for a week."

When Levine was ten, his parents hired Walter Levin, the first violinist of the LaSalle Quartet, to supervise his musical education. Levin found the boy to be gifted but also rather cocky and undisciplined, and once threw him out of his house for coming to a lesson unprepared. After three years of study, Levin recommended his pupil to the pianist Rudolf Serkin, and in 1956 Serkin invited Levine to study at the Marlboro Music Festival, in Vermont. Levine says that Serkin and Levin taught him "that talent and fluency are dangerous—that if your personality is as positive as mine was, and you're very talented, you may be short with yourself on the disciplines." After Marlboro, he became a regular at the summer Aspen Festival for thirteen years. By the time Levine, at eighteen, enrolled at Juilliard, where he was to carry a double major in piano and conducting, he had attained postgraduate level. He dropped out in his third year and moved to Cleveland when George Szell, the conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, offered him the job of apprentice conductor. He remained with the Cleveland for six years, until Szell's death, in 1970.

By then, Levine had firmly chosen conducting over the piano, but he has kept up his facility at the keyboard, and he frequently accompanies singers in concert—a practice he began as a teenager. Back in 1962, he had played a recital tour with the baritone Cornell MacNeil, and while they were on the road Levine asked MacNeil questions about how to develop his career. MacNeil told him, "You ought to ask Ronald." MacNeil's manager, Ronald Wilford, was then an associate at Columbia Artists Management, Inc.—CAMI—and was to become its president, a position he still holds. Wilford, whom Levine calls "one of the most phenomenal human beings I know," has played a key role in Levine's career and, as a consequence, in the modern history of the Met. At sixty-six, Wilford is acknowledged to be the most powerful man in classical music. CAMI manages more than ninety conductors in addition to Levine, among them Claudio Abbado, Sir Colin Davis, Kurt Masur,

Blanche Taylor Found A New Life After Cancer.

She took control of her health and now helps others do the same.

When Blanche Taylor learned she had breast cancer in 1986, she refused to accept the traditional treatment approach -- surgery, chemotherapy and radiation.

Instead, she searched for a treatment program which supported traditional therapies with nutrition, emotional and spiritual support, and lots of tender loving care.

She found what she was looking for at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. A team of experienced physicians, nurses, nutritionists, psychologists and pastoral care counselors worked together to develop a treatment plan which was both effective, and acceptable to Blanche.

"The program worked for me," says Blanche, mother of three grown children and grandmother of five. "Now I use what I learned at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™ to stay well and to help others."

Blanche believes so strongly in her new life after cancer, that she hopes to open a health resort to help people who want to change their lives and improve their health.

To speak with a cancer information specialist or to receive information by mail, call Cancer Treatment Centers of America™ at 1-800-234-7153

CANCER TREATMENT CENTERS®
OF AMERICA

Call 1-800-234-7153

The effectiveness of any treatment program depends on a variety of factors and differs from patient to patient.

Spend Your Vacation In A State Of Romance.

Follow a laurel lined trail to a Blue Ridge mountain waterfall, stroll a stretch of golden beach, or simply walk in the footsteps of Washington, Jefferson, Pocahontas and Patrick Henry, and you'll know in a heartbeat why Virginia is for lovers. For a free travel guide to it all, call 1-800-248-4833 and ask for Extension CC08. Or write Virginia Tourism, Department CC08, Richmond, Virginia 23219.

VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS

VIRGINIA

Riccardo Muti, Seiji Ozawa, André Previn, and Klaus Tennstedt. CAMI's list of vocalists takes up two pages of small type in *Musical America;* its list of instrumentalists is also extensive. Wilford's family holds more than fifty per cent of CAMI's stock, and he is married to the former Sara Delano Roosevelt.

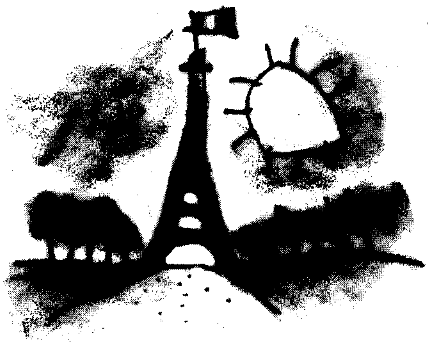
Wilford, who never studied music, grew up in Salt Lake City, the second of seven children of a Greek immigrant who owned a maintenance company. After getting a start by booking a high-school tour for the Utah pianist Grant Johannesen, Wilford moved to New York to form what turned out to be an ill-fated partnership with Johannesen's manager, and then opened his own company, Ronald A. Wilford Associates, though he had no associates and no clients. "I lived in a cold-water flat," he recalls. "I would cash a check for five dollars on Friday, and it would bounce on Tuesday." By 1958, the year he joined CAMI, Wilford had brought to America the French mime Marcel Marceau and was managing a number of classical-music performers. In the mid-sixties, he took over CAMI's conducting division. He revamped its European roster—he helped make Herbert von Karajan one of the most revered and best-remunerated conductors in the world—and turned the division into a powerhouse.

Levine was nineteen when, at the end of his tour with MacNeil, he made an appointment to see Ron Wilford. "I remember he asked me one of the most intelligent questions I have ever been asked," Wilford says. "He said, 'Assuming I have a certain amount of talent and discipline, is there anything that I don't know about that could prevent me from having a life in music?' And I remember my answer: 'Absolutely nothing.' " Levine wanted Wilford to manage him, but Wilford said it was too early. "He kept coming in," Wilford recalls. " 'Now?' 'No, no, keep going—get as much repertoire under your belt as you can. Wait until you're around twenty-seven. Given your talent, when you do start your career it will go like a rocket, and the ride will be very fast.' "

Wilford was almost exactly on target: Levine was just shy of twenty-eight when Rudolf Bing needed a conductor for two performances of "Tosca" during the Met's 1971 post-season festival. When Wilford proposed Levine, Bing was a bit dubious—he had never heard of the young man—but he was willing to gamble, since Levine had conducted "Tosca" the previous year at the San Francisco Opera. Yet, when Wilford called to relay Bing's offer, Levine says, "my impulse was to turn it down." Levine did not have any special fondness for "Tosca"—"I had fantasized a Met début with 'Don Giovanni' or 'Otello,' " he says—and he would have only two orchestra rehearsals. "Well, Ronald was very candid, as he always is," Levine recalled. "I had done a whole number with him about 'What's wrong with the Met?' And he said, 'If you can demonstrate to the Met management the quality of your commitment and musicality, that'll be your best chance to get in there and change the system.' I have to confess, that sounded slightly preposterous to me, and I agreed to conduct 'Tosca' almost on a dare. And a fascinating thing happened—I was immediately asked to become principal conductor."

LEVINE'S appointment did not become official until 1973. In the meantime, the board had replaced Bing with Goeran Gentele, of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, a former theatre director and filmmaker, and had appointed Rafael Kubelik, the Czech-born conductor, the first music director in the Met's history. In July, 1972, after only a few weeks in office, Gentele was killed in a car accident in Sardinia, and in February, 1974, Kubelik quit, having found the job not to his liking. Gentele's assistant, Schuyler Chapin, who was a music-business veteran and had worked closely with Leonard Bernstein, remained as acting and then actual general manager; he was the last ever to have both administrative and artistic responsibilities.

Chapin, who today is commissioner of cultural affairs for New York City, was destined not to last long. "About a week after I was appointed acting general manager, the comptroller came to see me with some charts," he recalls. "There was a black horizontal line showing an accumulated deficit approaching the two-million mark, and a big red 'X' at March of 1973. He said, 'This is when we go broke.' " Chapin never had the confidence of the board, and its president, George Moore, was reported to have bad-mouthed him in public. When the board brought in Anthony Bliss, a Wall Street lawyer and former Met president, as executive director, to help cope with the fiscal crisis, Chapin knew that his days were numbered. He blames Ronald Wilford for hastening his downfall. "Wilford told George Moore, 'If you want to save the Met, get rid of Schuyler Chapin,' " he says. "Mr. Wilford and I didn't speak for ten years." (Wilford acknowledges that a board member—not Moore—asked his opinion of Chapin but says, "I can't take credit for Schuyler leaving the Met—though I might like to.")



By July, 1975, Chapin was out and Bliss had taken his place. Bliss made no pretense of having musical expertise or a creative vision for the Met; instead, he devoted most of his attention to the Met's financial crisis, which continued to worsen. Meanwhile, Wilford had negotiated a new contract for Levine, making him music director. The Met was now being run by a troika, consisting of Bliss, Levine, and John Dexter, an English stage director, who had just won a Tony for the Broadway production of "Equus." Dexter was particularly inspired by twentieth-century operatic repertoire, and his productions of Poulenc's "Dialogues des Carmélites," Berg's "Lulu," and Britten's "Billy Budd" in the seventies are still ranked among the Met's triumphs of the past quarter century. But by the eighties his health had begun to deteriorate, and so had his relationship with the Met. In 1981, he was demoted to production adviser, and three years later he was forced out. Dexter, who died in 1990, was a testy and difficult man; even Levine, who rarely speaks ill of anyone, remembers him with mixed emotions. "His best work was really brilliant, but in many respects he stood in the way of progress more than he helped us," Levine says. "And when he became ill I don't think he could tell his friends from his enemies anymore."

In 1983, with Dexter on his way out and Bliss nearing retirement, Levine demanded, and got, a contract naming him artistic director, to take effect in 1986. The title was a mere formality; Levine had been making all the key creative decisions for several years. Bliss stepped down in 1985, at the age of seventy-two. (He died in 1991.) A year earlier, the board had turned to its newly elected president, Bruce Crawford, for help in locating someone to replace Bliss. Crawford, an impressive man, with a full head of white hair and a slight Brahmin accent—he is from Massachusetts—had made his mark in advertising, and was at that time the president and chief executive officer of B.B.D.O. International, but his layman's knowledge of opera was excellent. Offered the post of general manager himself, he had turned it down, but he was finding it difficult to fill, because of what he calls Levine's "towering artistic presence." As the search dragged on, Crawford changed his mind, and decided he would take the job after all. He did so on January 1, 1986.

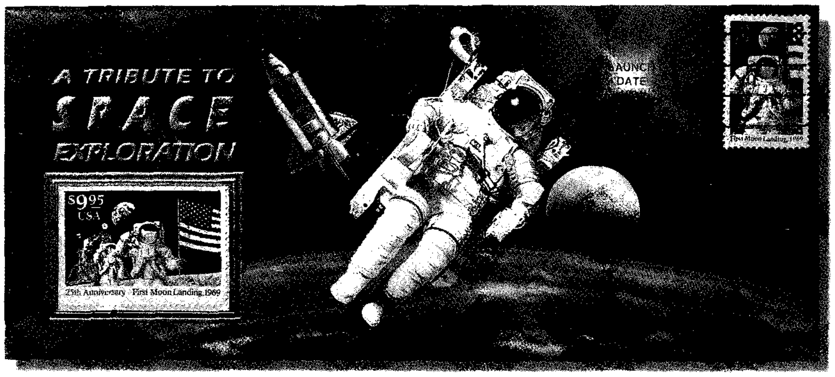
His relationship with Levine was a complicated one. "I like Jim, and we've had an awful lot of laughs together," Crawford says. "But he's an unusual cat. He's very intelligent and articulate, but not what I would call direct. He doesn't like confrontation—you don't get into heated arguments with Jim—although you can see the displeasure he's experiencing when you say something with which he is in complete disagreement. We made a great effort to accommodate one another, and it worked reasonably well. Sometimes, though, I wished it had been a bit simpler."

One thing that Levine could not disagree with Crawford about, however, was that the more innovative and less lavish productions of the previous administration had largely failed at the box office. By 1984, the Met's deficit had climbed to a record eight million dollars. (Bliss had unwisely put his emphasis on government subsidies, which today cover less than one per cent of the Met's operating expenses.) While Crawford oversaw improvements in the Met's fund-raising, Levine restored a lot of the conservative grandeur of earlier years, and by the late eighties the deficit had been transformed into a small surplus. Crawford resigned as the Met's general manager to return to advertising in early 1989, and, after a hiatus, the board replaced him with Hugh Southern, an Englishman, who had been a deputy chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. Southern had little prior experience in opera, and after eight months he was forced out. His departure paved the way for Joseph Volpe, the successor that Crawford had wanted all along.

"CAN you imagine what it means being general manager of this institution?" Joe Volpe said one recent afternoon. He took a moment to look around his office and luxuriate. It is the only office at the Met with a fifteen-foot ceiling and any trace of Old World elegance. When Bruce Crawford occupied it, he moved the general manager's large walnut desk to a spot nearer the door,

BE ONE OF THE FEW ON EARTH TO OWN A STAMP THAT'S BEEN IN SPACE.

To celebrate U.S. achievements in space, we placed a limited number of Moon Landing *stamps aboard the shuttle* Endeavour *on its latest mission. Now you have a rare opportunity to own one of these historic stamps—incorporated into a truly unique collectible.*



Collectible includes:

- An exclusive $9.95 *Moon Landing* stamp that traveled with the astronauts aboard the *Endeavour.*
- Beautifully illustrated commemorative envelope by famed artist Keith Birdsong.
- 29¢ *Moon Landing* stamp with cancellation, commemorating the *Endeavour* launch.
- Numbered Certificate of Authenticity.

Also available—a premium limited edition of 10,000, individually numbered and signed by envelope artist, Keith Birdsong.

Reserve now while quantities last.

☐ Send me ___ copies of the *Space Achievement* commemorative at just $25.00 each. Item #9859.
☐ Send me ___ copies of the limited edition *Space Achievement* commemorative, numbered and signed by the envelope artist at just $69.00 each. Item #9862.
Please add 50¢ postage and handling.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State____ZIP______
Phone # (_____) ______________

Bill my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover Card
Acct. No.____________________
Expiration Date____/____/____
Signature____________________

Check or money order enclosed for $_______made payable to the U.S. Postal Service.

To order, call: **1 816 545-1111** 9:00–5:30 ET, M–F
Or mail coupon to: U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
PO BOX 419178, KANSAS CITY, MO 64179-0988
Orders will be fulfilled 6-8 weeks after shuttle launch.
©1994 U.S. Postal Service 0036

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE™
Stamps Worth Saving.

so that he could look down the hall; Volpe moved it back—"for sentimental reasons," he says. "Rudolf Bing sat right here when he made me an offer to take over the stage as master carpenter." Volpe speaks reverently of Bing, though he was reputed to be cold, and one says "the autocratic Rudolf Bing" the same way one says "the reclusive Thomas Pynchon." (Bing is now ninety-two and is suffering from Alzheimer's disease; he lives in an old-age home in the Bronx.) Volpe remembers him differently—accessible, practical, and witty. "But all-powerful," he says. "All-powerful."

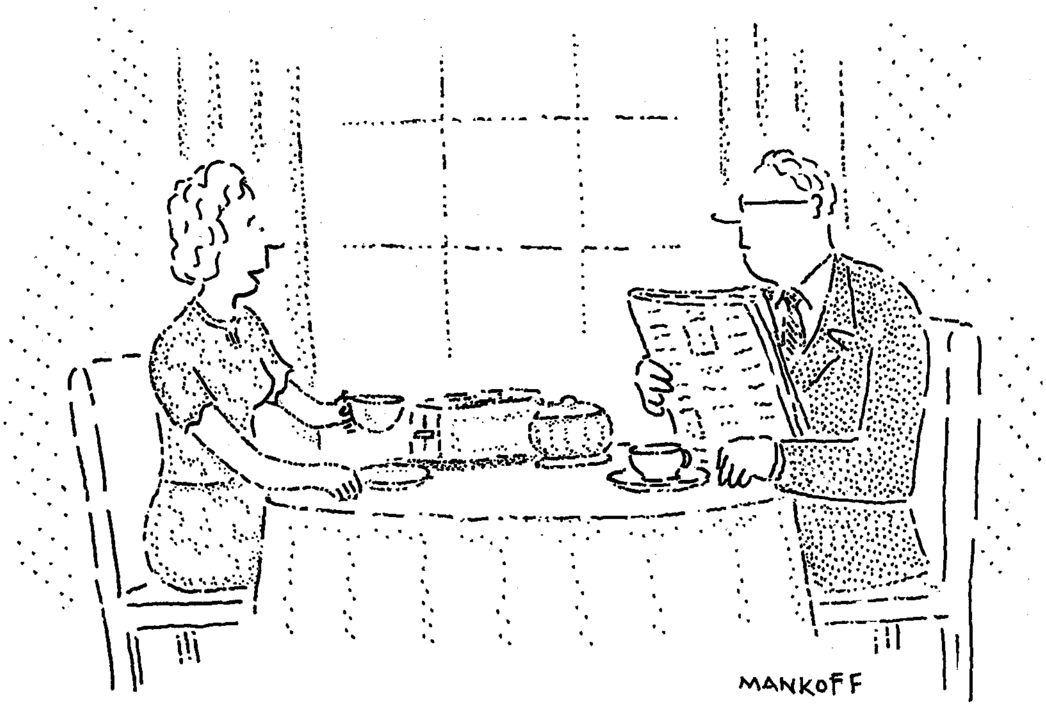
As he spoke, Volpe was drawing little diagrams on a pad—perhaps a habit left over from his days as a carpenter. He had his suit jacket off, and was wearing a crisp white shirt, suspenders, a floral tie, and gold jewelry. His beard makes him look faintly Mephistophelian—a devil, one supposes, to Levine's cherub. Volpe's life has revolved around the Met for thirty years. "Pavarotti calls me *grande capo*," he said. "When I started in this house, I can remember the stagehands saying, 'See that kid Volpe over there? Look at him. He walks around like he thinks he's gonna run this place someday.' My role has changed over the years, and I want you to know that some people have had difficulty with that."

Certain members of the Met board, several of whom are in the Forbes Four Hundred, were among those people. Today, Volpe refers to the brief appointment of Hugh Southern as "a minor hiccup," though it could not have seemed minor at the time. "Now, why did the board make such a decision?" Volpe says. "I can't answer that. Was it because Volpe was coming from the inside? Was it because he is strong-willed?" (Volpe often talks about himself in the third person.) Crawford was able to build a consensus for Volpe only after Southern had been pushed out, by which time Crawford was serving as chairman of the board's executive committee. Even then, Volpe got the top job with diminished responsibility and with a different title—general director. Crawford told him to sit tight. In May, 1991, Crawford replaced the philanthropist Louise Humphrey as board president. Within two years, Volpe was the general manager. "Crawford had that title, and Bliss had it, and so did Rudolf Bing," he says. "And I wanted it."

Volpe was born in Brooklyn and grew up in Glen Cove, Long Island. His father was the principal partner in a successful men's-clothing business, and he wanted Volpe to go to college and take up a profession. "So, stubborn son that I was, I did the opposite," Volpe says. Upon graduating from high school, in 1958, he opened an automobile-repair shop in Glen Cove, but he soon sold it. In 1964, he scored first on a test to join Local 1 of the stagehands' union, and went to the Met as an apprentice carpenter, to learn how to build scenery. Live opera held no interest for him, he says, until one day after repairing a loose bolt plate he stepped into the auditorium and heard Birgit Nilsson rehearsing the title role of Puccini's "Turandot." As he recalls it, he turned to Charles Perin, the carpenter-shop foreman, and said, "You know, Charlie, maybe there's more to opera than building scenery."

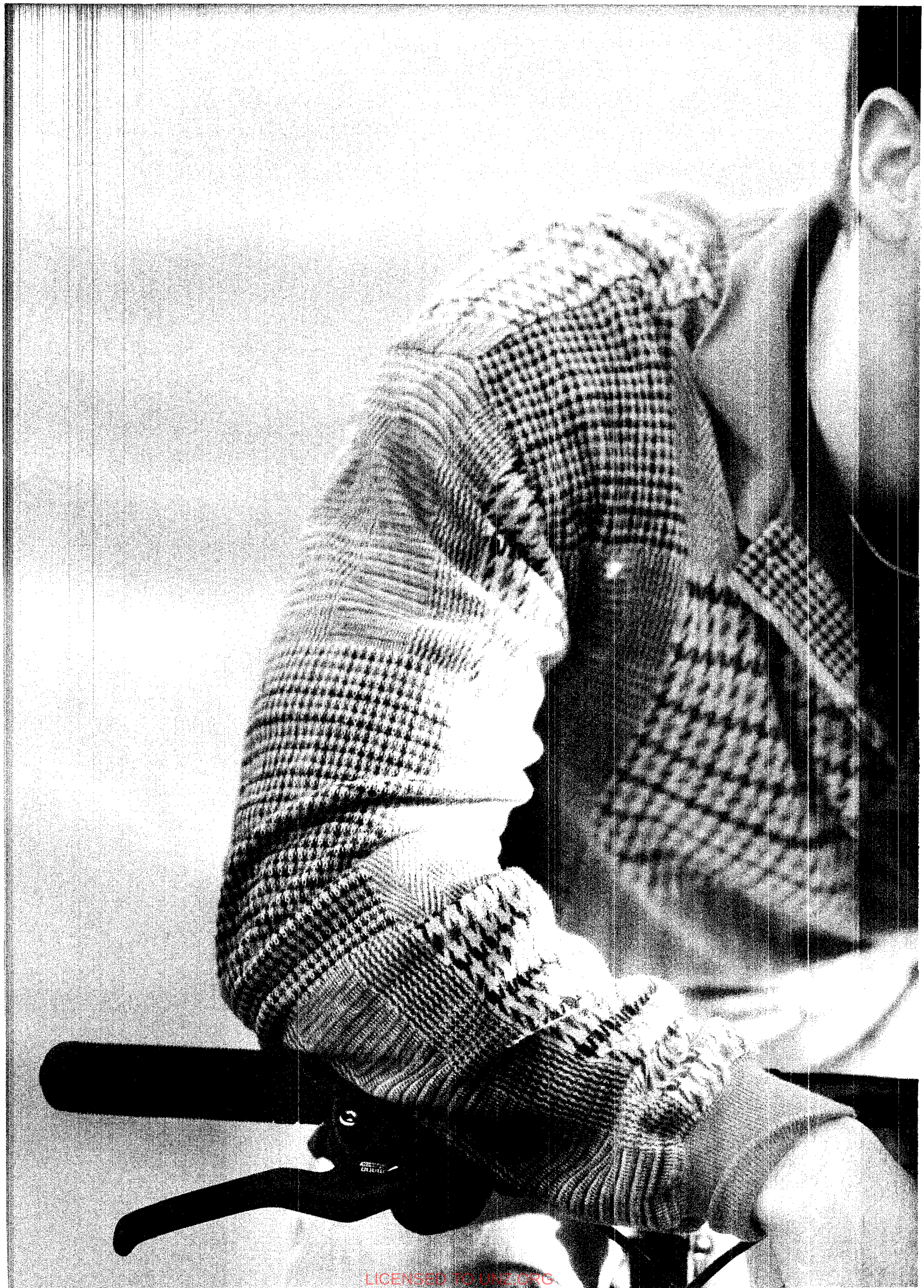
The Met moved to Lincoln Center two years later, and the first season at the new house, Bing recalls in his memoir, "5000 Nights at the Opera," brought "one disaster after another." He had overambitiously planned nine new productions, four of them for the first week, and the musicians and dancers and stagehands were being worked to exhaustion. Volpe, now a journeyman, was called in to help sort out problems with Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra," which had been spectacularly overproduced by Franco Zeffirelli. Not knowing who Zeffirelli was, Volpe ordered him off the stage; the next day, Bing formally introduced the two men, telling Volpe, "This is the designer you accused of being a wacko." A week later, the Met's master carpenter resigned, and Bing interviewed Volpe for the job. "I had an answer for everything," Volpe says. "Bing looked at me and said, 'Either you're very naïve or you know what you're doing, but I'll take a chance.'"

Volpe moved from labor to management in 1977, as the protégé of John Dexter. Dexter told Anthony Bliss that the Met needed a technical director—someone who could look at a blueprint of a production and determine whether it would work and what it would cost—and Volpe was appointed on his recommendation. Three years later, the Met's opening was delayed for eleven weeks by a labor dispute, led by the powerful Local 802, which represents the Met orchestra. (Today, the Met has twenty-eight contracts with eighteen unions.) Volpe was called in, and he helped reach an accord with the union to end the dispute. Bliss and three mem-

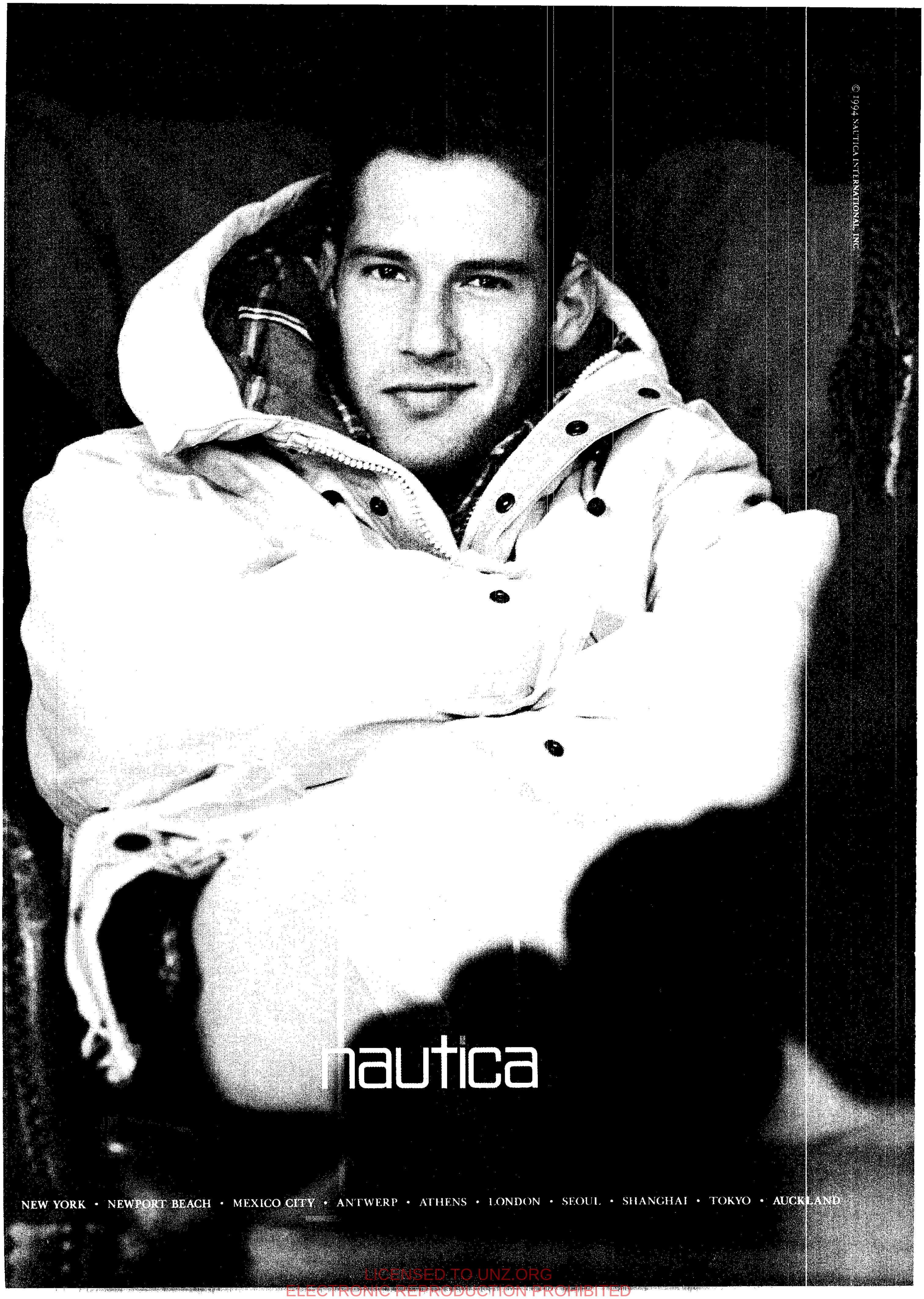


"Edgar, I think it's time we told my husband about us."

nautica®
the collections



nautica
the collection


© 1994 NAUTICA INTERNATIONAL, INC
nautica
NEW YORK • NEWPORT BEACH • MEXICO CITY • ANTWERP • ATHENS • LONDON • SEOUL • SHANGHAI • TOKYO • AUCKLAND

"I leave messages in the pussycats' little voice-mail boxes. Sometimes they get back to me. Sometimes they don't."

• •

bers of the board's labor committee, including Bruce Crawford, subsequently asked Volpe to become the Met's chief labor negotiator, but he refused at first, he says, because the committee also wanted to hire an outside attorney to speak directly to the board. "I can speak," Volpe recalls pointing out. Bliss finally gave up on having outside counsel, and Volpe renegotiated the union contracts nine months ahead of schedule.

Bliss was so impressed by this feat that he made Volpe the Met's assistant manager, in charge of all backstage activities. "My relationship with John Dexter went down the tubes," Volpe says. "I was responsible for the budget, so whenever there were problems with overtime it would be Volpe versus Dexter. We never made the peace, which bothers me, because I had a great deal of respect for him, as I know he did for me." Dexter got posthumous revenge last year, when his diaries were published in book form as "The Honourable Beast." He wrote, "(This Hurt.) My own discovery, someone I took from the floor and trained and promoted to an office position betrayed me. JV chose the money over loyalty."

When Crawford replaced Bliss, he kept Volpe on as assistant manager. "I was running the house on a day-to-day basis for Bruce," Volpe says. His responsibilities grew to include supervising the Met's tours and its television and radio broadcasts; he also maintained his role as chief labor negotiator, and handled the Met's recording contracts. In the meantime, Volpe could see Crawford getting restless in the general manager's job. "Bruce would say, 'Let's do XYZ,' and people would ignore him," Volpe says. "I've been here too long: when I say something around the Met, people jump."

The Met has run at break-even or at a small surplus for six of the last eight years, and one of Volpe's biggest responsibilities is to keep it that way. Ticket sales account for most of the Met's earned revenues, and for the past few seasons the house has sold at a healthy eighty-nine to ninety per cent of capacity. (A drop of one per cent at the box office represents lost annual income of nearly six hundred thousand dollars.) Last year, the Met had a budget of a hundred and twenty-seven million dollars, of which eighty million came from operating income and the remaining forty-seven million came from donations. More than eighty-five per cent of the Met's donations are made by individuals. Marilyn Shapiro, who runs the fund-raising department, is a powerful figure at the Met; she has a proved technique with wealthy donors which she calls her "firm ask." (In her office she keeps two framed photographs of Sybil Harrington, who is the widow of an oil baron from Amarillo, Texas, and who underwrites entire new productions, at a cost of over one and a half million dollars per production.) Shapiro works closely with Crawford, who is a large contributor himself.

Crawford and Volpe seem to work well together, although, Crawford says, "you will find that Joe has a very different approach from mine." Volpe says he intends nothing less than to change the character of the institution. "The Metropolitan Opera has been criticized over the years for being arrogant, and that's something I plan to turn around," he says. "The Met will deal with artists, will deal with employees, will deal with the public the way I do. I'm personable—I don't have to tell you this. I'm warm. I'm reasonable. And at times I'm considered completely wacko, because, when I make up my mind to do something, watch out."

THOUGH Volpe denies it, there is reason to suspect that he had decided to fire Kathleen Battle a full year before he actually did so, and that he held off only because the Met needed her for a post-season tour of Japan. Volpe seems eager to talk about his showdown with Battle, but says he has to temper his remarks, because she has a pending arbitration against the Met alleging breach of contract. (A hearing is scheduled for November.) Levine calls the Met's rupture with Battle "a terrible, terrible tragedy" and "so, so sad," but he is also careful to point out that "this situation didn't involve me, and there wasn't any way I could affect this." He has nothing to say about Battle, apart from expressing continued affection and respect for her, though he has made the general observation that "I don't really

Help Haitians take charge of their own health care

Peasants and fishing folk on the far western tip of Haiti, the Grand Anse, have never had ongoing health care. Now, for the first time, Quaker Service is providing professional medical care in that remote area.

Since 1989 the *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)* has worked in Haiti, poorest among this hemisphere's nations. Our staff, doctor, nurse and the 10 community health promoters we helped train at Sainte Croix Hospital near Port-au-Prince are all Haitians.

AFSC's purpose is clear. We support ongoing self-help health initiatives, illness prevention and curative care. Education and emergency help with food and medicines are also part of health promotion.

Yet *AFSC's* working conditions are difficult amidst volatile politics and endemic violence. And the work is very costly. The medical team's round trip from Port-au-Prince costs $700 in fuel, when fuel can be found.

Help a Haitian community help itself. Their lives and health depend on it. Please mail or phone a healthy gift to *AFSC* today.

American Friends Service Committee
Development Office, 1501 Cherry St.,
Philadelphia, PA 19102

My gift of ☐$35 a 50 lb. bag of rice; ☐$50 a 50 lb. bag of sugar; ☐$75 medicines to save a life; ☐$100 monthly salary of a health promoter; ☐Other $______.

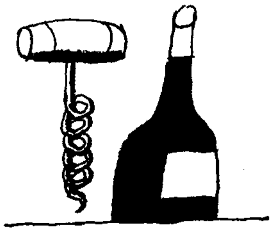
Name
Address
City/State/Zip 182NA

VISA/Mastercard 1-800-226-9816

understand people who ruin their own quality of life with making difficulties."

Although Battle declines to comment, her bad behavior has been widely reported. "I don't know many people who aren't scared of Kathy," says Alec Treuhaft, who once worked at CAMI, her management company. Battle seems oblivious of the ill will she generates. "I stood behind Kathy in Japan in 1988 when a soprano told her she would never appear on the same stage with her again," Bruce Crawford recalls. "Kathy was shocked, and ran to Jimmy. She couldn't believe it."

Battle is a slender and attractive black woman of forty-six, who grew up in an all-black neighborhood in Portsmouth, Ohio, the youngest of seven children; her father, Grady Battle, was a steelworker who sang in a gospel quartet. As a child, she was constantly praised for her pretty voice, but at the conservatory of the University of Cincinnati she received bachelor's and master's degrees in music education, rather than performance, and then got a job teaching music in an inner-city school. In 1972, at the urging of a friend, Battle auditioned for the late Thomas Schippers, the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, and he thereupon hired her to sing the soprano solo in Brahms's "Ein Deutsches Requiem" at the Spoleto Festival in Italy. The following year, Schippers recommended her to James Levine, who was a guest conductor at the Cincinnati May Festival and was about to become the Met's principal conductor. Levine has recalled being "blown away" by her first audition; Battle once described Levine to a *Times* reporter as "a real catalyst" in her career, and "a wonderful friend." She made her Met début in 1977, as the shepherd boy in "Tannhäuser," and moved on to leading roles, such as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," that showed off her brilliant, lyric coloratura. She got sensational reviews. The critic Tim Page has written that "at her best, she sang with a delighted shiver."



People from her home town remember Kathy Battle as sweet and unspoiled, but something evidently happened to her en route to becoming one of the biggest female opera stars in the world. In 1985, she peremptorily took over the soprano Carol Vaness's dressing room at the Met, which was identical in size to her own but was closer to the stage. Two years later, she withdrew from an appearance with the Vienna Philharmonic just three hours before curtain, forcing the orchestra to cancel an entire performance for the only time in its history. In 1988, when she was rehearsing Handel's "Giulio Cesare" at the Met, she gave the conductor, Trevor Pinnock, a lesson in Baroque conducting style, which is his specialty, and drove the late mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos to tears by repeatedly asking the stage director for changes that put Troyanos at a disadvantage. With each year, her behavior grew increasingly bizarre. During rehearsals, she would forbid people to look at her and accused them of staring at her mouth.

Kathy Battle and Joe Volpe were clearly headed for conflict. She was haughty with the stage crew, from whose ranks Volpe had risen; and the man he so admired, Rudolf Bing, had, in 1958, with far less provocation fired the soprano Maria Callas. In late January, 1993, the conductor Christian Thielemann was rehearsing Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" for a Met performance in early February. Battle, who had been cast as Sophie, complained that Thielemann was taking a passage too slowly, and that she was running out of breath. When he refused to pick up the tempo, she walked out and went to her dressing room, where she called Volpe on the phone and demanded that he come to see her immediately. When he did not arrive, she went home. Through her personal manager at CAMI, Michaela Kurz, she demanded of Volpe that the Met take her side. Volpe backed Thielemann, and Battle quit the production. Volpe says that he then spoke to Kurz, telling her, "I will let this go, I will not make a big thing of it, but this is the last time." The Met had a contract with Battle for the tour in Japan, with Luciano Pavarotti, and it had already been sold out. Volpe says, "We went to Japan, and she was a perfect citizen. So I had hopes."

Battle was scheduled to sing the title role of Marie in five performances of "La Fille du Régiment" at the Met beginning on February 14, 1994, but there were indications of trouble, despite her good behavior in Japan. She had recently performed the same role at the San Francisco Opera with the same tenor, Frank Lopardo, as Tonio, and the experience had been such an ordeal for the company that afterward members of the stage crew and the chorus wore T-shirts that said "I SURVIVED THE BATTLE." Sure enough, in the weeks before the first Met performance was to take place she repeatedly had the rehearsal schedule changed to suit her, and then arrived late, left early, or did not show up. Her treatment of the mezzo-soprano Rosalind Elias, who had been cast as the Marquise of Berkenfield, may have triggered Volpe's decision to fire her. In the opera's second act, the Marquise is seated at the piano, coaching Marie in a song, and Battle made an ugly scene over Elias's piano playing, claiming that it was throwing her off. Elias, who is in her sixties, is a beloved veteran at the Met; she and Volpe go back to 1966 and the opening of the new house.

Ronald Wilford got word on Saturday, February 5th, that Battle was in imminent danger of being fired, and he requested a meeting with Volpe, to take place at ten o'clock the following Monday morning. The two men don't appear to be the best of friends; Volpe says that Wilford has referred to him privately as "that terrorist." (Wilford denies having done this.) During the Monday meeting, which lasted about an hour, Wilford pleaded with Volpe not to fire Battle. Later that day, Volpe spoke with Battle on the phone. "She said, 'What can I do to make you change your mind?' " he recalls, but by then he had issued the press release announcing her firing. In a press release of her own, she said she had not been told of any "unprofessional actions," and called the dismissal "unexpected." Wilford says, "It is my position that she was wrongfully terminated, and should be paid for the engagements. Kathy Battle is a perfectionist, and she always fights for that perfection. That's nothing new."

Levine had the good fortune to be out of town during most of the debacle, but otherwise that period was not a lucky time for him. After catching the flu during his vacation in Florida, and having his initial discussion with Volpe

It's Trade-in time at Tourneau

Your old watch is worth more than you think!

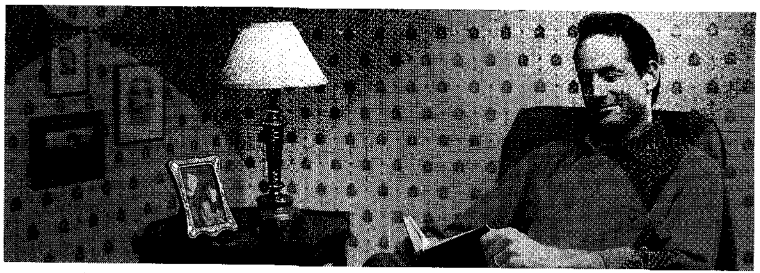
If you are fortunate enough to have an old watch or two lying around, or old jewelry that you have been saving and not wearing, now is the time to discover their true trade-in value.

Bring us your old watch for a free on-the-spot trade-in appraisal, or call 1-800-528-5871.

THE TOURNEAU POLICY BUY · SELL · TRADE

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • SHOP-AT-HOME: 1-800-348-3332



His teen has the car. So how come he's not worried?

Introducing **DriveRight**™ – Responsible Driving Monitor. Monitors speed to encourage safe driving.

Now you can monitor how and when your car is being driven by family members, employees, anyone who uses your car. **DriveRight** uses advanced computer technology to track speed and acceleration to provide you detailed accounts of recent driving activity. **DriveRight** also lets you set the speed and acceleration limits which cause an alarm to sound when the car is going too fast.

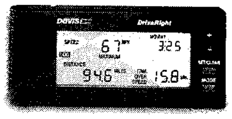
View speed/motion data for each of the past 10 days:
- Maximum speed and time reached.
- # of times acceleration/deceleration limits exceeded.
- First and last time vehicle was moved.
- Total time vehicle in motion.

Easy-to-read display fits on visor or dashboard.
Alarm alerts driver when set limits are exceeded.
Tamper indicator and password-protected settings.
Optional software connects **DriveRight** to your computer to create an ongoing database for each driver.

For a free brochure or to order, call: **1-800-293-2847**

DAVIS

3465 Diablo Avenue, Hayward, CA 94545 USA NYG461
M–F 7am to 5:30pm Pacific Time • Fax 1-510-670-0589 • MC and VISA • One-year warranty • 30-day money-back guarantee



about Battle, he flew to Cincinnati to be at the bedside of his father. (Lawrence Levine died, at eighty, of heart failure, on February 8, 1994, the day after Battle was fired.) Levine passed through New York on the day of the firing and met with Volpe to express, for the last time, his qualms about the decision, and then went on to London for a guest-conducting appearance.

Despite these qualms, even Levine had finally lost patience with Battle—though he will not discuss it publicly—and he had done so in front of plenty of witnesses. In April of last year, Levine and the Met orchestra were recording with Battle an album of Mozart arias for Deutsche Grammophon. With less than fifteen minutes to go in the session, Levine handed out a new piece, to be rehearsed for the first time, and the clarinettists began packing up their instruments to leave, since the piece had no parts for them. Battle appeared to take this as a gesture of hostility, and created a scene, making it impossible for Levine to finish the session. Deutsche Grammophon had a history of problems with Battle—she had held up the release of a recording of Handel's "Semele" for months because she was unhappy with the way her dress looked on the album cover—and after she was fired from the Met she felt compelled to withdraw from a Deutsche Grammophon recording of Mozart's "Idomeneo" with Levine and the Met orchestra.

In April, two months after the firing, Levine, as previously planned, accompanied Battle on the piano at Carnegie Hall. Though they put on a show of solidarity at the concert, and Battle, resplendent in a bright-yellow gown, sang eleven encores, the affair was said to be a less than joyful experience for Levine. Battle had made it impossible to rehearse the program adequately with him, and, without telling him, had given a trial recital of the same program out of town with another pianist. At the moment, Battle, as far as is known, has no contract with any opera company in the world, and Volpe says he will consider inviting her back to the Met only if she can demonstrate proper decorum somewhere else. "No one has ever taken a strong position with her before," Volpe says. "Maybe this will help her."

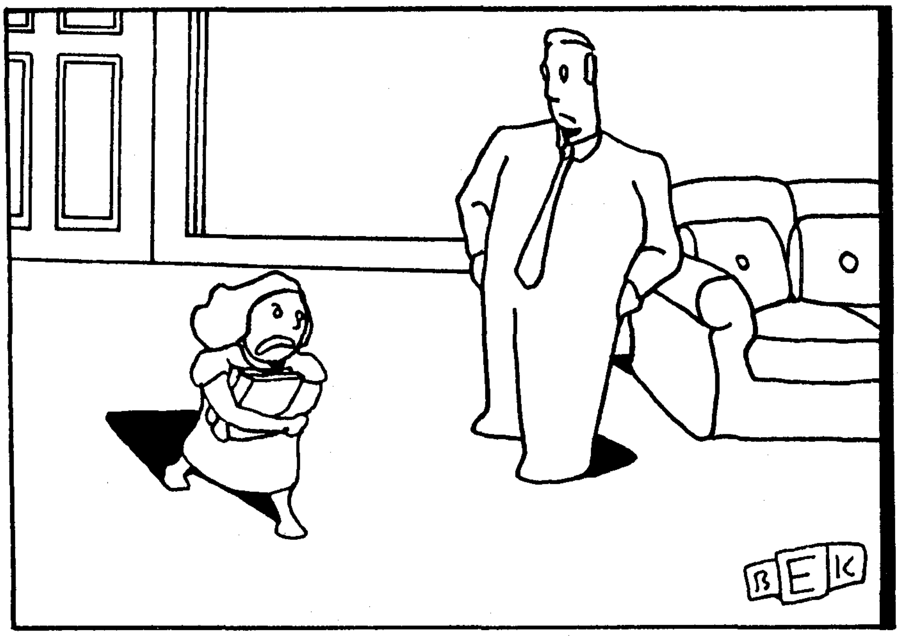
As Levine approaches his twenty-fifth anniversary at the Met, to be celebrated next season, he does so in a climate of doubt concerning his own future at the opera house—though recent rumors of his imminent firing turned out to be false. The rumors apparently stemmed from persistent yet never proved accusations about his private life, involving, as *Time* once carefully phrased it, "liaisons with people of every age and hue." To counteract the rumors, Bruce Crawford extended his contract, ahead of schedule, to July of 1999. But after years of steadily gaining in authority—of turning the Met into a place where the operating code was said to be "What Jimmy wants, Jimmy gets"—he is faced for the first time with a general manager who has ambitions of his own.

"Is there a power struggle at the Met? That's what everybody wants to know," Volpe said not long ago. "Well, it's a lot of nonsense. Volpe was never concerned with his power." He began to draw a diagram on his notepad. "I start with the premise that James Levine is one of the finest opera conductors in the world. He gives the Metropolitan Opera more time than we'd ever get from any other conductor, music director, artistic director—whatever you wish to call that position. Jim knows he has in me a general manager who is, yes, a completely different personality—I have no problem making a decision, whereas sometimes Jim would like to consider all the options. But he sees in me someone with the strength to help him do what he has to do at the Met. His responsibility here is to make music. And my responsibility is to run the Metropolitan Opera."

Levine, in describing his own view of his business relationship with Volpe, sounds slightly defensive. "I don't ever get the feeling that Joe wants my job," he says. "He knows I don't want his. Joe and I meet to collaborate about what we want to do and whom we want to do it with. That's the essence of it. But, understand, Joe isn't coming with the experience of knowing the artistic technicalities, the spectrum of the repertoire, the pros and cons of this piece and that piece. That's the reason they've got me."

Yet, as Volpe is fond of pointing out, "every artistic decision is a financial decision," and he has vetoed proposals by Levine that were not feasible from a business standpoint. For example, Volpe cancelled five performances of Britten's "Death in Venice" that Levine had planned for this season, because the opera was expensive to mount and had been a huge dud at the box office last winter. ("Il Barbiere di Siviglia" will be done in its place.) "We simply could not afford to go ahead with 'Death in Venice,' " Volpe says. "Jimmy understood."

Volpe has made one move whose significance may be enormous. He has brought in Sarah Billinghurst, who joined the company on August 1st as assistant manager. She had been artistic



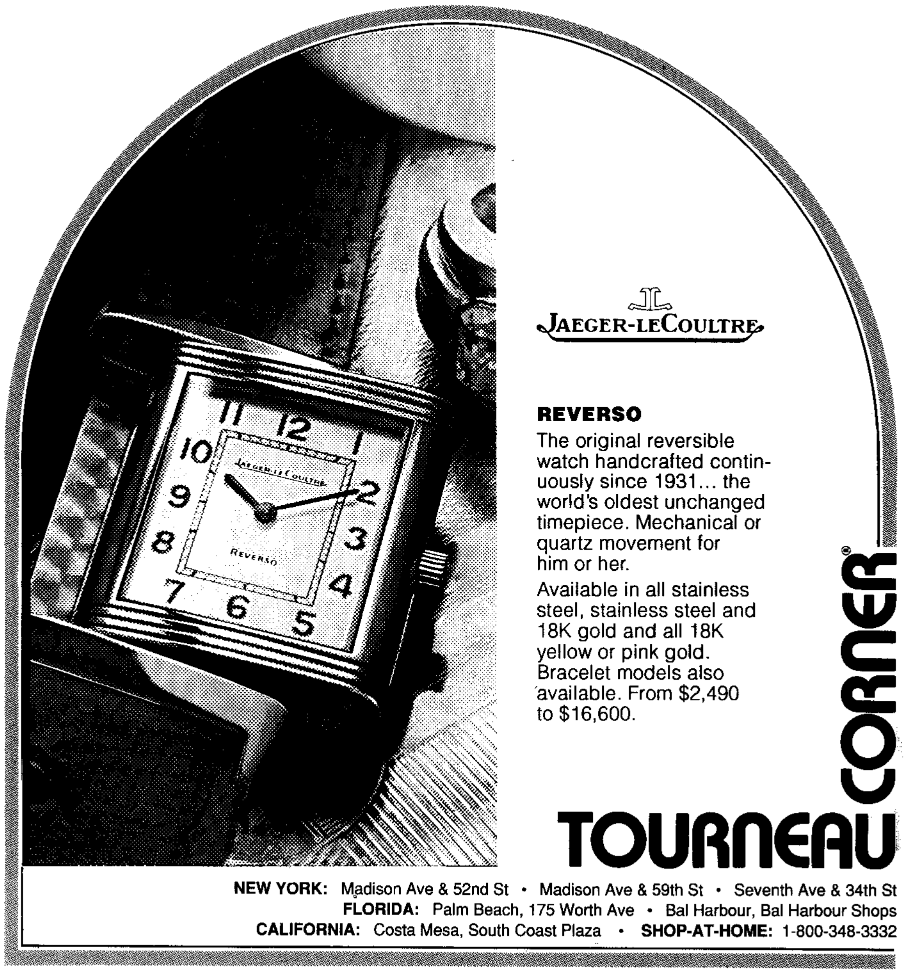
"I'm sick of writing book reports on spec."

administrator of the San Francisco Opera and had a strong say in many of the areas that Levine has controlled at the Met, among them casting, repertoire, and the commissioning of new works. Her role at the Met has not yet been fully defined, but Volpe describes it in terms that make it sound very much like her job in San Francisco, and thus suggest that Levine's artistic hegemony is coming to an end. Bruce Crawford, on being asked whether Billinghurst's appointment, which he authorized, represented a shift of artistic control away from Levine, said, "There's no question that you can interpret it in that context."

Matthew Epstein, who was until recently the general director of the Welsh National Opera, says, "This feels like a time of change"—and although Epstein thinks highly of Levine, he believes the change is for the good. "Jimmy is one of the best opera conductors in the world. Maybe the best," he says. "But how long can one artistic influence, no matter how good, be fresh? A great era in a major opera company takes about three years to develop, five or six to play out, and then it is done. I think ten years is a good length of time, and then the introduction of someone new can only be helpful, to make sure you maintain excellence."

Billinghurst, who is fifty-two, comes to the Met with such a good reputation that, she says, "it makes me nervous." She is a native of New Zealand who moved to San Francisco in 1966 with her husband, a structural engineer whose specialty was construction in earthquake zones. (They are now divorced.) Billinghurst has some musical training—"I was a bad piano player, a bad clarinet player, and a not good conductor of my boarding-school choir," she says—and in 1972 she was offered a job in the public-relations department of the San Francisco Opera. Soon, she caught the eye of the general director, Kurt Herbert Adler, an intendant very much in the Bing mold (and, like Bing, of Austrian descent), whom she describes as "an extraordinary man, and absolutely my mentor." Adler retired from the San Francisco Opera in 1982, and the same year she was named artistic administrator.

Billinghurst had already turned down a job offer in Europe when Joe Volpe, over lunch one day last year, asked her to come to the Met. The time was right—her son and daughter were both


JAEGER-LECOULTRE

REVERSO
The original reversible watch handcrafted continuously since 1931... the world's oldest unchanged timepiece. Mechanical or quartz movement for him or her.
Available in all stainless steel, stainless steel and 18K gold and all 18K yellow or pink gold. Bracelet models also available. From $2,490 to $16,600.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • SHOP-AT-HOME: 1-800-348-3332

VIA®
VIA Rail Canada Inc.

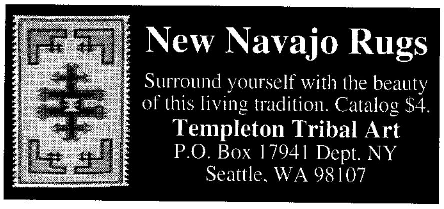
CANADA'S CLASSIC TRAIN JOURNEY

Experience the romance of the rails and the comforts of **Silver & Blue™** class service while enjoying Canada's most dramatic scenery on your way to the spectacular Rocky Mountains.

Call VIA Rail Canada and ask about the great travel values during Off-Peak & Super Saver Seasons - 1-800-561-9181 & ask for operator #2.

® Registered trademark of VIA Rail Canada Inc. ™ Trademark of VIA Rail Canada Inc.

Scandinavian Computer Furniture
Call for free catalog of our entire line for PCs & Macs starting at $299.
☎ 1-800-722-6263
ScanCo
Redmond, WA


New Navajo Rugs
Surround yourself with the beauty of this living tradition. Catalog $4.
Templeton Tribal Art
P.O. Box 17941 Dept. NY
Seattle, WA 98107

World Class Bird Feeding
- Beautiful copper feeders
- Lowers safely & easily
- Holds up to 30 lbs. of seed
- *Guaranteed* squirrel-proof
- Comes with free-standing base

Call toll-free: 1-800-BIRDS-FLY
THE BACKYARD SANCTUARY CO.
550 Warren Street • P.O. Box 307,
Dept. YO103 • Hudson, NY 12534
8-1/2 FEET TALL!
© 1994 TBSC

Nineteenth Century
Decorative Arts

JAMES II GALLERIES, LTD.
Established 1966
11 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE (212) 355-7040 FAX (212) 593-0341

DISCOVER
DATAW ISLAND.
GOLF. BOATING. PRIVACY.
Homes on the Carolina Coast
from $160,000 to over $500,000.
Call for our brochure and video.
1-800-848-3838
DATAW ISLAND
Dataw Island Realty, P.O. Box 819, Beaufort SC 29901. Obtain the property report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This offer void where prohibited by law.
A community by Alcoa Properties, Inc. ALCOA "Equal Housing Opportunity."

MURDER INK®
The world's oldest mystery bookstore.
2486 Broadway NYC 1 · 800 · 488 · 8123
FREE CATALOG

World's Greatest Vacation
Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship — priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

of college age—and she hit it off with Volpe. "I like that Joe started off at the bottom, just like me, and now he's running the company," she says. Volpe explained that he wanted an assistant manager who would be to him what he had been to Bruce Crawford.

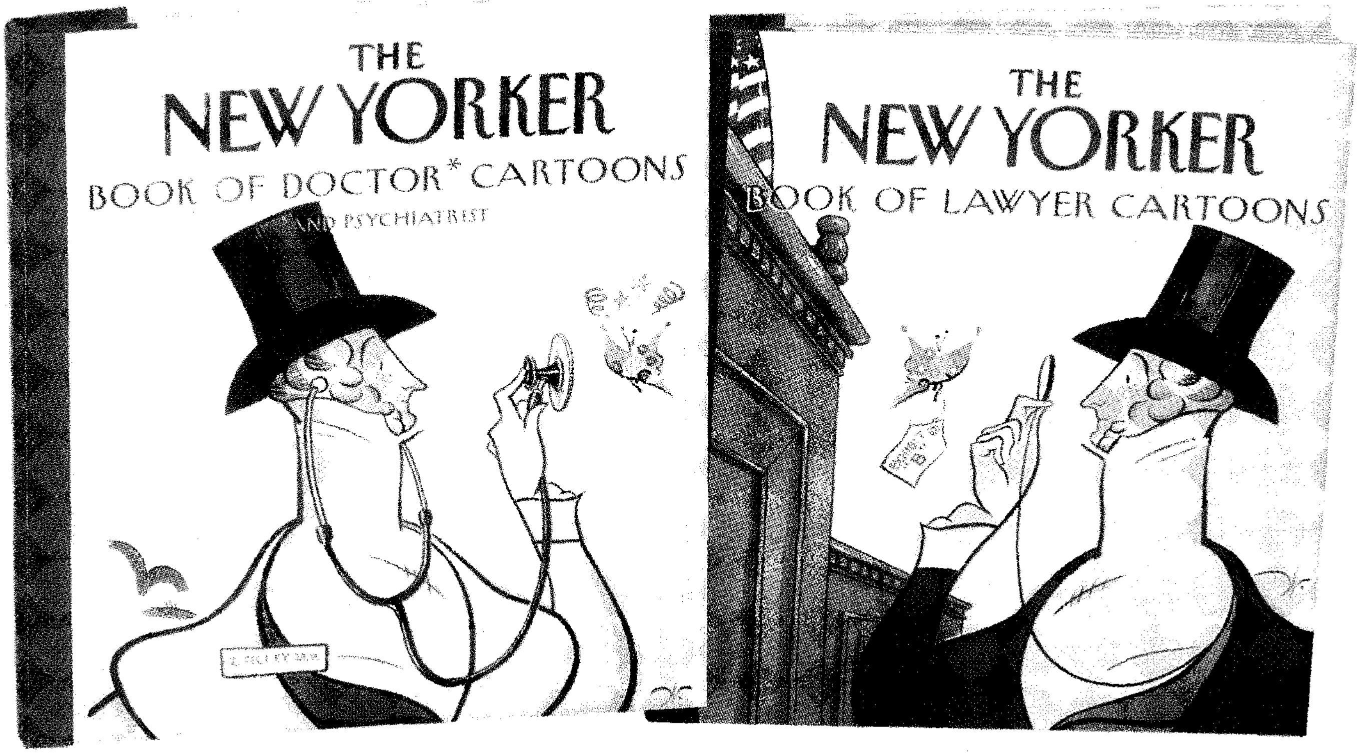
It was not that simple, however. Billinghurst's skills directly overlap those of Jonathan Friend, the Met's artistic administrator and Levine's most important ally at the Met. Though Friend remains at the Met with his job title unchanged, Billinghurst's arrival obviously means a diminished role for him. Friend was only twenty-seven, and an employee in the Met's rehearsal department, when, in 1983, Levine offered him the job of artistic administrator, a powerful position that involved collaborating with Levine on casting decisions, and then seeing that those decisions were implemented. Friend brought a number of useful skills to the job, including a prodigious memory—he can rattle off with ease the cast list of an opera performed at the Met ten years ago. What he did not bring was independence; Bruce Crawford has described the casting process at the Met as one in which "Jonathan proposes and Jimmy disposes." Levine, who does not altogether dispute that description, says, "Very few people appreciate what a success Jonathan has made of that, to bring to negotiated reality whatever vision I might have had."

Billinghurst already has ideas of how she will affect the Met. In January of this year, she was a judge at the Rimsky-Korsakov vocal competition in St. Petersburg, and has a broad acquaintance with singers in the former Soviet Union who might be appropriate for Met productions. She hopes to develop a creative alliance between the Kirov Opera and the Met, as she did previously between the Kirov and the San Francisco Opera. She has travelled extensively to theatres all over the world, and wants to recruit new stage directors; her view of what is an appropriate mise-en-scène for Met productions may prove to be somewhat broader than Levine's. "Over the next few years, I think you'll see several more interesting, and less conventional, new productions at the Met," she says. "They will be controversial. Some of the Met audiences will like them, and some will hate them."

Billinghurst is also a firm proponent of English titles at the Met, which, at the insistence of Bruce Crawford, are to make their début next season. The San Francisco Opera has had titles for years—and so have other major opera companies, including Chicago's Lyric Opera, the Paris Opéra, and Covent Garden. In 1985, Levine told the *Times* critic Will Crutchfield that titles would be used at the Met only over "my dead body," and he says the comment is still applicable if one is talking about titles projected over the proscenium—the system that is generally in use. But the Met's proposed system, if it works—to display the titles on two-inch-by-eight-inch screens mounted above seat backs—is less objectionable, he says, because the titles will not be imposed on anyone who doesn't want them. The screens can be switched off, and special filters will make the text almost invisible to one's neighbor.

Billinghurst is careful to point out that, while she may have been recruited by Volpe, "I report just as much to Jimmy as I do to Joe, and I will be equally loyal to both of them." In fact, she says, people who expect her to drive a wedge between Volpe and Levine will find her doing precisely the opposite. She is well known as a conciliator—it was she who saw to it that Kathleen Battle made it through her tension-filled engagement in "La Fille du Régiment" in San Francisco. "I am very good at bringing people closer together," she says. "And I am perfectly capable of saying to Jimmy and Joe, 'Listen, you two—you have to agree on this.' "

In any case, the future of the Met and its fifteen hundred employees will depend on how well those two remarkably dissimilar men can develop a modus operandi. Levine, who calls himself a "glass-is-half-full person," is typically optimistic. Ronald Wilford, a more saturnine personality, says, "I don't want Jim Levine to be the sole arbiter of everything at the Met. I'm all for Joe taking responsibility. I also think Joe should take some heat when it comes." Because the Met plans its seasons so far in advance—repertoire and casts have already been chosen through the spring of 1997—it may be a while before a change is apparent. Still, it is safe to predict that the Met is going to be a different place. ♦



There's something funny about DOCTORS and LAWYERS!

WHAT'S FUNNY about doctors is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOCTOR CARTOONS.** In 85 uproarious cartoons, here are analysts analyzing, doctors prescribing, operating, referring ("I'd like you to see a botanist. You exhibit many of the symptoms of Dutch elm disease"); doctors being sensitive ("The doctor will see you now, Mrs. Perkins. Please try not to upset him."); doctors being confrontational ("The doctor's lawyer will see you now."). From internists to acupuncturists, here are doctors of every stripe deftly dissected by great *New Yorker* cartoonists from James Thurber and Peter Arno, to Shanahan and Chast.

AND WHAT'S FUNNY about lawyers is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF LAWYER CARTOONS.** Here, in 85 hilarious cartoons, are lawyers in the courtroom, in their offices, ambulance chasing, winning — but mostly losing — cases ("I've just about resigned myself to your getting twenty years."); lawyers specializing, suing negligent children, negotiating a "pre-victual agreement" before ordering a Chinese lunch. Lawyers observed, teased, and immortalized by some of our most brilliant cartoonists, from Charles Addams and George Price and William Steig to William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Jack Ziegler and Charles Barsotti.

At all bookstores • Just published by Knopf

And don't forget

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

The kitten-size NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOG CARTOONS

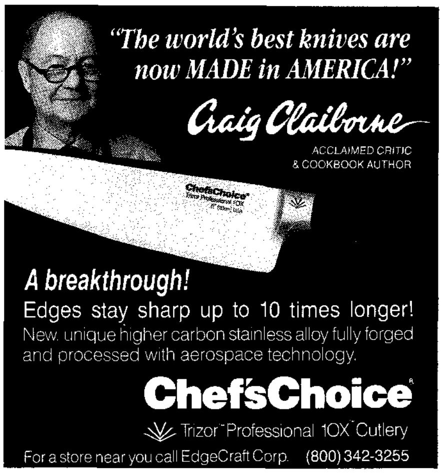
TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!®

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS,
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling*)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in U.S. & Canada) EXPIRES 10/31/94
*(Outside mainland states, Ontario and Quebec, additional shipping applies.)
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

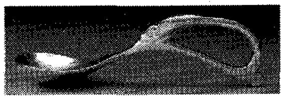
Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD4101 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127


"The world's best knives are now MADE in AMERICA!"
Craig Claiborne
ACCLAIMED CRITIC & COOKBOOK AUTHOR

A breakthrough!
Edges stay sharp up to 10 times longer!
New, unique higher carbon stainless alloy fully forged and processed with aerospace technology.

Chef'sChoice®
Trizor® Professional 10X® Cutlery
For a store near you call EdgeCraft Corp. (800) 342-3255

Cup, Spoon, Porringer, & Bowls in Solid Sterling
RABBIT BABY SILVER®
by Elena Kubler
Send for free catalog:
P.O. Box 9715-976
Portland Me. 04104
Spoon $125.
Tel: 207-774-0621



HIEROGLYPHS
PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Translate Anything into Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs
SS Pendants from $40 • 18k from $150
Free Color Brochure includes Alphabet
Pendants • Rings • Bracelets • Earrings
1-800-237-3358
Call Toll Free or Write:
Discoveries
(est. 1980)
526 N. Fayette St.,
Alexandria,
Virginia 22314
Cartouche spells 'Joan'
HANDMADE IN EGYPT ©

ANNALS OF LAW

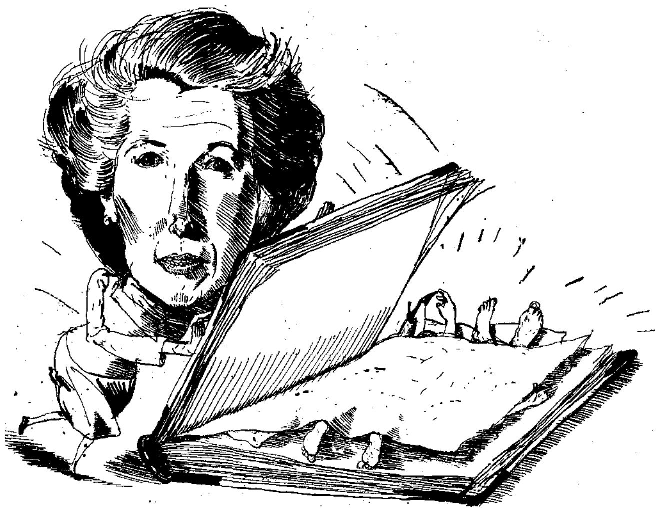
X-RATED

Anti-pornography feminists praised Canada's 1992 Butler ruling as a breakthrough, but two years later obscenity isn't any easier to define.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

On September 10th, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani proposed banning all adult-entertainment businesses—chiefly adult-video stores—from most residential and commercial neighborhoods in the city and restricting these enterprises to a few isolated industrial areas. The idea drew almost unanimous praise. Backers of the measure include not only the conservatives who have long campaigned against obscenity but also many of the liberals and feminists who once routinely raised the banner of free speech against restrictions on erotica. Giuliani's plan put forth some general guidelines, and the language of the statute remains to be ironed out by the City Planning Commission, but the reaction demonstrates—in part, at least—the success of the anti-pornography wing of the feminist movement. For more than a decade, this group, led by Catharine A. MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin, has asserted that the graphic sexual subordination of women leads ineluctably to discrimination, and even violence, against women—a notion that few communities have been willing to embrace.

MacKinnon did, however, persuade Canada. In 1992, Canada's obscenity law underwent a revolution, thanks to a decision by the Supreme Court of Canada. The decision involved what has long been one of the most contentious issues in obscenity law, in the United States as well as in Canada: why the government should regulate obscenity at all. Before the decision, in a case that is known as R. v. Butler, Canada had banned obscene material for basically the same reason that the United States does, which is that obscenity harms public morality. But public morality is a slippery concept, and this justification for the law has come under increasing attack in recent years as vague, ever-changing, and simply inadequate. A consensus has been emerging that the rationale for obscenity law must change or the law will be swept away.


Catharine MacKinnon finds Canada's anti-pornography Butler decision to be "a real milestone for women's equality."

BARRY BLITT

Thanks to the Butler case, obscenity law continues to be a potent force in Canada. The Canadian Supreme Court's opinion, written by Justice John Sopinka, said that "our understanding of the harms caused by these materials has developed considerably" in recent years, and declared that there was now another, more compelling reason to regulate obscenity than mere public prudishness: pornography harms women. Sopinka was convinced that pornography can be a form of sex discrimination. "If true equality between male and female persons is to be achieved, we cannot ignore the threat to equality resulting from exposure to audiences of certain types of violent and degrading material," Justice Sopinka wrote, citing from a series of prior cases. "Materials portraying women as a class as objects for sexual exploitation and abuse have a negative impact on the 'individuals' sense of self-worth and acceptance.' " The Butler decision represented a personal as well as a political triumph for Catharine MacKinnon, a professor of law at the University of Michigan, who taught at Osgoode Hall Law School, near Toronto, until the late nineteen-eighties. She helped draft the brief in the Butler case—it was filed by a Canadian organization called the Women's Legal Education and Action Fund, or LEAF—that largely formed the basis for the court's opinion.

The Butler case also emerged from Canada's unique constitutional traditions. As A. Alan Borovoy, who has been for twenty-six years the general counsel of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, told me recently, "I like to call Canada a pleasantly authoritarian country. The traditional commitment to civil liberties that is so ingrained in the States just does not exist here. Remember, we've never had a First Amendment, and we've never had the same kind of crackdowns—like McCarthyism—that make people in the States so zealous about free speech." Borovoy's organization itself demonstrates some of the differences. He is one of the C.C.L.A.'s four employees; the American Civil Liberties Union has about a hundred and twenty-five. Canada passed a counterpart of our Bill of Rights only in 1982, in the form of a Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and, while it articulated a commitment to gender equality and social equality well beyond anything in the American Constitution, it also reflected a certain ambivalence about civil liberties. The Charter of Rights and Freedoms does guarantee "freedom of thought, belief, opinion, and expression," but it also states that these rights and freedoms are subject "to such reasonable limits prescribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a free and democratic society." This communitarian (and paternalistic) philosophy of government has meant that freedom of expression in Canada is somewhat more restricted than it is in the United States. Prior restraints are not uncommon in Canada: journalists are prohibited from writing about some criminal cases, on the ground that doing so would interfere with the defendant's right to a fair trial. Television, too, is closely regulated; the province of Quebec, for example, recently banned all advertising aimed at children. Still, Borovoy believes that the similarities between Canada and the States largely outweigh the differences. "We both believe in freedom of speech. It's not as though we didn't believe in it, even if we sometimes balance the interests differently," he said.

Two years after the Butler decision, however, misgivings about it are being voiced, and not just by a small band of Canadian civil libertarians. Butler has proved to have little effect on how Canada's obscenity statutes are enforced, but it has provided a new rationale for police and customs officials to continue imposing their judgments about what may or may not constitute pornography. "I was very happy when Butler came out," Karen Busby, a law professor in Manitoba who worked on the LEAF brief with MacKinnon, told me recently. "I thought that it was a significant advance in the law. But I'm disappointed in the failure of the police and state agents to understand what Butler really means." Though the pornography industry was condemned in the Butler decision, it is booming in Canada as never before. And gays and lesbians, who were nominally among the beneficiaries of the decision, have continued to come under attack. In short, although Canada's obscenity laws are supported by a new rationale, they offer an old lesson about the perverse difficulties of regulating, or even defining, obscenity.

TORONTO residents use a stock phrase to describe the strip of Yonge Street that marks the city's tenderloin district. "It's no Times Square," I heard over and over again, whether the locals were boasting or apologizing when they said it. At first glance, Yonge Street does look more like a stage set for a red-light district than like the real thing. There's no graffiti, scarcely any litter, and not a mugger in sight; a visiting New Yorker might be excused for finding the scene almost genteel. Still, in one respect it's hard to tell the two districts apart. Yonge Street features about a dozen pornography emporiums, and, on cursory inspection, they offer as wide an assortment of videotaped carnality as anything found on Forty-second Street. The

Nanci Griffith
Flyer
The follow-up to the Grammy-winning
Other Voices. Other Rooms.
Fifteen stories of roads taken
and paths crossed.
Featuring "This Heart."
Produced by Peter Collins
with two tracks produced by Peter Buck
On Elektra compact discs and digalog cassettes
To hear music from *Flyer*,
call 212.695.9192
© 1994 Elektra Entertainment,
a division of Warner Communications Inc. A Time Warner Company.

San Francisco's
Cartwright Hotel
Just a block from Union Square
Our little hotel is like
a friendly home.
Antiques, fresh flowers,
robes, triple sheets, reading
pillows, complimentary
afternoon tea and cakes.
$99 – $119
800-227-3844
A Kimco Hotel

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

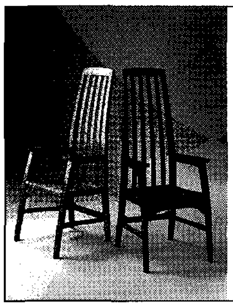
PUZZLE ART
Heirloom quality, intricately handcut
wood jigsaw puzzles personalized
with silhouettes & messages.
$95 and up
Call or write for free catalog:
(612) 827-5757
Dept. B, 4255 Garfield Ave. S.
Minneapolis, MN 55409-1858
Rainy Lake
PUZZLES

Have a field day.

Wander back in time to the autumn of 1627. Accompany Pilgrims and Wampanoag as they go about their daily chores. Visit the 1627 Pilgrim Village, Hobbamock's *(Wampanoag Indian)* Homesite, the Crafts Center and *Mayflower II.*

PLIMOTH PLANTATION
Plymouth, Massachusetts (508)746-1622 Ext. 213
One hour from Boston. Near Cape Cod.
Plimoth Plantation open daily through November 27.

INSOMNIA
IT LOOMS



Jas. Becker
CABINETMAKER

Hand made custom, reproduction, and original design furniture crafted in a variety of woods and finishes to suit your needs and desires.

Jas Becker Cabinetmaker, Inc.
A Street P.O. box 802
Wilder, Vermont 05088
802 295-7004

Brochure Available

Discover Our Caribbean beachfront all suite resort, dive center, tennis, pool, fitness center and seaside restaurants. *Simply the best.*
Call 800-524-2250 • 809-775-6550
Secret Harbour Beach Resort
ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Yonge Street stores have names like Just for Adults or else simply welcome their public with a triple "X" on their windows. The interiors vary little: a shelf of magazines featuring *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, and their hard-core siblings, and rack after rack of American-made videos for rental or sale. Tiny booths in the rear service the impatient. There, for twenty-five cents a minute, a viewer can choose from a handful of recent titles.

Yonge Street features one outlet, however, that is guaranteed to startle even the most jaded American. Up an escalator decorated with cheerful red neon sits the five-thousand-square-foot flagship store of Adults Only Video, the largest chain of pornographic video stores in North America. Unlike its sleazier neighbors, A.O.V. is spotless and vast, and it offers a choice of more than a thousand tapes. Chipper salespeople welcome visitors, offer advice, push memberships. This is Satan's Blockbuster, with a wall of new releases and a rack of local best-sellers.

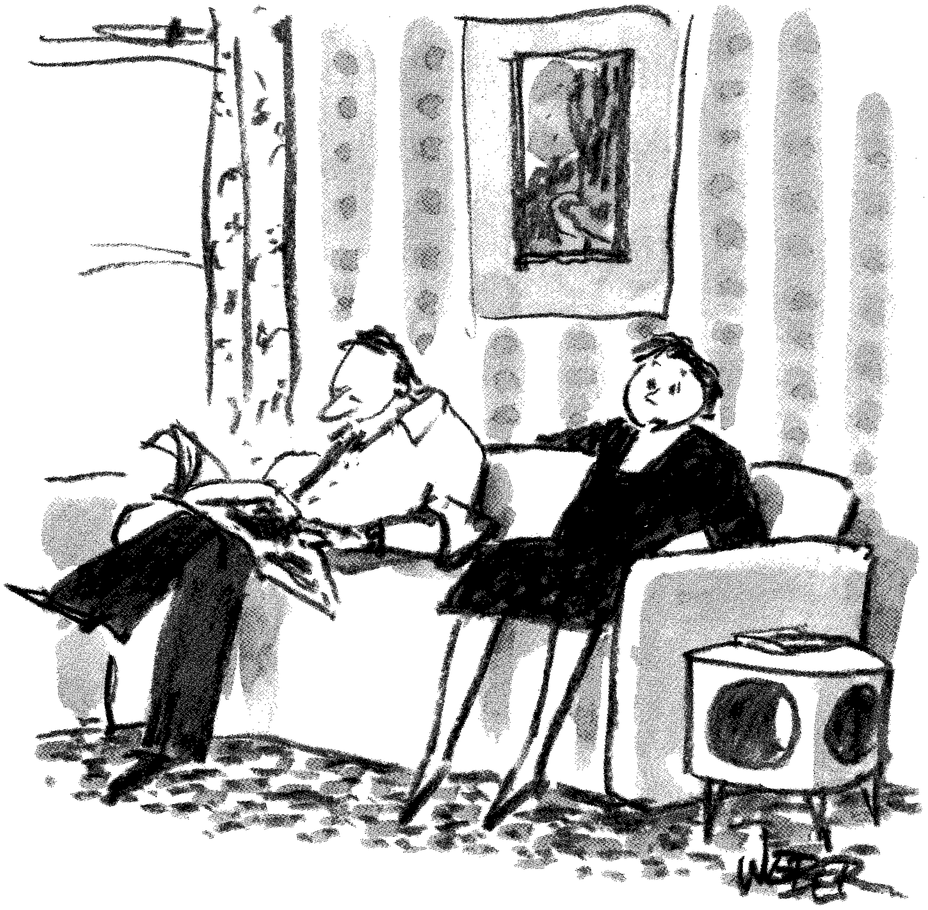
It takes a sharp eye to spot the narrow, rickety stairway that leads to the one place for relief from Yonge Street's pervasive tawdriness. The Glad Day Book Shop was founded in 1970 as Canada's first gay-and-lesbian bookstore, and it remains one of only four such enterprises in the whole country. Glad Day is really just one room of mismatched bookshelves, where barely functioning ceiling fans spin to a chamber-music soundtrack. The selection it offers leans heavily toward literary fiction, AIDS-treatment guides, and glossy picture books. It posts a pair of best-seller lists—one for the store over all, which tends toward books of gay-male interest, and one specifically for lesbian-oriented works. In ambience, quality, and product, Glad Day could scarcely differ more from its neighbors. It is different in another way, too. Glad Day has just been convicted of violating Canada's obscenity law.

In the two years since Butler, the epicenter of the fight over freedom of speech in Canada has been Kimberly Mistysyn's cramped office. For those two years, Mistysyn has managed the Glad Day bookstore from this glorified closet, which features a jumble of catalogues and books, a computer, a fax, and an ancient space heater hanging perilously from a hook. Mistysyn is twenty-five years old and short of five feet tall, and she wears her peach-colored hair in a pixie cut. She is, however, all business, no pixie. When I visited recently, she gestured toward a box of books that had just arrived. "They didn't open that one at customs, but I'd guess that at least one in three of our shipments from the States is opened, and they detain at least one shipment of books a month," she said. "They tell me they're shipping the books to Ottawa to determine whether they're obscene. Once they do that, there's really nothing you can do but wait."

Obscene material in Canada is regulated in two separate but related ways—by the police and by customs at the border. Customs officers must fill out a form to indicate why they stop something at the border as obscene. The form divides obscenity into a checklist of eight categories: "sex with violence," "child sex," "incest," "bestiality," "necrophilia," "hate propaganda," "anal penetration," and "other." Given the last two categories, perhaps it is unsurprising that gay and lesbian organizations have long complained, since well before Butler, that customs seizes a disproportionately large amount of their material. "We do not discriminate against homosexual material," Michel Cleroux, a spokesman for Canada Customs, told me. "Our goal is just to enforce the obscenity law as it is interpreted by the courts. There is no law that says we should look at gay bookstores more than others. But there is an obvious logic to the situation." Customs officials, Cleroux says, know where to look.

In 1986, when Canada Customs refused to allow "The Joy of Gay Sex" into Canada, because it discussed and depicted anal sex, Glad Day challenged that refusal and won its case. Judge Bruce Hawkins, of the trial-level court for civil cases in Ontario, observed, rather poetically, "To write about homosexual practices without dealing with anal intercourse would be equivalent to writing a history of music and omitting Mozart." In response, Canada Customs amended the guidelines for inspectors to allow "goods which communicate in a rational and unsensational manner information about a sexual activity that is not unlawful and in which the illustrations are not prurient in nature." Likewise, goods "intended to provide advice on how the risk of AIDS or other sexually transmitted infections can be minimized" are also supposed to be permitted. Still, those changes left the inspectors at the border a good deal of discretion; the form with its eight boxes has stayed the same; and alternative books and magazines continue to be seized. Indeed, Inland Books, which is based in Connecticut and is the leading exporter of gay and lesbian books and of small-press books to Canada, has had to revamp its shipping procedures because Canada Customs detains so many of its books.

Mistysyn pulled a sheaf of customs-seizure forms from a clipboard. One, from last fall, showed that two boxes of David Leavitt's collection of short stories, "A Place I've Never Been," had been detained by customs, along with Stephen Beachy's novel "The Whistling Song"—a pair of widely admired literary works by established gay writers. (Customs later released both books.) As we left her office and walked around the store, Mistysyn pulled one book after another from the shelves to say they had been seized and only later released, sometimes after a few days, sometimes after a much longer wait. "And when things are released, they're often damaged or copies are missing," she added. "Or sometimes we hear that books have been approved but all our copies have been inadvertently destroyed." She reached for "Living with the AIDS Virus: A Manual for Long-Term Survival," a dense scientific tome. "They took this one," she said. I told her I understood that AIDS guides were exempt. She shrugged. "They took one issue of *The Guide*, which is a magazine about places gay people can travel, and we never got that one at all," she said. "It turns out there was an article in it about coprophilia—just about the dangers of it, and whatnot—but they said it couldn't come through." We came to a wall of books of erotica. "Basically everything on this wall has been seized at one time or another. Virtually all of Pat Califia's work—she writes lesbian erotica. She wrote the 'Lesbian S/M Safety Manual,' which is a big seller here, and that has been seized a number of times." From Mistysyn and others, I learned of dozens of books that had been seized, including such mainstream works as "The Devil's Advocate," by Ambrose Bierce; "The Man Sitting in



"You can't be too rich or too thin, and we're not."

WHY AN ASCOT CHANG SHIRT IS ONE OF THE BEST IN THE WORLD...

Fabrics: 2,500 selections. From 2x2 100's Egyptian to 2x2 200's Swiss poplin.

Stitching: Special needles create an almost invisible 22 stitches per inch. Other makers are satisfied with 16.

Seams: All single needle French seams for a neater classic look.

Buttons Only mother of pearl. Hand picked and matched. Wok shaped bottoms for easy access.

Collar Styles: Unlimited. Every collar is designed and built to the client specific need.

Cuff Options: 15, to begin with.

Measurements: Just the collar alone takes 7. There are 31 in all.

Body Reading: The most critical aspect of custom shirt making. An art.

Trained Fitters: On premise-minimum 20 years experience in every store.

Referrals: 10% of our new business comes from laundry recommendations.

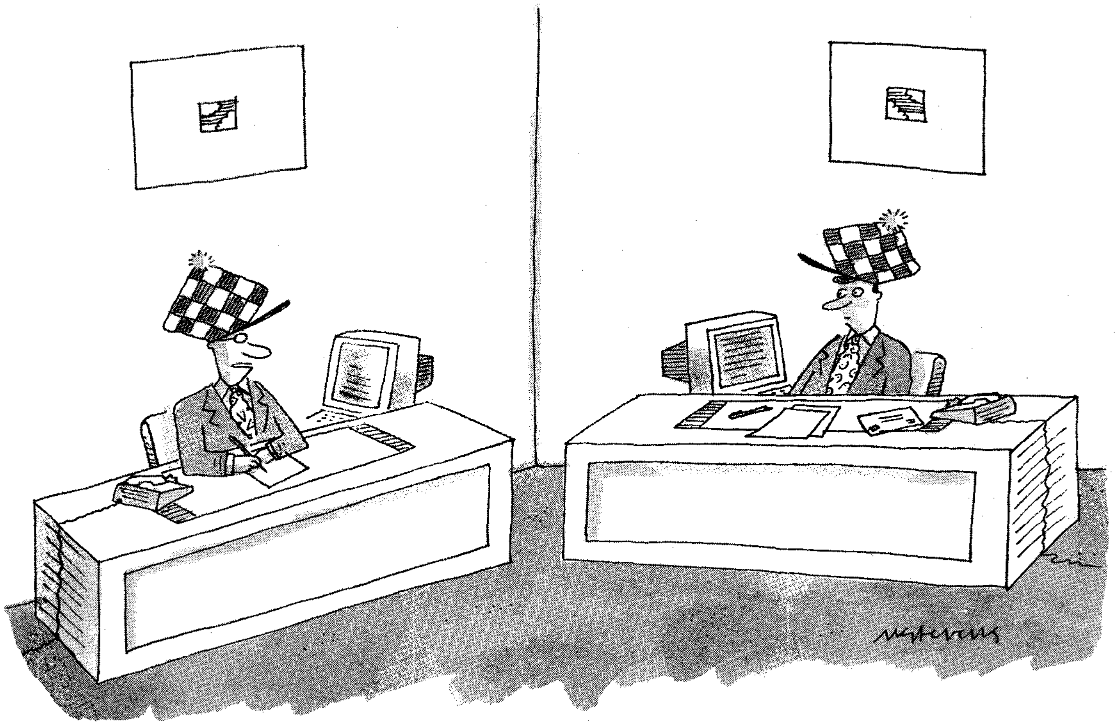
Guarantee: The same for 50 years. Satisfaction.

Pricing: $80. to $400.

PERHAPS THE BEST?

ASCOT CHANG
A Gentleman's Shirtmaker

7 WEST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10019 212-759-3333
9551-9553 WILSHIRE BLVD.
BEVERLY HILLS, CA. 90211 310-550-1339



"I don't know how it started, either. All I know is that it's part of our corporate culture."

• •

the Corridor," by Marguerite Duras; and "Black Looks: Race and Representation," by Bell Hooks. Comics have been a particular target. Books containing work by Art Spiegelman, R. Crumb, and Matt Groening have been seized, as have several volumes of "Hothead Paisan," a popular lesbian series, and, most improbably, several books from France's famous Asterix and Tintin series. In one notorious case last year, customs briefly detained two of Andrea Dworkin's books as obscene.

Butler's defenders assert that Canada Customs has always been homophobic and sexist, and, in this respect, Butler did not disturb the status quo. "The customs people have been doing what they have been doing for a very long time, including against gay and lesbian materials," MacKinnon said in a recent speech in Toronto. "It is only since Butler that Butler has been blamed for the fact that they've been doing it." Some bookstore owners, including Janine Fuller, who runs Little Sisters, a lesbian and gay bookstore in Vancouver, had hoped that Butler would be a help to them in their battles with customs. "If you look at the newspapers after Butler came down, everyone was claiming victory," she says. "But my impression is that customs has simply ignored it. They're still working with their old definitions of obscenity." On October 11th, after four years of delays, Little Sisters begins a monthlong court challenge to customs' power to detain materials it suspects of obscenity. MacKinnon suggests that Butler, which prohibits moralizing definitions of obscenity, may actually be of assistance to their case. However, one court has already cited Butler in ruling against a Glad Day challenge to a seizure of gay erotica. So far, in the lower courts, Butler has proved to be a political football that almost anyone can carry toward his or her own goal.

As Mistysyn walked over to Glad Day's magazine rack, she said that the one thing she could be sure of was that Butler had not helped matters. "It was just an ordinary morning in here," she said, recalling April 2, 1992. "This woman came in and asked to see *Bad Attitude*. The clerk on duty was a young guy named Tom Ivison, and he showed it to her on the magazine rack. She bought it and left. It turned out she was an undercover cop. A few weeks later, she came back to arrest Tom and the owner of the store, John Scythes, and charge the store itself with selling obscene material. The whole thing was, in a way, a joke. I mean, it's not as if they were responding to a complaint about what we were selling. No one had complained. They just decided to do this undercover investigation of us."

"WE call it *Bad Attitude* because society says that a woman who takes charge of her own sexuality has a bad attitude, and that's what the magazine is about—women taking charge," Jasmine Sterling told me recently. Sterling is the owner, the editor, and the sole employee of *Bad Attitude*, which is published six times a year in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "It's been in existence since 1984, and I've had it since 1989. Our circulation is about five thousand, and I used to send about fifty copies to bookstores in Canada. I've stopped doing that now, though. It's not worth the hassle.

"The magazine is about S & M scenes, and I promote safe, sane, and consensual sex," Sterling continued. "There's a lot of bad information out there. I write about how you use 'safe words,' which are mutually agreed-upon words that mean to slow down or stop a scene. I feel I'm empowering women, not promoting violence against them. Still, it's a very low budget operation. I do almost all of it. I have a layout artist and a printer. I don't pay anybody. I give my writers and photographers free subscriptions."

I asked Sterling whether *Bad Attitude* was a full-time job for her. "No, it's just a hobby," she said. "I'm really a psychotherapist."

Bad Attitude, which runs to forty-four pages, includes several sexually explicit photographs in each issue, but the bulk of the magazine—and the subject of the criminal charges against Glad Day—is prose. There is always a political piece or two, about, say, safe sex or gay rights, and there are several stories, usually in the first person, about sexual experiences and fantasies. The short story that drew the undercover officer's attention was called "Wunna My Fantasies," by Trish Thomas, a San Francisco writer who has since enjoyed some prominence in the field of lesbian erotica. "It's weird," the story begins. "You never really know, do you? I mean, you never can tell who's gonna get you going. I never can anyway. . . . There's the occasional girl that I find myself wanting even though I couldn't explain why to save my life. That's how it is for me with this one girl, so I'm working on this fantasy about her." The fantasy, it turns out, involves walking into a locker room where the other woman is taking a shower. "See, what makes this work is she's a rich girl. A rich yuppie girl at that. And white to boot. That means she's got a lot of power. I figure sometimes she likes to give that power up. I figure this is as good a time as any." The narrator imagines approaching the woman from behind, then blindfolding and handcuffing her. "Now she's tilting her head to the side a little because she wants me to slap her. She doesn't say so. She doesn't say a word. She just gives me that look, so I slap her hard and she falls backwards. I put my hand behind her neck and catch her head before it hits the floor." The narrator caresses the shower-taker after they fall to the floor, then attaches clamps to her nipples. Observing safe-sex rules throughout, they engage in the practice known as "fisting," which they both clearly enjoy.

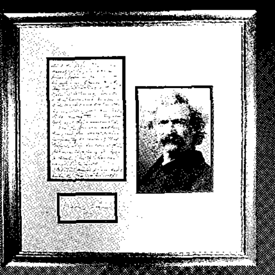
In the light of the controversy about "Wunna My Fantasies," Sterling sold out that particular back issue, so I didn't get a chance to see a copy until I met in Toronto with Clare Barclay, the lawyer who represented all the Glad Day defendants in the obscenity case. After a career as an actress in Toronto, Barclay, who is thirty-nine, passed the bar shortly before the Glad Day trial began. It was her first high-profile effort in the courtroom. We met for coffee at my hotel, because at the moment she was practicing law out of her living room. She told me about the Glad Day trial, which took place over five days, before Judge C. H. Paris, of the provincial division of the Ontario court (the court of original jurisdiction for most criminal cases), in December of 1992.

"I consider myself a feminist," Barclay said. "But what became clear is that the courts don't understand that there are feminists on both sides of the censorship issue. Because of Butler, I had to show that there was no harm caused by *Bad Attitude*. But the whole point of Butler was to protect women from men, so I argued that there were only women involved in this story. Censoring women in the name of protecting women is wrong.

"I also tried to show that these images were not as unfamiliar as it might seem," Barclay continued. "I gave the judge a copy of Madonna's book, 'Sex.' It had just been a huge best-seller in Canada, and it had many of the same kinds of images in it as *Bad Attitude*. But that didn't work. Nothing worked." In a terse six-page opinion, Judge Paris ruled that the clerk, the owner, and the store were all guilty of breaking the obscenity law. After quoting extensively from Butler, Paris said, "This material flashes every light and blows every whistle of obscenity. Enjoyable sex after subordination by bondage and physical abuse at the hands of a total stranger. If I replaced the aggressor in this article with a man, there would be very few people in the community who would not recognize the potential for harm. The fact that the aggressor is a female is irrelevant because the potential for harm remains." That the sexual encounter was ultimately consensual did not impress the judge. "The consent in this case, far from redeeming the material, makes it degrading and dehumanizing," he wrote.

Paris went easy in sentencing, imposing nothing at all on Ivison and Scythes, and a two-hundred-dollar fine on the store. "In our system, with sentences that light, it wasn't really possible for us to appeal, which is what I think the judge really wanted," Barclay told me as we were about to leave. "It still just galls me that the judge never really considered Madonna's book. If *Bad Attitude* was obscene, then 'Sex' sure was, too."

BRIAN BLUGERMAN moves with an easy confidence about the sixty-fifth floor of a Toronto skyscraper, where he works. He is a lawyer at the large Canadian law firm of Osler, Hoskin & Harcourt, and he has a varied and prosperous practice. The owners of Skydome, the spectacular home of the Toronto Blue Jays, have been among his clients, and so has Time Warner, whose book division published "Sex." Early in his ca-



Mark Twain

Samuel Clemens
Autograph Manuscript
with Signature [illegible]

ORIGINAL LETTERS
& DOCUMENTS

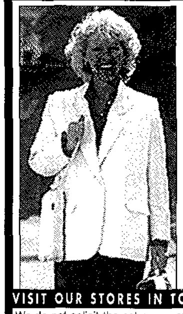
Literature, Music, Art,
Presidential, Business, Science, History,
Military, Law and other fields

Framed with Portraits & Unframed

Special Christmas Catalogue $5

THE
KENNETH W.
RENDELL
GALLERY
989 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10021
(212) 717-1776 • Hours: Mon-Sat 10-6
Established 1959

Pity the Pickpockets!



Tilley Endurables

Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, *"endurable"* **travel clothing.** ***SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets,*** and ***"Give 'em hell!"*** washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley' — the best outdoor hat in the world.

THE FREE CATALOGUE *IS A HOOT!*
1-800-ENDURES
(= 1-800-363-8737)
300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224

VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER

We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.

HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats
and Houses for Short Term Lets.
Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

Everything you need to know to choose the perfect biking vacation!

New Voyager

BIKE ABROAD...the *only* travel guide with specifics about 439 organized trips by 70 companies in 49 countries... 150 beautiful photos, 350 pages. Only $29.95. Call for a free brochure or to order a copy.

1-800-NEW VOYAGER (1-800-639-8692)

reer, he has cultivated the lawyer's greatest skill—the silky dispatch of trouble before, rather than after, it occurs.

"For a long time, there has been an established procedure that customs has had in effect—you can submit material before you import it into Canada, and customs will tell you whether it's obscene," he told me recently. "*Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Hustler* do it every month. Time Warner hired us to do it with Madonna's 'Sex.' We knew that as soon as it hit some desk in customs the people there were going to get nervous, so my job was to prepare a legal analysis of the book and make it available to Canada Customs, saying why, in our view, it was perfectly legal."

I asked Blugerman how he went about his analysis.

"Obviously, I had to start with Butler," he said. "Butler basically divided things into three categories. First, you have explicit sex with violence, and that's pretty much always going to be obscene. Then you have explicit sex that is without violence but is degrading or dehumanizing. Now, at this point no one is really sure what that means. The Ontario Film Review Board, which has to approve every film or video that is for sale or rent in the province, has interpreted it as meaning you can't show certain acts; for instance, you can't show 'double penetration' and you can't show ejaculation on the face of a woman. Apparently, it's O.K. to show it on her neck or any other place. Maybe those are strange things to single out, but that's the rule. If you go to Yonge Street, you may see twenty-five minutes of uninterrupted sex filmed from an inch and a half away, but you won't see that." Blugerman explained that the third category, explicit sex without violence or degradation, was generally found not to be obscene.

I asked him how he applied the Butler formula to Madonna's book. He reached behind his desk, extracted a copy of "Sex" from a brown paper bag, and handed it to me.

I opened the metal cover of "Sex" and began turning the pages. Most of the text of "Sex" consists of the explicit (and often sadomasochistic) musings of Madonna's alter ego, a woman named Dita. As with "Wunna My Fantasies," the pictures in "Sex" obliquely illustrate the text. I stopped about ten pages into the book and asked Blugerman about an especially grotesque image. In this photograph, Madonna is kneeling on the ground wearing a see-through leotard. Her hands are bound with rope, and a nearly bald, bare-breasted woman is holding Madonna's arms straight in the air. A different woman is pressing a switchblade to Madonna's crotch. I remarked to Blugerman that I thought Butler prohibited "sex with violence." And wasn't this at least "degrading"?

"That picture caused us some concern in the light of Butler," he said. "But the question is whether there is sex going on. Butler has no definition of what it means by 'explicit sex.' Obviously, there's no penetration here, so we say it's not obscene because there's no sex."

A few pages later, Madonna is dressed as a schoolgirl—white blouse and plaid skirt—and she is struggling with two men in what looks like a school gymnasium. One thuglike fellow is holding Madonna's arms, and the other has pushed up her skirt and pulled down her underwear. What about this one?

"Yeah," Blugerman said. "That's sort of a rape scene. If there had been any penetration in that scene, it might have been a real problem. We might have had to fall back on the 'artistic' defense and say that this was a work of art about the whole S & M scene. Butler said that courts had to give a wide latitude to 'art,' but no one yet knows exactly what that means. We might have had to try it there. I mean, the law doesn't say it has to be the greatest work of art ever made. But since there was no penetration we could say it was just violence, no sex. Violence alone is O.K. under Butler."

Blugerman's careful work paid off, because customs did not object to the importation of "Sex," and the volume became one of the fastest-selling books in Canadian history. "I know there are people who said that what this means is that there's one law for obscure publications sold by small distributors and another one for things produced by Time Warner for an international superstar at a cost of many millions of dollars," Blugerman said. "I can't say if that's true, but if it is, it's not the only indirect consequence of Butler. Butler shifted the whole discussion of obscenity to harm, and it said that some pornography causes harm. But the implication of that is that some pornography does *not* cause harm. Butler has meant that you can never say that something is obscene simply by virtue of its explicitness. And ordinary sex that is very explicit—the typical porn video—is now clearly O.K."

So, in that way, Butler made life a lot easier for Randy Jorgensen. Jorgensen owns and operates Adults Only Video, which consists of eighty-six adult-video stores, including the Toronto flagship, and constitutes the biggest such operation perhaps not just in North America but in the world. I went to see Jorgensen at his corporate headquarters, a bustling office building, with about two dozen employees, in the drab city of Kitchener, Ontario.

Thirty-eight years old, with the beery gut of an ex-athlete, Jorgensen has a laconic style and a perpetual smile of astonishment at his good fortune.

"I'm a prairie boy, from Moosomin, Saskatchewan, and I've done all kinds of things," Jorgensen told me. "I worked for Pepsi, I owned a muffler shop, and for a while I moved buildings. In 1986, I was living in Saskatoon and exporting vehicles to the U.S. A guy offered me a whole bunch of his leftover stock of cable-version adult movies, maybe three or four thousand films, all soft-core. I got them real cheap, and I thought I'd sell them out of my car as I travelled around. But no one wanted these things—that's why I got them so cheap. So we rented a storefront in Saskatoon and started trying to sell them. Eventually, I started getting some hard-core stuff, too, and that's what sold."

Jorgensen, though, had found his calling. "Most of the people who sell adult tapes cater to the idea that the person who buys this product is the dirty old man, the old guy with the fedora, creeping around the back street," he said. "My idea was that people are still pretty embarrassed about this stuff, but they want it. They don't want to go to their local video store, where they rent movies for their kids, and rent an adult film. They'll think people are whispering, you know—'Hey, did you hear what Charlie rented?' But if you set up a special store, and it's clean and friendly, people won't hesitate to go find it." The concept has been a remarkable success. From that single store, Jorgensen had expanded gradually to about sixty stores by 1992—the year of Butler—to the present eighty-six.

I asked Jorgensen whether the Butler

case had presented any problems for his business.

"Not really," he said. "The decision itself really wasn't a problem, but it hasn't solved everything, either. People generally say now that explicit sex is not a problem. That's good, but I did have an obscenity case left over from before Butler. I was charged with selling eight obscene titles. All of them had spanking in them. I was acquitted on five of the titles, but the judge said that in three of them the spanking went beyond playfulness and there was a reddening of the buttocks, and that was a violation of community standards under Butler. Now, does that mean that if there was a dark-skinned African-American woman you could hit her longer than a fair-skinned Irish-American? Does that make any sense to you? That one's on appeal, and I figure that it will come out all right. If you talk to my marketing people, they say there's no such thing as bad publicity—they're happy to see us charged with obscenity. But I'd rather just go about my business."

I asked Jorgensen what he thought of the argument that pornography caused violence against women.

"My opinion is that people that make up society are not so susceptible that they watch a mass murderer on television and become mass murderers themselves," he said. "I hear people saying that the law would be worth it if we could stop just one rape by someone who got the idea from watching a video. But what if someone who's thinking about raping someone stays home? What if, instead, he watches this stuff and masturbates? Then we've saved someone, eh?"

WHEN Catharine MacKinnon met me for tea at the Algonquin, she was prompt, eloquent, and elegant, with a dramatic stripe of gray hair swept into a neat bun on the top of her head. While MacKinnon has long been critical of criminal-obscenity laws—she prefers the use of civil lawsuits to stop pornography—she offers no apology for Butler. She believes that Butler did move the law in the right direction, and regards the attacks on Butler as, for the most part, just so much propaganda by pornographers. "Since it isn't going to play well in Canada to say, 'We want to oppress women so we've got to do something about Butler,' " she said, "what they're saying instead is, 'Butler oppresses gays and lesbians, how homophobic,' when, in fact, it is Butler that rejected the morality test." She regards the Glad Day decision—the one in which a judge cited Butler to support a customs seizure—as incorrect. "An outrageous, outrageous decision," she said. "The homophobia reeks." But she by no means believes that gay publications should be exempt from her enveloping scheme for the regulation of pornography. Indeed, it is primarily the language of the Glad Day opinion that she objects to, and not necessarily the result of the case, which prohibited several books containing images of anal fisting and of one sex partner urinating on another. "I am not necessarily at all clear that Glad Day should not be prosecuted," she said. MacKinnon mistrusts gays and lesbians who are having second thoughts about Butler. "They're being used" by the pornographers, she said. "It's not the first time."

MacKinnon's writing is notable for its lurid depiction of the agonies that she asserts women endure because of pornography. (The social-science evidence on the causes of violence against women is ambiguous and has been hotly debated.) Hence, her attitude toward Butler seems all the more striking in that it conveys a law-professorish abstraction. She focusses more on what the case says than on what it has done. So far, at least, it seems that Butler is more symbol than reality. Butler "is a real milestone for women's equality, worldwide," she told me. "It's the first time anywhere in the world that a Supreme Court has accepted, recognized, and embraced the harm to women's equality that is done through pornography. They faced it. They saw it."

ANDREA DWORKIN, however, is no law professor. Since she lives in Brooklyn's Park Slope and I work in midtown, she proposed that we meet more or less midway, at the Caffe Dell'Artista, on Greenwich Avenue—a smoky throwback to the Village's vanishing bohemian past. It was a warm day, and Dworkin wore but a thin blue denim jacket and a wispy leather vest with her trademark overalls. Her conversation is full of melodrama, which she proffers with an irresistible empathy and ardor. She radiates an almost antic sincerity; her personal stationery was imprinted, below her

What the World Reads

Clear, Concise, Smart.
All the World's News, plus
Finance, Travel, Fashion
and the Arts.

CALL 1-800-882-2884
Herald International Tribune
DELIVERED DAILY THROUGHOUT THE AMERICAS

Completed Sail Models
Classic Yachts & Custom Models
Endeavour
Master Craftsmanship
Other Fine Nautical Works Available
SEACRAFT™
CLASSICS
7650 E. Evans Rd. Ste. 109, Scottsdale AZ 85260 • (602) 998-4988
For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.
One Hundred And Ten Dollars
CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars
Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.
VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123

PARIS
Easier to use than a guide book. Slip one of our cassettes into your cassette player and off you go on a guided walk through historical and contemporary Paris. Eight half-day audio-guided walks — Marais, Latin Quarter, Ile de la Cité and much more, including places only Parisians know.
Immediate refund if not satisfied
FOUR CASSETTES & EIGHT MAPS
$39.95 plus s/h $3.50 Visa / MC (800) 769-8015
Audio-Tours, 4155 Bd. Poirier, Ville St-Laurent, Canada, H4R 2G9

BEAUTIFUL CEDAR HOME IN PRIVATE WOODED SETTING
Pond & Tennis Privileges
2 hrs NYC $168,000
photos available
(914) 887-4537

name and address, with the legend "Pornography Violates My Civil Rights."

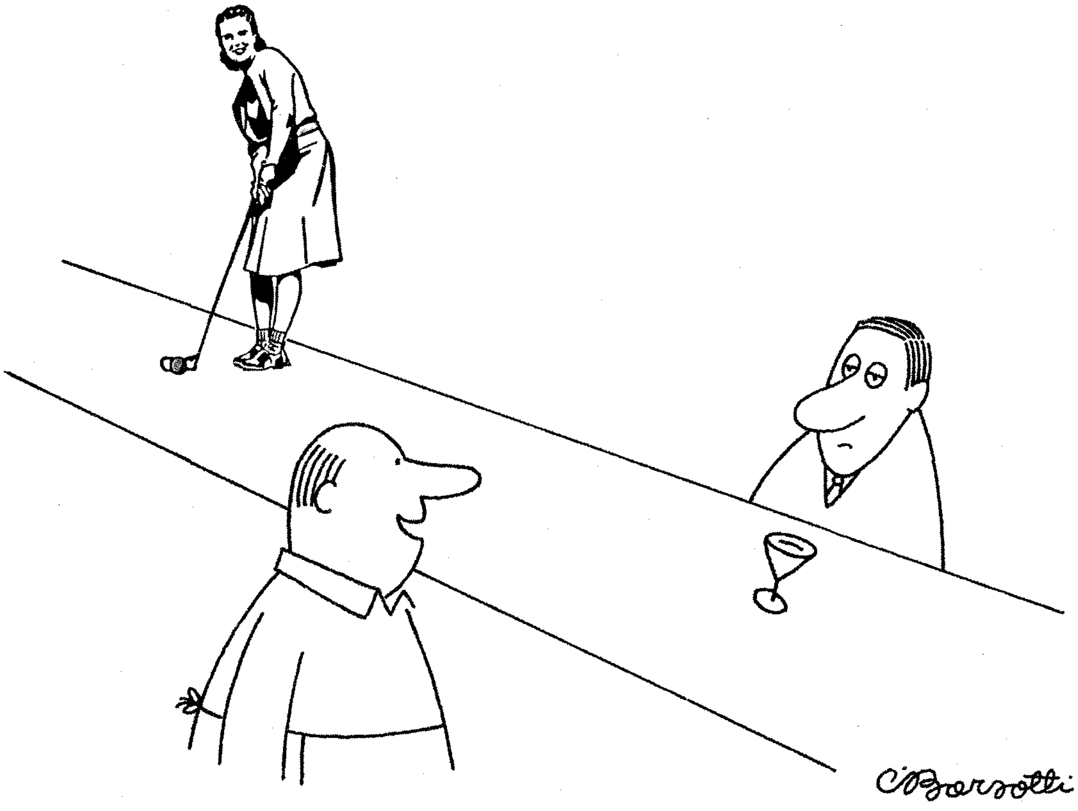
In her peripatetic career as a writer, lecturer, and anti-pornography activist, the forty-eight-year-old Dworkin has spent much time and energy in Canada, a place for which she has great affection. It was therefore not surprising that the group of feminists who were preparing to intervene in the Butler obscenity case invited her to participate in their work.

"I was consulted and asked my opinion, and I asked them not to support that obscenity law," she said. "This is something MacKinnon and I disagreed on. We agree on a lot of things, but not this time. My position on obscenity law is unequivocal. Obscenity law is a total dead end in dealing with the pornography industry. The whole idea of obscenity law is based on the idea that women's bodies are filthy and shouldn't be displayed, and that homosexuality is disgusting and shouldn't be seen. I think obscenity laws are real censorship laws, easy to use against literature that should be protected, and hard to use against what really harms women." The seizure of her own books by Canada Customs, she said, was a typical abuse of police power.

Dworkin prefers to continue to fight for the civil, as opposed to criminal, anti-pornography law that she and MacKinnon have been backing for a decade. For the most part, that law, usually more caricatured than understood, would pose no threat to civil liberties. It would allow women to sue for monetary damages if they were harmed by pornography—that is, coerced into participating in it or physically harmed as a result of it. (Such injuries might be difficult to prove in individual cases, but civil-damage awards based on such injuries would almost certainly be constitutional.) The most controversial provision of the law would allow any woman to sue pornographers for "trafficking in pornography," and that does seem to be a hunting license to go after any purveyor of erotica for any reason. "The whole premise of our proposal is that harm has to be done to someone else before it takes effect," she said. "It's not a censorship law. It's a civil-rights law, and it's supposed to be used only against material that actually does harm." And Dworkin hopes that some of the language in Butler could eventually be used to support a civil-rights law like the one she has proposed. "In a system that operates by precedent, you have a problem when you want to introduce a new idea. And they got a unanimous decision at the highest court in the land that the effect of pornography on women's rights outweighs the speech rights of pornographers."

Still, Dworkin's views on Butler itself ultimately do not differ much from those of her longtime nemesis—Nadine Strossen, the president of the American Civil Liberties Union and the author of the forthcoming "Defending Pornography: Free Speech, Sex and the Fight for Women's Rights." Strossen and Dworkin do differ, of course, on whether pornography harms women, but when it comes to Butler's two-year experiment with placing faith in the police they sound much the same. "MacKinnon and her allies in Canada say that all the problems in Canada with customs and with obscenity prosecutions really haven't changed at all since Butler," Strossen told me. "The problems existed before, and they exist now. But that's exactly the point. Censorship is no different after Butler from what it was before. It was anti-woman, anti-gay, anti-freedom before, and it's that way now."

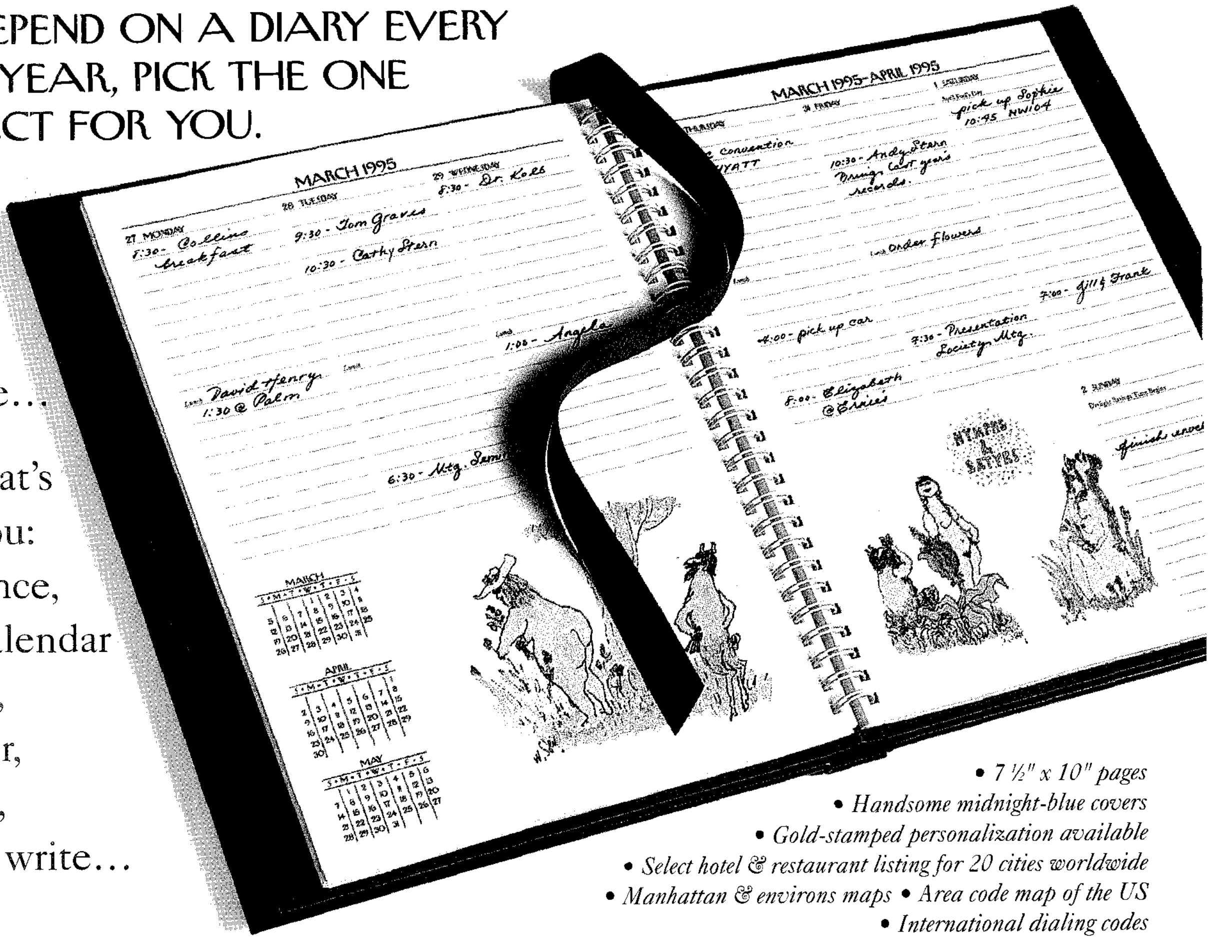
As New York City begins to debate where and whether pornography may be sold within its borders, it may be difficult for civil libertarians to make the case that the zoning regulations that form the heart of Giuliani's proposal are "anti-woman" or "anti-freedom." Limiting the crime and the squalor that often accompany sex-related businesses may well justify incremental restrictions on the sale of pornography. But the Butler decision, unlike Giuliani's proposal, justifies regulation not merely of the locations where it may be sold but also of the content of sexually oriented material. That is Butler's peril. "I don't think Butler is going to be useful in dealing with the pornography industry," Andrea Dworkin said. "It will be used to create a formula for a kind of pornography that the police will accept. I don't think it's going to help deal with the rights of women." ♦



"Oh, come on, what's a Martini without an olive?"

THE PERFECT COMPANION FOR 1995

SINCE YOU DEPEND ON A DIARY EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, PICK THE ONE THAT'S PERFECT FOR YOU.

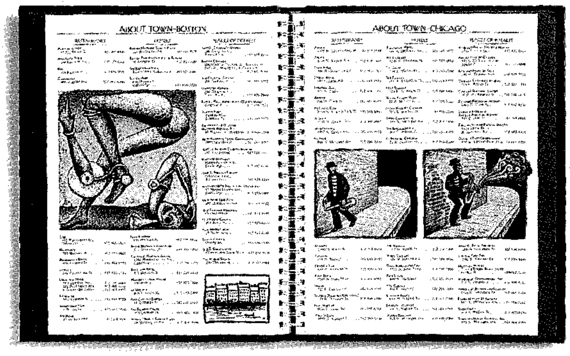


Bright,
attractive,
colorful, always
good for a smile…

Recognizes what's
important to you:
a week at a glance,
three-month calendar
on each spread,
a ribbon marker,
lie-flat binding,
lots of space to write…

- *7 ½" x 10" pages*
- *Handsome midnight-blue covers*
- *Gold-stamped personalization available*
- *Select hotel & restaurant listing for 20 cities worldwide*
- *Manhattan & environs maps* • *Area code map of the US*
- *International dialing codes*

Knows all the right places to go and how to reach them—restaurants, museums, clubs, galleries, theatres.



THE 1995 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

Send order to: The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept. 236356-023, Des Moines, IA 50336

PLEASE SEND ME THE 1995 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

______ *copies at $24.95* ______ *imprinted copies $27.45*

For each copy, add $3.25 for shipping & handling within the U.S., $6.50 for Canada. Offer only available to U.S. & Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

☐ *Check or money order enclosed* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *VISA* ☐ *Mastercard*

Acct. # ________________ *Exp. Date* ________

Signature ________________

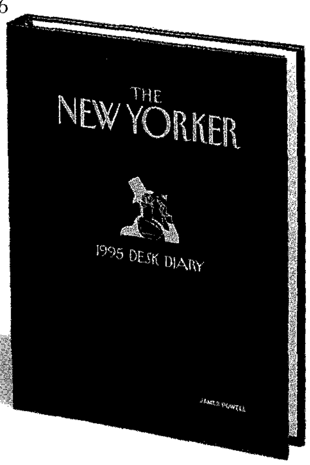
Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________________ *State* ______ *Zip* ________

Imprint name ________________

Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.



LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IT ALL CODEPENDS

Bill Clinton's dysfunctional Haiti policy was in obvious need of treatment. But his self-appointed therapist—a New Age ex-President from Georgia—has a set of symptoms that dovetail all too well with the patient's.

BY MICHAEL KELLY

JIMMY CARTER'S resurrection as a guiding hand of America's foreign policy has been a surprise to a lot of people here, not the least of whom is Bill Clinton. But it was probably bound to happen sooner or later. It is the logical result of a symbiosis rooted in the needs and weaknesses of the two men who share the world's most prominent codependent relationship. Clinton suffers from Multiple President Disorder, while Carter is a classic Pacifist-Aggressive; and each has become the other's enabler.

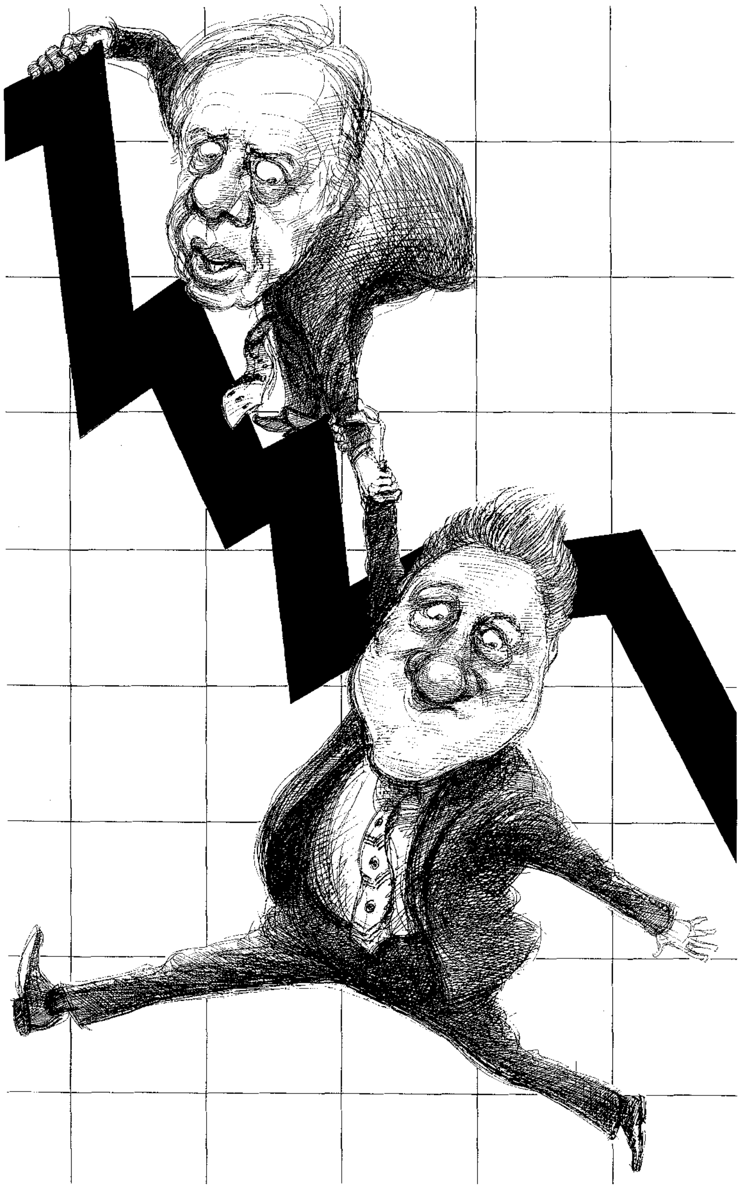
In the three most visible, dangerous, and controversial foreign-policy challenges of Bill Clinton's Presidency, a single, politically disastrous pattern has prevailed: a mounting crisis, fuelled by Clinton's mood swings from Teddy Roosevelt-like bellicosity to Adlai Stevenson-like indecision; a growing sense among the public of events spinning out of the President's control; and the last-minute, self-propelled intervention of a deus ex persona the President can neither fully trust nor fully contain. In each case—in Somalia, in North Korea, and now, most dramatically, in Haiti—the result has been the same. A man who describes himself with deeply uncharacteristic modesty as "just a professor at Emory University and the head of the Carter Center" has, at a critical moment, taken control of a crucial diplomatic operation. And each time Carter has used his position—with Clinton's eventual acquiescence—to strikingly modify the stated policies of the Clinton Administration.

It is arguable—and Carter is the first to argue it—that in each case the former President has helped save the current President, and the nation as well, from a military conflict, and has brokered a better way out than the Administration was capable of finding on its own. In Somalia, Carter pushed American policy away from a bloody and futile exercise in what the neo-Wilsonians of the Clinton Administration liked to call nation building but which had devolved largely into riot control and manhunting. In North Korea, Carter backed the United States off from a showdown that could have led to war. In Haiti, he negotiated a deal that let the United States at least begin to fulfill its goals of restoring the exiled Haitian President, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, to power; removing the Haitian military leaders from their dictatorial rule of the country; and ending the murder and torture of Haitian civilians. Furthermore, he did it without an invasion that would have almost certainly cost American lives and probably cost Clinton his career. (Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of New York, who, as usual, is not suffering foolishness gladly, says Carter's deal proves that "the Lord looks after drunks and Americans," and that Congress "would have exploded" if the invasion had gone through: "The mood in the Senate was, Son of a bitch!")

What is also arguable (and not necessarily contradictory) is that in all three cases Carter achieved his goals by the simple ploy of giving away the farm, or, at least, a large chunk of it; backing down on issues important to America's friends and enemies; and—in the cases of Somalia and Haiti, anyway—betraying promises made by the American government. What is not arguable is that each of Carter's rescue missions has burnished his reputation while hurting Clinton's, and that in each case the former President has forced the current President to change a policy to which he had previously declared himself passionately wedded.

Last week, Carter, in his most spectacular gambit, returned triumphant from Haiti with an agreement that averted an invasion (an agreement for which Carter and his fellow rescue missionaries, Colin Powell, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Senator Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, have reaped the credit) but also repudiated both United States policy and Clinton's own unequivocal ultimatums and promises (a repudiation for which Clinton has reaped the blame). The Carter agreement, signed by a former President of the United States and the puppet President of Haiti, places America in the surreal position of being in a police-state partnership with Haitian military leaders whom Clinton had denounced only days earlier as murderers and rapists, guilty of running the most violent regime in the hemisphere. "Your time is up," the President declared.

Hogging the limelight on the day after the accord was announced, Carter upstaged the President with a long interview on CNN hours before he was due to join Clinton for a press conference in the East Room. In the interview, Carter noted that the Haitian military leaders may not have taken Clinton's threats of an invasion seriously, because "they were watching the polls"; declined to support Clinton's assertion that General Raoul Cédras and his colleagues were responsible for spilling the blood of their countrymen; and offered the Haitian people the dubious assurance that American soldiers would be "coming in as a partner with your own military." Joining Clinton on the dais shortly after noon, Carter barely acknowledged the presence of the President, whom he thanked for his "support" rather than his leadership, while praising Cédras and company as honorable men, who must be treated with respect. That afternoon, at a press conference in Atlanta, the former President noted that he had told Cédras, in "a very emotional speech," that "I was ashamed of my country's policy" (a remark he later termed unwise); had dismissed as propaganda the Clinton Administration’s position that the Haitian government was a military dictatorship with a powerless President and a rubber-stamp Parliament; and had said that, under the terms of the agreement, Cédras could, unless convicted of a crime, run for the Presidency of Haiti in a year’s time. In other remarks during the week, he revealed that he had casually invited Cédras to teach at his Sunday school in Plains, Georgia; denounced “the basic policy of the State Department,” now run by his old friend and former employee Warren Christopher; and offered to open negotiations on behalf of the United States with Fidel Castro.



Carter’s latest Clinton bailout has revived an old Washington joke—Q: What’s worse than a Democratic President making foreign policy? A: Two Democratic Presidents making foreign policy.

VICTOR JUHASZ

Washington likes its comedy obvious, as events continually prove, and jokes about Clinton and Carter have been circulating since June—right after Carter went to North Korea on his own initiative to defuse the threat of Kim Il Sung’s nuclear ambitions, and an infuriated White House then found itself watching him blithely reverse United States policy and sing Kim’s praises on CNN. (Q: What’s worse than a Democratic President making foreign policy? A: Two Democratic Presidents making foreign policy.) By mid-week of Carter’s Haitian fireworks, the talk regarding Jimmy, Bill, and the Accord of Port-au-Prince had taken on a tone approaching awe. Wednesday night at the Seventeenth Street Y.M.C.A., the de-luxe gymnasium near the White House where the upper political class sweats, one Stairmasterer turned to another and said, “What Clinton better understand is that Carter’s 0 for 4 for a Nobel, and nobody better get in his way.”

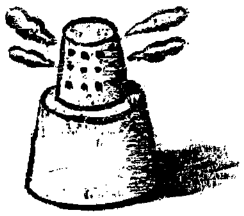
WHICH is to say there’s a history here. In 1976, a bare majority of voters elected as the thirty-ninth President of the United States the governor of a poor Southern state—a man with no foreign-policy experience, and a self-styled Washington outsider, who had run on a platform of reform. Four years later, after a term marked in the popular mind by “America Held Hostage,” gasoline rationing, inflation and high interest rates, and Presidential hand-wringing over the state of the national psyche, Jimmy Carter left office defeated and diminished. He had one shining moment on which to look back: an extraordinary thirteen days of diplomacy that led to the signing of the first peace treaty between Israel and an Arab state. For their courage, Israel’s Menachem Begin and Egypt’s Anwar Sadat won the 1978 Nobel Peace Prize—an exclusion from which Carter has yet to recover.

In the years since, Carter has pursued the dream of Camp David redux. “When Rosalynn and I left the White House,” Carter told me last week, “we decided, since I was one of the youngest survivors of the office and we had a lot of years ahead of us, and I was deeply interested in human rights, and I didn’t want to just build a library and go back to farming—we said that we would go back and do things that others wouldn’t or couldn’t do.” He added, “To me, this is part of my duty as a human being. It is part of my duty to capitalize on my reputation and fame and influence as a former President of a great nation. And it’s exciting. It’s unpredictable. It’s gratifying. It’s adventurous. I just enjoy it.”

He was telling the truth. No matter what the cynics at the Y say, Carter is not really driven by such a crass motive as a lust in his heart for prizes. Not that he has any objection to them in principle: the jacket blurb of his recent book, “Talking Peace: A Vision for the Next Generation,” notes that he “is the recipient of the Gold Medal of the International Institute of Human Rights, the International Mediation Medal of the American Arbitration Association, the Martin Luther King, Jr., Nonviolent Peace Prize, the Liberty Medal, and the Albert Schweitzer Prize for Humanitarianism, among other honors.” Nevertheless, what truly drives Carter is the unblushing conviction that, as James Schlesinger, his former Energy Secretary, says, “Jimmy Carter does the Lord’s work.” Paul Costello, a former assistant press secretary to Rosalynn Carter, describes the Carters as “political missionaries,” and says, “They decided they had the rest of their life after they left the White House, and they decided to do things to effect change, and the overarching idea behind this is a religious-belief system, the Bible, and goodness, and Christianity, and so on. There's no cynicism about them. They are face-value. They are serious."

Carter's passion for what he calls "waging peace"—an activity conducted largely through his Atlanta-based Carter Center—has made him a somewhat complicated public figure. He inspires, especially in Washington, passionate personal dislike. But he is all of a piece, and his insufferable qualities (arrogance, messianic self-regard, egomania, purse-lipped piety) are probably inseparable from the stubbornness, determination, independence, and courage that push him to persist in his peacemaking endeavors. Carter is a preacher-politician, but he is also what might be called a therapist-politician. Like the preacher-politician, the therapist-politician is interested in saving souls, not in bringing them to justice. He judgeth not, that he be not judged. He hates the sin but loves the sinner. He counsels and comforts, and, above all, he listens, neither approving nor disapproving, seeking only understanding.

"Let me tell you my basic philosophy about this," Carter said in reference to why war happens, and he was speaking with the simple assurance of a man stating an obvious truth. "I think a lot of conflicts that occur are because the adversaries will not or cannot communicate with each other."



No doubt. But there is also abundant evil in the world—cases in which bad people do bad things with quite well-communicated intent. Carter's therapy-based philosophy does not seriously recognize the existence of such evil. William L. Ury, the co-author of "Getting to Yes" and the author of "Getting Past No," worked with Carter to establish, in 1987, the International Negotiation Network, a collection of former heads of state and other dignitaries (besides Carter, they include Desmond Tutu, Oscar Arias, and Javier Pérez de Cuéllar) which offers its services as a band of roving peacemakers. (Have dove, will travel.) The Carter approach, Ury says, is rooted in theories of conflict resolution—"a field of study that is still in its infancy," and of which "Carter is one of the pioneers." Conflict resolution is based, in turn, on the techniques of therapy, Ury explains: "Listening, looking for ways to . . . respect all parties involved, no matter what the situation is, no matter what they are accused of, or whatever, because ultimately you have to come to some kind of agreements or bloodshed will be the result, a willingness to put yourself in the other person's shoes and see the world as they see it, as a way to influence them, and get a peaceful outcome."

Kenneth W. Stein, an Emory University professor who is the Carter Center's Middle East Fellow and has observed Carter in numerous negotiations, says that in resolving conflicts the former President purposely divorces himself from any judgments about the person on the other side of the table. "He temporarily suspends any particular ideology, philosophy or consideration of the background of the person he is dealing with," Stein told me. "He suspends what he might feel about that person as a person, or about the ideology that person articulates, or about that person's immediate past history. He is capable of separating himself from his knowledge of that person's résumé. Most people say, 'How can you talk to these people who are dictators, who are brutal, who violate human rights—all those things that you don't like?' He has accepted in his mind that he has to divorce himself from this—from what he thinks of the person—in order to get the negotiation moving forward."

Is there anyone so evil, so immoral, Stein is asked, that Jimmy Carter would decline to sit with him in nonjudgment?

"Well, there might be," he replies. "I guess he hasn't sat down with Idi Amin, or Muammar Qaddafi. I guess there might be people like that."

IT is precisely Carter's extreme willingness to turn the other cheek and look the other way in the cause of peace that has made the former President a decidedly mixed blessing for his successors in office. Since he left the White House, thirteen and a half years ago, the former President has made himself available, to put it mildly, for diplomatic missions on behalf of any Administration. "He would come up as an issue two or three times a year," Marlin Fitzwater, President Bush's former press secretary, recalls. "It was always the same scenario. He would get interested in doing something, and he would call us up and say it was going to happen, and you were supposed to just make *it* happen."

Not surprisingly, the Republicans rarely used Carter and controlled him tightly when they did use him. They recognized the danger in the former President's conviction that the cause of peace supersedes all others, including interests considered by the current President to be vital to the nation. A former Carter Administration official notes, "If you're anointed by the Lord, . . . and if the President of the United States wants you to do something that you think is wrong, all that proves is that the President is benighted."

The leeriness of the Republicans in the White House was amply justified. In an interview with Maureen Dowd, of the *Times*, this week, Carter made the extraordinary admission that in an eleventh-hour attempt to avert the 1991 Gulf War he worked against the efforts of President Bush and the United States. "I decided when President Bush went for the U.N. resolution to permit armed action [against Iraq], to try to block it, which was not appropriate perhaps," Carter said. "But I wrote every member of the U.N. Security Council except Mrs. Thatcher—I thought it was a waste of a stamp—and asked them not to vote for the resolution, and I sent President Bush a copy, so I wouldn't go behind the President's back."

Ken Stein said that Carter also wrote letters to the leaders of Arab member nations of the United States' Gulf War coalition, shortly before the beginning of the war, asking them to help him stop the proposed military action. "The whole purpose was to see if a negotiated settlement could be achieved as late as December of 1990 and January of 1991," Stein said. "To ask them to find ways to reach out to Saddam Hussein and stand down from the brink."

THE election of Bill Clinton offered Carter a new horizon. The new President was also a Democrat, also had been a Southern governor, and was an old friend going back to Carter's 1976 campaign, when Bill and Hillary Clinton supported him. Moreover, Carter had close relationships with Clinton's top foreign-policy advisers. Warren Christopher, the Secretary of State; Anthony Lake, the national-security adviser; William Perry, the Defense Secretary-to-be; and R. James Woolsey, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, had all worked in high positions for the Carter Administration.

What was more, the grown-up boomers of the Clinton Administration naturally talked Carter's language. The Clinton Administration may be the first in the nation's history to have in top policy positions more people who have gone through therapy than through military service. It was full of religio-therapeutic New Agers, like Carter—chief among them Hillary Rodham Clinton, champion of the politics of meaning, and Vice-President Al Gore, who posited, in his best-selling sermon "Earth in the Balance," that our "dysfunctional civilization" is trapped in an "addictive relationship" with Mother Earth, which we refuse to acknowledge, because "enablers" encourage us in the "psychological mechanism of denial."

"We must hurry back! The casino is on fire!"

• •

But, far more than any ties of party, service, friendship, or world view, it was the nature of Clinton himself that offered Carter his great chance. In a way so nearly perfect that it was almost eerie—almost as if Someone had planned it this way—the new President was Carter's dream enabler, the missing half of the symbiosis. Where Carter's function in life was to defuse crises, it seemed to be Clinton's fate to allow himself to be ensnared in them. Clinton was so open to suggestion as to be practically an empath, and—what was of paramount importance—he possessed to a fantastic degree a talent for making absolute promises and grand commitments of the sort that lead a President directly to the edge of the cliff. Once at the precipice, Clinton has tended to blink, to cast about desperately for a way to get back down again without jumping; and that is where Carter has come in, or tried to. From the beginning, Carter sought a large role in Clinton's foreign policy, at one point, an Administration official claims, going as far as to suggest that he be given the task of handling Middle East peace negotiations. But, to Carter's outrage, many members of the Clinton Administration seemed to have little more use for him than the Republicans had had. "For good reason, the Clinton White House does not trust Jimmy Carter," a senior Administration official told me last week. "He is not Bill Clinton's agent. He does not have the White House agenda. Clearly, whether he is looking for the Nobel or not, Jimmy Carter has his own agenda, and it is different from Bill Clinton's agenda." The official added, "The danger is that he wants the deal and that's it. Because if there is a deal the headline is 'Jimmy Carter Succeeds'—he's had a triumph—and from a standpoint of policy maybe the best policy is to have the deal fail."

Such reservations have been overwhelmed by the burgeoning codependent relationship between Carter and Clinton. In his first nine months in office, Clinton embarked on a pattern of combined brinkmanship and indecision that would give Carter his invitation to foreign policymaking: Clinton escalated George Bush's new-world-order expedition in Somalia. The Administration's policy was driven increasingly by a dangerous, difficult goal: the capture of the Somali clan leader Mohamed Farah Aidid, who had been blamed by the United Nations for the killing of twenty-four Pakistani soldiers. Between the fifth of June and the third of October of 1993, seven American soldiers were killed. On October 3rd, a small group of United States Army Rangers was trapped by about four hundred of Aidid's fighters; eighteen Rangers were killed, and American television viewers watched the Somali mobs triumphantly drag their beaten and burned bodies through the streets of Mogadishu.

Incredibly, it was at this point that Clinton rushed to the precipice. In a speech from the Oval Office, the President quoted Colin Powell as saying, "Because things get difficult, you don't cut and run," and declared that American "credibility with friends and allies would be severely damaged" by abandoning Somalia—a place that most Americans now wished consigned to Hell.

Carter, in the wings, was ready with a way out, taking advantage of an overnight stay at the White House to have a long talk with the President about Somalia. "Primarily, I wanted the U.N. to get off the military option—stop emphasizing the killing of General Aidid and proceed with a political solution," Carter has said. The former President, as it happened, was already in communication with Aidid. "General Aidid sent word that he would like to present his point of view to me, and I called and got permission from the State Department and the United

Nations because they were both involved, and I listened to him," Carter said last week. "He sounded as if he had some reasonable concerns, so I then reported back to President Clinton or the Secretary of State—I've forgotten which—and I went back to East Africa and communicated with the leaders of Eritrea and Yemen and Ethiopia. They investigated the situation in Mogadishu, and then General Aidid sent me a message." The message, which Carter said he passed on to Clinton and to United Nations Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali, was that Aidid would accept the findings of an independent United Nations Commission investigating the killing of the Pakistani troops.

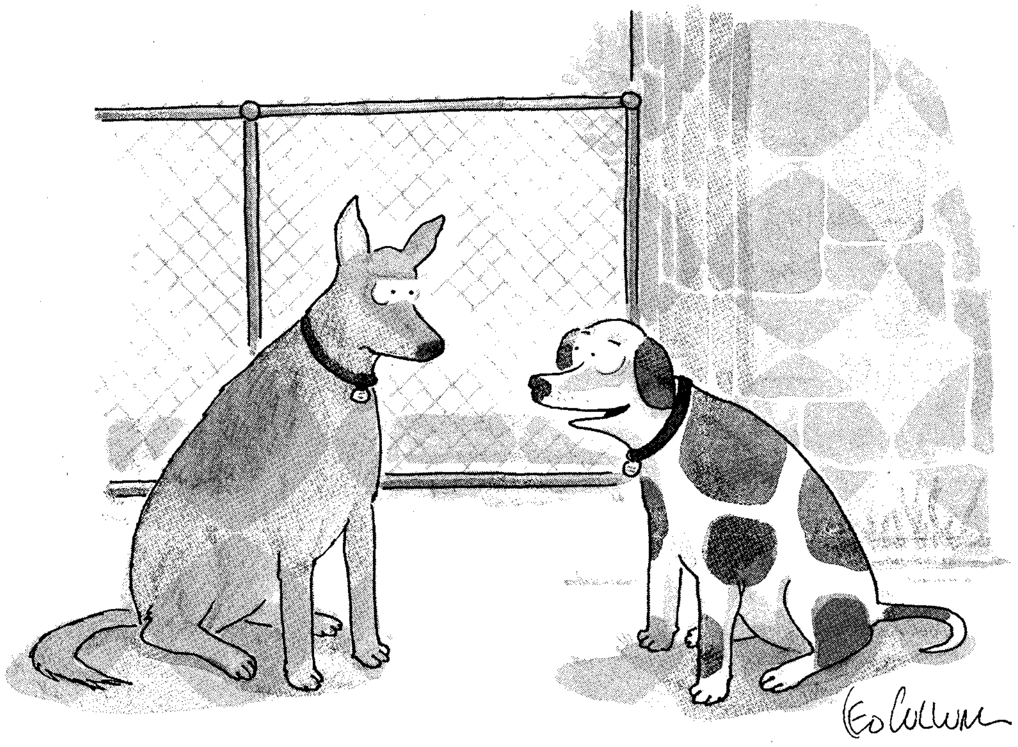
With American and United Nations troops hunting Aidid in Mogadishu, open communication with him was impossible, Carter recalled. The former President, having returned to Plains, conceived of an ingenious plan for keeping in touch with Aidid. "He sent me word that he went around Mogadishu with a television antenna, and he only stayed in houses where they had a TV, and he hooked up his antenna every night at a different house and aimed it at the satellite, so he could see CNN," Carter said. "So I had the CNN folks come down to Plains. They hooked up their big satellite in front of my house. And they asked me prearranged questions, to some degree. I gave the answers, and General Aidid received them . . . and the next thing you saw was the United States putting Aidid on our plane and flying him to Addis Ababa to negotiate."

Not long after Somalia, Clinton enabled Carter again. Faced with powerful evidence that the North Korean dictator Kim Il Sung was conducting a nuclear-weapons program that posed a looming threat to America's ally and de-facto protectorate South Korea, the President adopted the strongest of lines. "North Korea cannot be allowed to develop a nuclear bomb," Clinton said last November. "We have to be very firm about it." Kim did not seem much impressed by Clinton's firmness: he refused American demands that he stop production of weapons-grade plutonium and open his nuclear facilities to international inspectors. By June of this year, the matter had reached the crisis point, with Administration officials threatening military action.

Carter had a history of Korean miscues. In 1977, he proposed an immediate withdrawal of American troops from South Korea, then backed off when the idea ran into vociferous opposition from the Pentagon and Seoul. Fourteen years later, he received an invitation from Kim, but the Bush Administration twice refused requests from him for permission to travel to North Korea. In the spring of 1994, as tensions between the Clinton Administration and Kim increased, Carter won the White House's reluctant consent for a trip to Kim's capital. On June 16th, while Clinton and his top national-security aides were in the midst of a discussion on building up United States forces in South Korea, the phone rang, and it was Carter calling from Pyonyang. Carter informed Assistant Secretary of State Robert Gallucci, the point man on Korea, that he intended to appear live on CNN within thirty minutes to announce that he had negotiated a breakthrough agreement with Kim.

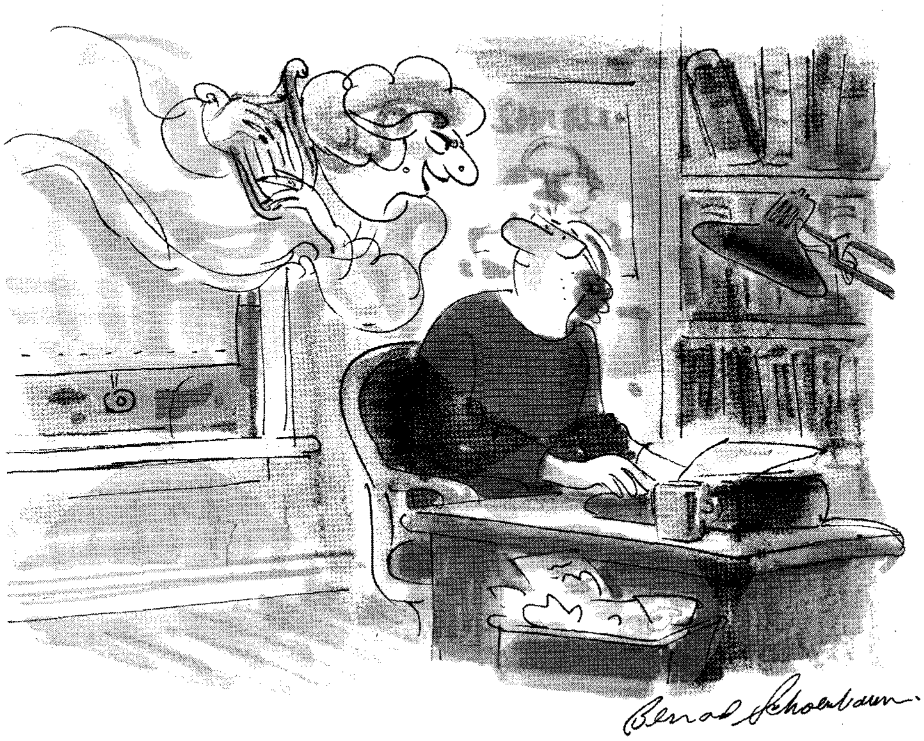
As Clinton and his top aides watched aghast, Carter did appear on CNN. He described as a "very positive step" a stale, previously offered promise by Kim to freeze plutonium accumulation at North Korea's Yongbyon nuclear complex, and mistakenly assured the North Koreans that the United States was no longer pursuing economic sanctions against their country—sanctions that Carter termed a mistake. Carter's action, coming at a moment when Clinton and his advisers were seriously contemplating an unwanted war in Korea, infuriated the Clintonites. Yet it proved to be the genesis of the rescue operation that the President needed. Shifting policy to follow Carter's lead, the White House put its military plans aside, and Gallucci wrote a one-page letter to North Korea's Deputy Foreign Minister, Kang Sok Ju, offering to reopen talks if North Korea would confirm Carter's announcement. Within days, the White House had won a promise that North Korea would halt its program of reprocessing fuel rods from the Yongbyon plant and would allow a "continuity of safeguards" at the plant. In return, the Clinton Administration gave North Korea a major concession—a promise to hold diplomatic talks, which North Korea had long sought.

The North Korean solution was the prototype of the Haiti accord. Carter had provided Clinton with an escape from the brink and had achieved the peace that both desired. But, to get this prize, the Administration had been forced to grant a degree of diplomatic recognition



"Daisy is my married name. It was also my maiden name."

to Kim's regime, thus reversing a long-standing American policy. Indeed, as happened again in the Haiti crisis, Carter granted more than recognition to an enemy: he offered absolution. Kim Il Sung, he told the press, was "vigorous, intelligent, surprisingly well informed," and "very frank." Of Kim's record of breaking agreements, of his tyranny, and of the abuse of his people, Carter said serenely, "This is something that's not for me to judge." And the pledges that North Korea had offered—the basis of the deal—were of questionable value beyond the immediate (and, of course, considerable) benefit of avoiding armed conflict. As congressional critics noted, the nuclear technicians at Yongbyon couldn't process the plutonium for five or six months anyway, because the highly radioactive rods needed to be "cooled." At the end of that time, North Korea could revive its nuclear program, finishing the year with enough plutonium in hand to make four or five bombs.



"More sleaze."

• •

As for Haiti, Carter had sought for years to play an active role in American policy there. "I had proposed doing this since before President Clinton came into office, and I don't mean I had just idly proposed it," Carter told me. "When Aristide first left—within the month—both Cédras and Aristide asked the Carter Center to serve as a mediator. I knew Aristide well, I knew Cédras well. They both had confidence in me. But my proposal was rejected by the authorities in Washington—at that time President Bush was in office—and when President Clinton was elected I offered again, and repeatedly since then I offered to do it, but in each case the United Nations and the State Department basically said, 'We can handle it ourselves.' "

After the embarrassment of Korea, however, the White House was wary of putting trust in Carter. But as the former President continued to press for a Haiti role events were moving toward the predictable point of crisis. On September 14th, the day before Clinton's speech, Carter telephoned Clinton and proposed a novel idea. Aware of the Administration's discomfort with him, Carter said, he suggested the idea of a delegation, packaging himself with two men whose stature was certain to help ease White House worries: Colin Powell and Sam Nunn.

Carter explained to me, "It was only when it got into a crisis stage that we put together our trio as a delegation and presented it to President Clinton, and I think he saw at that time—although the Administration would not have trusted me to go down there, because there are some ill feelings about North Korea—that I plus Colin Powell plus Sam Nunn made a responsible group that was easier for the Administration to accept."

According to Clinton Administration officials and Carter himself, serious doubts about the Carter mission were raised by Christopher, his deputy Strobe Talbott, and the President's national-security adviser, Anthony Lake. One foreign-policy official said, "Carter was, as everyone knew, a fiercely independent individual, someone who did not take direction easily, and he was also someone who had a lot of strength of his own in Haiti from his many visits there, and he was also a critic of the Administration's policy. The President took all that into account when he made the decision to approve the mission, but he decided to approve it anyway for several reasons, on balance.

"Number One, he wanted to demonstrate to the American people that he had left no stone unturned in attempting to avoid bloodshed. Number Two, he felt that these particular guys—Carter, especially—might be able, because of their chemistry and their relationships in Haiti, to get a deal that the Administration could not. Number Three, he felt that if this did not work he would have helped build support in Congress, because he would now have these three guys of real stature on his side, asserting that everything had been tried and the Clinton policy had to proceed."

By the time the Carter mission left for Port-au-Prince, the Clinton Administration's position had been laid out publicly in the President's Thursday-night television address, and also communicated privately—and in equally blunt terms—to Aristide and his advisers. According to two of those advisers—the Washington attorney Michael Barnes and the activist Randall Robinson—Administration officials had promised Aristide that Carter was authorized only to negotiate the terms of surrender by Cédras and his allies. "We were told that the high command of the Haitian military, including Raoul Cédras, was to leave the country immediately," Robinson said. "This was clearly discussed with top Administration-policy figures. They were unequivocal about this. Our discussions were on the level of determining which countries they would go to. There would be aggressive, immediate disarmament of the military." Barnes said Administration officials told him on Friday night, as Carter was preparing to leave for Haiti, that "the sole purpose of the mission was to get Cédras and the others out of the country; the only purpose was to tell them they had to leave Haiti by Monday," and Barnes added, "There was no talk of letting them just step down from power and stay in the country. There was no wriggle room." Barnes said he had also been promised that President Émil Jonaissant, regarded as illegitimate by Aristide, "would not be involved in the negotiations or the agreement in any way."

Carter told me he was never instructed by Clinton or anyone else in the Administration that Cédras and company would have to agree to leave the country. "That was never mentioned to me by President Clinton," he said. At any rate, Carter had no intention of limiting himself to delivering an ultimatum; he went to Haiti with the expectation that, once on the ground, he would alter United States policy as he saw fit, and get Clinton's approval later. "I couldn't just go down there and deliver the same ultimatum that had already been repeatedly rejected," Carter said. "My instructions were very specific—to honor the terms of U.N. Resolutions 917 and 940, which meant that Aristide was going to return and these people had to step down—and we did that. But there were some other things we put in there that were not previously proposed. We were innovating, but with a clear understanding from President Clinton that any agreement we proposed would have to be personally approved by him, and indeed it was."

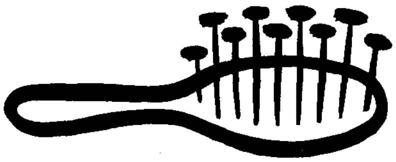
Carter candidly acknowledges that in some instances his innovations represented flat reversals of United States policies and Clinton's instructions. One point of both policy and specific instruction—and a point of great importance to Aristide and his supporters—was that the American negotiators were in no way to recognize Jonaissant, who had been made the nominal President of Haiti by the Haitian military and the military-controlled Parliament in May. "They told us before we left, and President Clinton told me on the phone, that we could not accept Émil Jonaissant as a signatory because we don't recognize him as President," Carter said. "Well, I understood that. But when, after we worked out everything else, I proposed to Jonaissant that Cédras sign the document, Jonaissant said, 'Mr. President, that is something we cannot accept. . . . It is not appropriate in a democracy like ours'—and Jonaissant was the author of their democratic constitution—'for a military officer to sign on behalf of Haiti.' So I had to go back to President Clinton, and got permission."

Carter also extended a promise of amnesty to the military leaders far beyond the one envisioned by Clinton. Before Carter's mission, the understanding between American officials and Aristide was clear: amnesty for the military leaders would be limited to political crimes associated with the coup that deposed Aristide. The deal that Carter struck proposed that the Haitian parliament, currently controlled by Cédras supporters, grant a general amnesty for all crimes, including murder.

Another supposedly inflexible point of United States policy which was abandoned by Carter was Clinton's insistence that the Haitian military leaders relinquish power immediately. Indeed, Carter wanted to omit any reference to a timetable for the departure of Cédras and his lieutenants, pinning their removal only to a vaguely defined promise that they would quit when the Haitian parliament granted them amnesty—an event that Cédras could have stalled indefinitely.

"The first proposal we sent to President Clinton did not have the October 15th deadline in it, that's absolutely correct," Carter said. "He came back and said, 'I cannot accept that unless there is a specific date,' and he said 'October 15th is the final date I will accept.' So we went back and met with President Jonaissant—and this is when we had reached the final stages, and the planes were coming, and so forth—and Jonaissant said, 'We will accept the fifteenth,' and so we concluded."

Bill Gray, the Clinton Administration's special envoy for Haiti, argues that the changes Carter wrought were minor, and that all of them were approved by Clinton. In any event, Gray says, those changes could not have been allowed to stand in the way of reaching a deal that spared the pain of an invasion while broadly complying with American interests. Though there was a widespread assumption that an invasion would have been relatively bloodless, it is clear that the Administration was deeply concerned that an invasion would have cost significant numbers of both American and Haitian lives. "The question," Gray said, "was 'Do you kill hundreds of Haitians in a hard military invasion, and take American casualties, over four points of dispute, when each point can end up fitting the goals of United States policy?' "



It's a good question, and the answer is probably no. The deal Carter worked out is almost certainly a better deal than the White House could have got on its own, and Carter probably did the right thing in renegotiating United States policy on the fly in order to get the deal, and Clinton probably did the right thing in approving it all. But it's still a strange way of doing business.

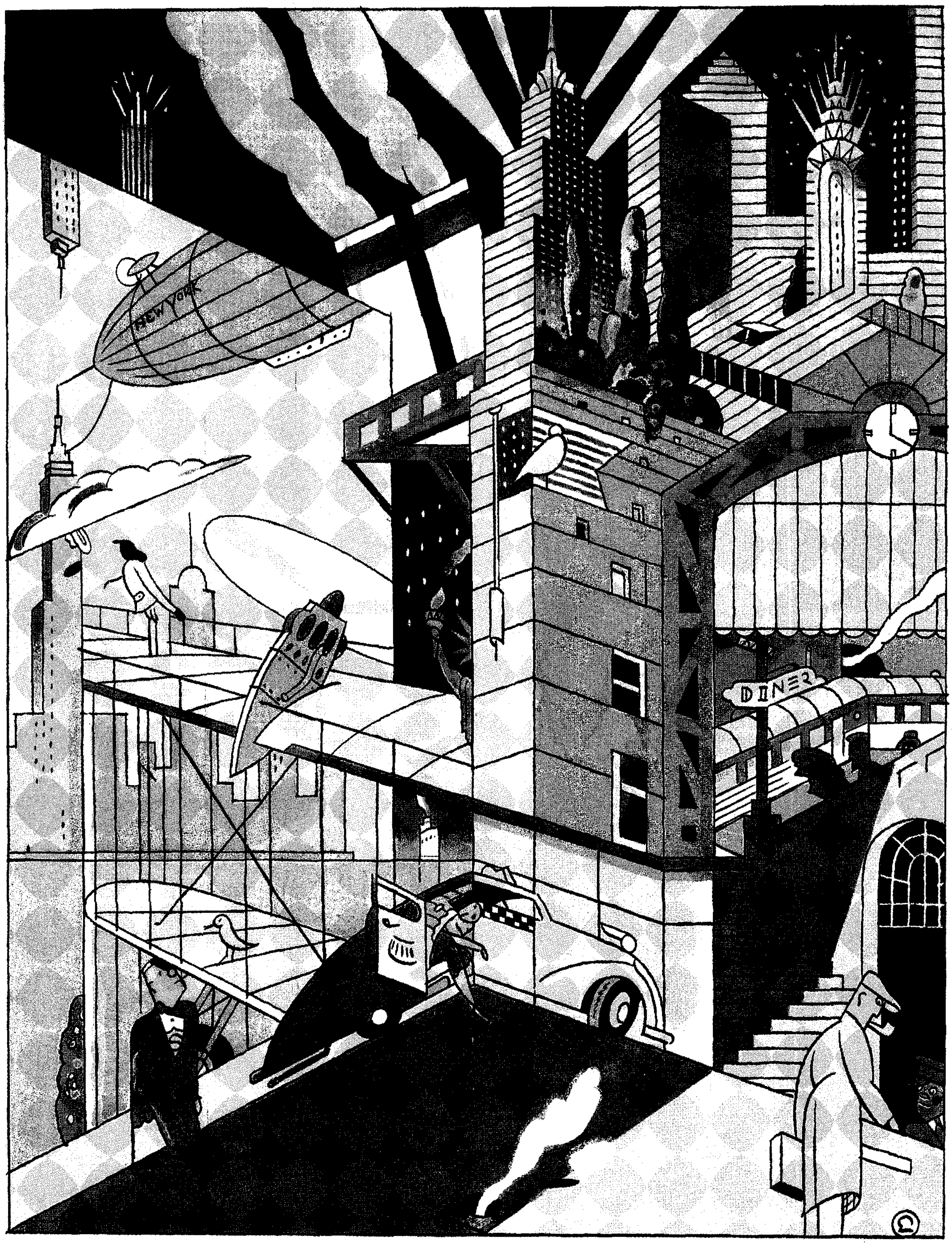
My guess is that it's a way of doing business we won't be seeing again any time soon in the Clinton White House. It's not that Jimmy Carter will exactly fade away. Only a few days after he returned from Haiti, he was talking to the press about the fact that Kim Il Sung's son and successor, Kim Jong Il, had notified him that he intended to fulfill Papa's promises.

But around Washington last week it was a little embarrassing to see how fast Carter had worn out his welcome. At the White House, there were plenty of bruised feelings about the way Carter had made Clinton look like a man not in charge of his own government, and about how eager he had been to trash Administration policy publicly. "You know, it's a mixed thing with Carter," a State Department official said. "On the one hand, it's good he does what he does. You'd rather have an ex-President out doing good things for people than out playing golf like Jerry Ford. On the other hand, maybe not."

I'm sure it won't be easy for either Clinton or Carter to unyoke. Enabling relationships, any good shrink will tell you, are among the hardest to break. But it can be done, and Jimmy Carter's second term may already be over. "A pattern of dysfunctionality need not persist indefinitely, and the key to change is the harsh light of truth." That's from page 236 of "Earth in the Balance," by Al Gore. ♦

SKETCHBOOK • BY EVER MEULEN

NEW YORK, NIGHT AND DAY


NEW YORK
DINER

The wonder city of the nineteen-thirties is still alive today.

PERSONAL HISTORY

QUEEN LEAR

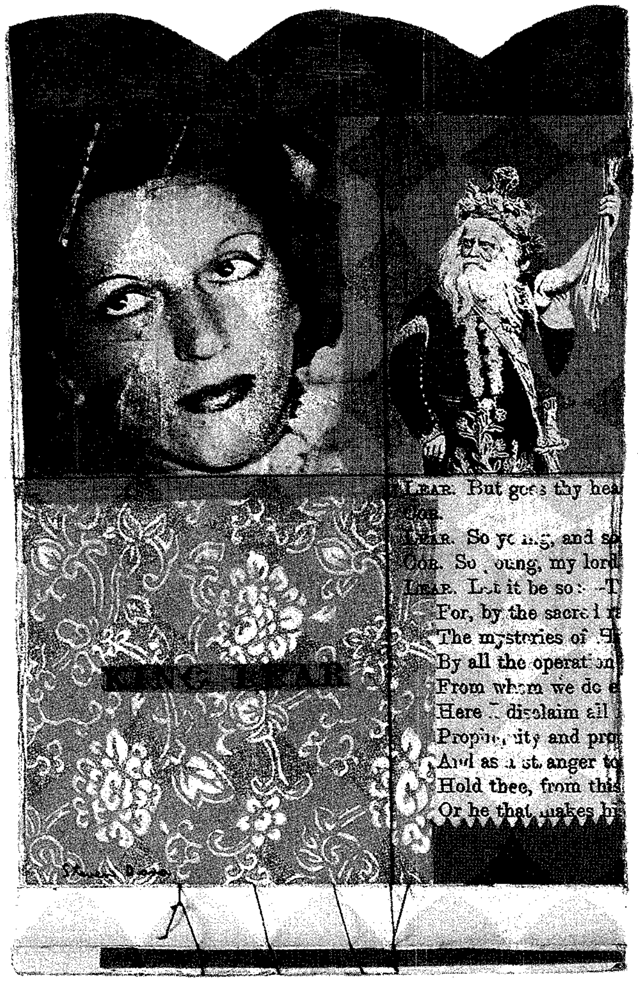
Returning to Shakespeare's greatest play after a mother's death, the author confronts the painful demands of love—and the humiliations of power in eclipse.

BY DAVID DENBY

MY mother died the way she did everything, decisively and in great haste. I had been away with my wife and two sons in California, and the night we returned to New York I called her, as I always did when I got back from a trip. It was February, 1991, and she was seventy-five. When no one answered, I knew she was in trouble, and part of me thought, *She's gone.* I was sure of it, even though I'd talked to her a few days earlier and she had been fine. It was impossible—it was inconceivable—that she wouldn't be home when her family came back from a trip. At times, she seemed to live for moments of reunion; they occurred every day, or almost every day, when I made my regular call. Sometimes she seemed amazed when I called, as if I had been shunning her. If I did neglect to call for a few days, amazement was replaced by grief: it was her lot to have a son who had forgotten his mother; a rift had opened up between us that she would now, with great relief, close.

I entered her apartment, two gently murmuring New York policemen at my heels, with the disbelief one experiences when a catastrophe actually happens: unaccountably not a movie or a dream or a premonition but the thing itself unfolding—an accident, a fight, a body on the ground. My mother was lying in her bathtub, naked; the shower was on. Her face was black, and her lips were pressed together in a frown. I searched for her pulse and turned off the shower, which was cold. There was a small amount of dark blood on the back of the tub—from her mouth, probably. Why was the shower cold? Perhaps she had been stricken while taking a shower and had fallen. Was it a stroke? I was sure that it wasn't a heart attack: she had a heart like Tolstoy's. Had she collapsed before she could adjust the shower? The hot water could not have run out in a large modern apartment building in New York—or could it? I left the bathroom and went out into the living room and sat down on the sofa.

A doctor arrived; he was a small, fussy man, a Haitian in a New York public job. The cops were like angels, silent now, consoling me with lengthy, moist-eyed glances in my direction—they had mothers, too—but the doctor talked a great deal, and actually rubbed his hands together and bowed. Dimly, I noticed that the moment had changed: it no longer had the congealed, this-can't-be-happening-but-it-is quality. Reality was taking over; farce was taking over. The doctor and one of the policemen struggled to get the body out of the tub and onto the floor of the bathroom. Then the doctor rubbed his hands and chattered some more. There had been no foul play; he would order an autopsy. She had died the previous day, perhaps as much as twenty-four hours ago. I closed my eyes and leaned back into the sofa.


LEAR. But goes thy hea
COR.
LEAR. So young, and so
COR. So young, my lord
LEAR. Let it be so: -T
For, by the sacred r
The mysteries of
By all the operation
From whom we do e
Here I disclaim all
Propinquity and pro
And as a stranger to
Hold thee, from this
Or he that makes hi
KING LEAR

Ida Denby would become the Lear of her son's life.

STEVEN DANA

SEVERAL months later, both grieving and not grieving, remembering and not remembering, I threw myself into a complicated project. I decided to spend the year sitting in classrooms with Columbia freshmen and sophomores and reading canonical texts of Western literature, philosophy, and social theory. Having been exasperated by the cultural polemics of the late nineteen-eighties either championing "Western classics" or decrying "dead white males," I wanted to find out what it was actually like these days to read a selection of such books—Plato, Augustine, Machiavelli, Montaigne, Hegel, Marx, Nietzsche, and so on. I had attended Columbia thirty years earlier and had taken as a freshman two of its required corecurriculum courses; now I wanted to take them again to see if the books had changed for me—to discover, I suppose, whether I had grown smaller or larger in the course of making my way into the professional middle class of New York.

I have previously reported in these pages on the daunting, almost wounding difficulty I encountered in rereading the Iliad, the first book in the Literature Humanities course (or Lit Hum, as everyone calls it); and I described the strategies for teaching the sprawling text which had been devised by Professor Edward Tayler, of Columbia's English Department. The required Literature Humanities course is given without lectures, and entirely in small sections. By the spring, when we got to Shakespeare, I was still attending Professor Tayler's section, as well as that of a younger member of the English Department, James Shapiro, who worked in a very different way from Tayler.

After thirty years, a thick, dull atmosphere of secondhandedness and journalistic cliché had gathered in my mind around many of the books, crowding out memory. In our nonreading culture, a classic becomes a hazily remembered reference point, a sort of media hatrack on which to hang whatever argument someone wants to make, whatever product someone wants to sell. My early impressions of, say, the Odyssey had been wiped out by its conventional reputation as a hearty and familiar adventure saga, available to everyone—its incidents knowingly referred to, its title plundered as a tag line in commercials and newspaper headlines. (The *Times* was forever taking its readers on a perilous "shopping odyssey" down Columbus Avenue.) Reading it again, I discovered, to my amazement, that the actual poem was a wild and strange affair, darkly funny, even perverse, an almost antagonistic account of psychic and physical travail—adventure, yes, but with a constant threat of devourment or oblivion.

In the spring semester of Lit Hum, we arrived at a work that was closer to me than the others. I had a peculiar, unsought intimacy with "King Lear"—the great, baleful monument of dramatic poetry—and not just because I had seen movie versions of it and read it a few times since college. In the years before my mother died, when she was in trouble in ways that I couldn't understand or grapple with, I had thought about "King Lear" more than anyone would want to. She *is* King Lear, I would say angrily to my wife after an impossible phone call or visit, the joke seeming staler and less illuminating each time. She was also my mother, Ida Denby, unhappy as hell and eager to let me know it.

Surely, I'm not alone in my uneasy relation to this play. "Lear" may exert its effects on us differently from other literary monuments. It's a great work that comes and finds us. If it *doesn't* suggest something intimate to us, it risks seeming outrageous and improbable, a preposterous fable with overwrought emotions and extravagantly embittered poetry, a wave of misery and negation. As I read the play in 1992, much of it—details of the action, bits of poetry—came back readily enough, and with the force of accusation. I was unsettled right at the opening by its hardness and harshness, the sense of catastrophe unfolding as a kind of joke. Lear, a tough old bastard, intelligent but without insight, gives up the power of the kingship yet refuses to give up the precedence and trappings of his royal position. We don't know why he does this. Apart from the folly of unkinging himself, he is not in any sense failing. He describes himself later as "every inch a king," and he is. His abdication is a mystery, a mystery compounded by vanity and wrath.

But this doesn't quite capture the strangeness of it. The play is set in motion by an excessive parental demand for love. The demand for love: could anything be more homely and banal? Before the first scene, Lear has decided to award the largest portion of his kingdom to Cordelia, his youngest daughter and his favorite. But then, seeking confirmation, and promising to reward in kind, Lear asks each of his three daughters how much she loves him. It is a dreary, embarrassing command performance of affection. Disgusted, Cordelia proudly eschews the effusive protestations of her sisters ("I cannot heave my heart into my mouth"), and Lear, in a rage, immediately dispossesses her.

LEAR: So young, and so untender?
CORDELIA: So young, my lord, and true.
LEAR: Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower!
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this forever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.
(Act I, Scene 1, 106-120)

The play starts with folly and error and goes downhill from there. The two flattering daughters, Goneril and Regan, divide the land and almost immediately betray their father, progressively stripping him of honor, privilege, comfort, and shelter. Little can be said in extenuation of the way Goneril and Regan behave: they want their father dead. But their depredations and Cordelia's prideful silence can both be seen, at least in part, as a revolt against the humiliating demand for love.

Shakespeare was nothing if not apocalyptic at this stage of his career ("Macbeth" was his next tragedy), and, once the bonds of family love are broken, everything goes. The frame of the state, the physical universe itself crack and split, and the elements whirl into contention. Civilization gives way to barbarism, shelter to brutal exposure, fellow-feeling to feral and carnivorous appetite. Lear himself casts off his old manner, his sanity, his clothes: it is a process, violent beyond belief, of unravelling, unhousing, and undressing, until the King is out in a storm with his few remaining loyal subjects and, for the first time in his life, senses what poor and miserable people must suffer:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?
(Act III, Scene 4, 28-32)

Man without protection from the elements—without civilization, laws, forms of respect—is nothing, and Lear, now remorseful and anguished, needs to feel the nothingness in his own skin.

Thou wert better in a grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extrem-

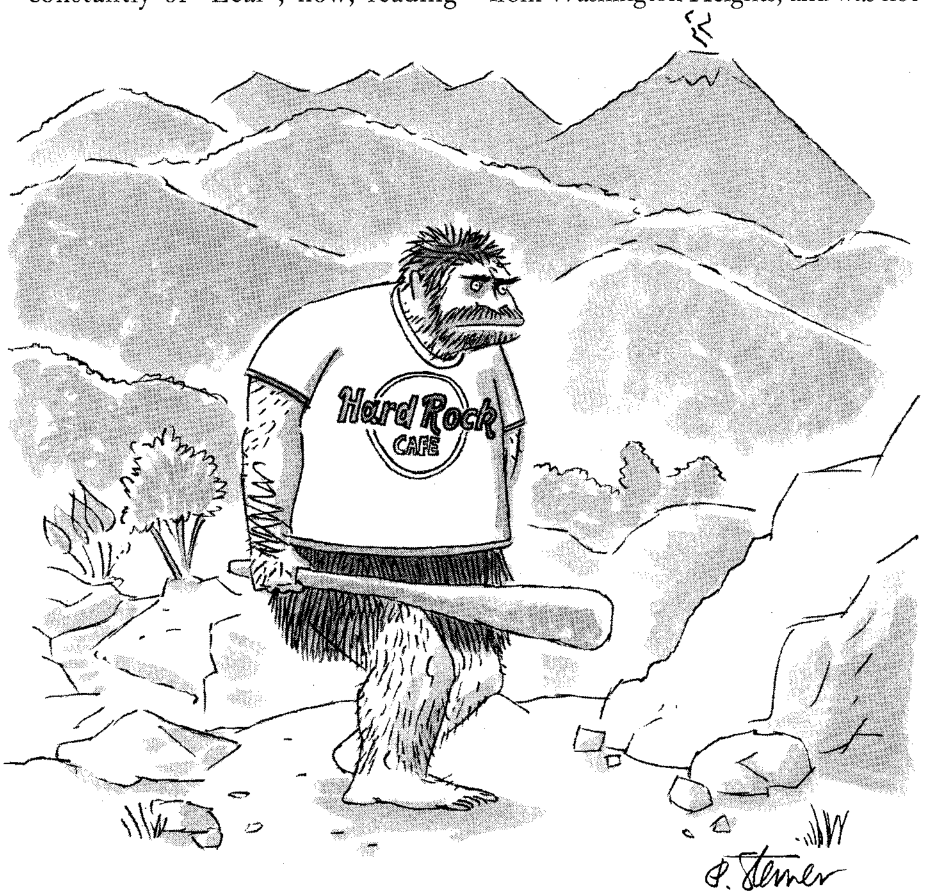
> ity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here. [*Begins to disrobe.*]
>
> (Act III, Scene 4, 96-103)

Lear harrows himself, attains something like a new consciousness; the forces of good rally and join him, and he is reconciled with Cordelia and with his old friend Gloucester, who has undergone a similarly lacerating ordeal of misjudgment, betrayal, and renewal. Redemption of a sort is possible, almost achieved, but help arrives too late. The bodies pile up, including Lear's and Cordelia's.

Beginning in banality and dismay, "Lear" goes right to the edge of annihilation, with a richness of bleak imagery, a sense of the entire natural world in revolt against normal usage, and, at times, an almost manic high foolishness that is no less amazing on the third or fourth reading. Altogether, it gave more pleasure and pain than anything else in Columbia's assemblage of hallowed texts.

A few years ago, when I worried about my mother, I would think constantly of "Lear"; now, reading "Lear" again, I thought constantly of *her*. The play is about fierce pre-Christian aristocrats, not Jewish-American middle-class mothers; but Ida Denby was the Lear of my life.

She was born during the First World War, and in the Depression she became one of those women who just went out and launched a career, without benefit of education or professional training, and certainly without a theory of women's rights and capabilities. She became a businesswoman by necessity and instinct, and much later, in the sixties and seventies, she was puzzled by the emergence of a modern feminist consciousness. She couldn't see the need for it; talk of "patriarchy" and "the oppression of women" only amused her. In truth, I don't think she could imagine anyone holding her back. She had wanted to make money—no, she had *had* to make money—and so she had dropped out of school at fourteen and begun working (her four brothers stayed in school and eventually went to college). By the time she reached her early twenties, she was sailing to Europe on the Mauritania and buying ladies' sportswear in Paris for American department stores. She was a short Jewish girl (about five feet one) from Washington Heights, and was not especially articulate. Untutored, she put herself together (a favorite phrase of hers) and somehow acquired a stone-crushing self-confidence combined with an unshakable system of concealing her ignorance of everything that wasn't necessary to her work, her family, her travel, her clothes, and her table. Until her final decade, I never knew her to be anything other than a tremendous success in life.



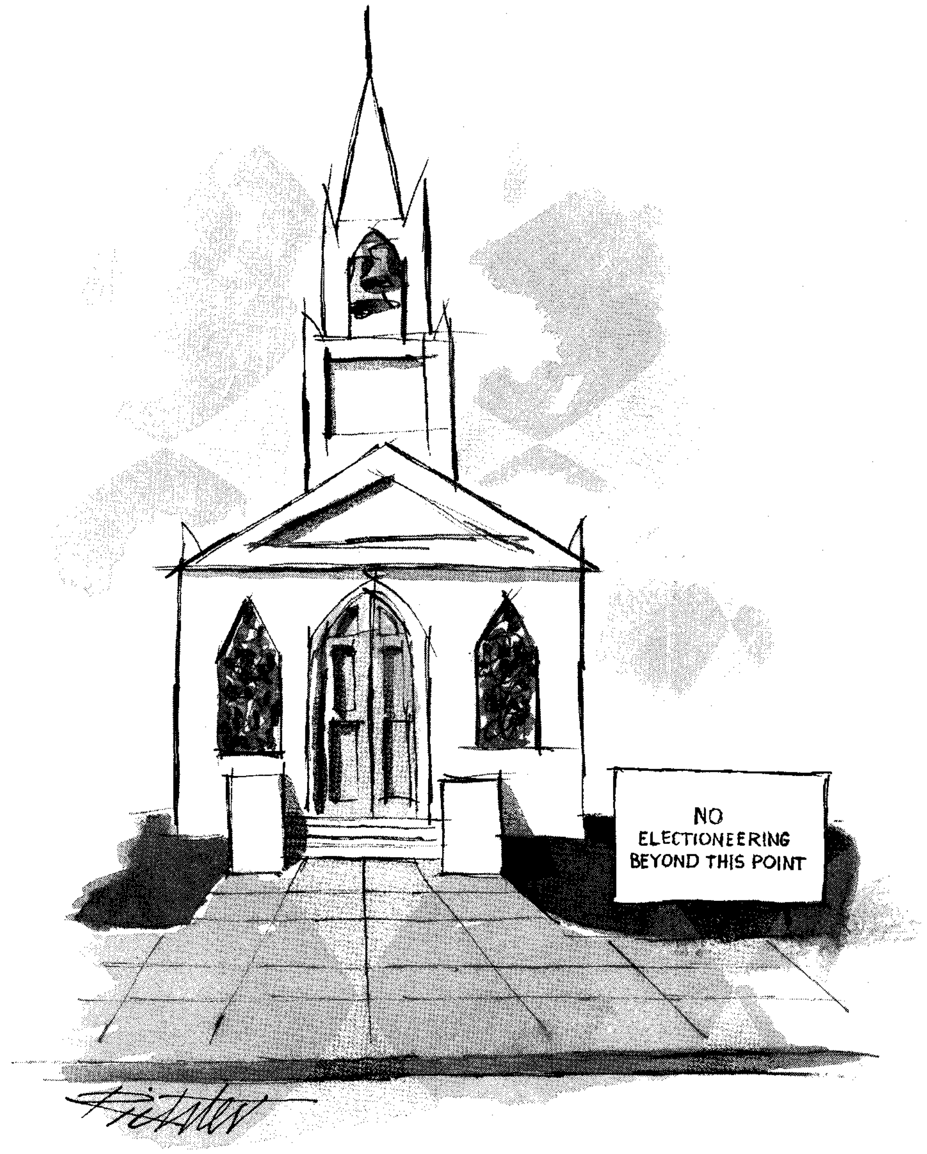
And I never knew her to be conscious of her effect on people, or to be aware of when she had faked her way through something or had lied. My mother was possibly the most *innocently* egotistical human being who has ever lived. In other words, she was a happy woman. She was also a heroine. I knew that when I was a very small boy.

When I was thirteen or fourteen—dressed in my gray flannel slacks and blue blazer, the perfect gentleman—I would accompany her on visits to a manufacturer's plant in Pennsylvania or on Long Island. She would barge in, head for the boss's office, sit on the edge of his desk, her legs crossed and exposed (she had good legs), and say something like "When are you going to get that fucking shipment of blouses to me?" This was around 1956, when not many women executives talked that way. Of course, she was showing off for her little boy. Trembling a bit, I thought, My own movie star! Barbara Stanwyck! She was fast, spontaneous, devastating. She teased the men she worked with, and got away with things that men wouldn't have tried. As far as I could tell, they were fond of her, a pre-feminist "working girl" of the thirties and forties who could join them in the shouted give-and-take of a Seventh Avenue showroom as machinery clattered in the background.

Unfortunately, she told off salesgirls, too. She was hell to go shopping with, and I was occasionally humiliated by her dominating ways. Having worked in the forties at McCreery's, the long-gone department store at Fifth and Thirty-fourth—according to family legend, she was the first Jew at McCreery's—she knew all about salesgirls. If a clerk refused to go look for something or take back a purchase she would browbeat the girl until she broke, and I would suffer along with the clerk. "I saw you on Saturday at Doubleday's," a girl in my eighth-grade class said to me once. “You were with your mother. You were crying.”

Yet I counted myself lucky. And my father, who was awed by her and crazy about her, was lucky, too, because she was loving and easy at home. With us, she would try to run everything, and then, suddenly, she would pull back. Home was not business—she knew that, and she relented. In any case, she was happy with my father, a costume-jewelry manufacturer and an adroit, low-pressure salesman. He was a quiet and refined sort of guy, not a fighter, but a gentleman who dressed like Fred Astaire. She loved him and doted on me, her only child, her prince. I have a picture of her now in my living room. She is lying on a hospital bed, her head propped up on her arm, and she is fully made up: lipstick, eyebrows, Rita Hayworth hair—the works. She is almost beautiful. And all this while lying on a hospital bed! A photographer had apparently been called to her bedside to provide evidence that Ida Denby had put herself together. I was, I believe, born just a few days before this picture was taken. The look on her face is a cross between triumph and impatience.

The prince had no complaints. When I heard Jewish-mother jokes, when I read “Portnoy’s Complaint,” I would think that I should be the victim of the joke—but I knew that it wasn’t so. My mother’s spiritedness released people from embarrassment and anger.



And then my father died. He had been ill for some years, weak from angina, and my mother, by sheer will power, had kept him alive, buoying his mood and nursing him when necessary, even retiring for a while and living with him in the country. He died very abruptly, in 1980. We were in a bank on Thirty-fourth Street, he and I, looking at papers in the vault, and he had a moment’s warning, a surge of pain. “Not good,” he said. “Let’s continue our business.” And he went on looking at the papers. But a minute or so later, he leaned forward and, without a word, lost consciousness. It was over before I realized what was happening. I called for an ambulance and after that took in nothing until a paramedic, not realizing who I was, felt my father’s pulse and said, “This one’s a stiff.” I immediately forgave him—he had seen, no doubt, several other corpses that day. I also never forgave him.

Both my parents died suddenly in New York City, and, if I can speak with the selfishness of a survivor, and of an only child, each death was, for me, both easy and hard, since there was no time to say anything. I had, through much of my life, taken my gentle father for granted; we both lived in the shadow of a powerful woman, and at some level I had wanted him to be as strong as my mother. I thought of him as someone who was appended to her, someone to whom she had shown mercy; I hadn’t realized how much work went into being her constant companion. But after he died I saw it clearly enough. He had absorbed much of her energy, taken her aggressiveness into himself and neutralized it. “You can wear her down,” he had once confided to me, with a sigh. “But you can never make her stop.” I don’t think he wanted her to stop.

WHEN my father died, my mother, then in her mid-sixties, most astonishingly fell apart. And she got worse and worse. After a few years, muttering something about taxes, she abruptly and mysteriously quit working, and became, still arrayed in battle dress, a warrior without a campaign. All at once, she was that diminished person, a widow; she had no arena in which to expend her energy, her desire for command, her anger. She furiously managed her apartment in New York and a house on Long Island and refused to do much

TOLLUND

That Sunday morning we had travelled far.
We stood a long time out in Tollund Moss:
The low ground, the swart water, the thick grass
Hallucinatory and familiar.

A path through Jutland fields. Light traffic sound.
Willow bushes, rushes, bog-fir grags
In a swept and gated farmyard. Dormant quags.
And silage under wraps in its silent mound.

It could have been Mulhollandstown or Scribe.
The byeroads had their names on them, the map
Of the country and the country added up.
We were truant and at home outside the tribe,

Like scouts in old haunts, ghosts who'd walked abroad
Unfazed by light, to make a new beginning
And make a go of it, alive and sinning,
Ourselves again, free-willed again, not bad.

—Seamus Heaney
(September, 1994)

else. Nothing was good enough for her. She would go out with no man—not even for dinner—and refused any chance to make new friends, even as she scared off many of the old ones. In a state of constant irritation, she would denounce companions of thirty years' standing. Only a few young women, loyal acolytes from her business days, retained her interest.

I suppose there was no mystery in this. She had lost her husband, her son (to marriage), and her business—a three-way reduction of power. A free-wheeling big spender, generous to a fault, my mother no longer commanded expense accounts and travel budgets; she could not invite people to her house or apartment, because she didn't have the spirit to entertain them, and as a guest at someone else's house she was restless, and accusatory. If the whole day wasn't planned around her, she was miserable. "This doesn't work for *me*," she would wail.

I listened and suffered with her, and I grew embarrassed. She had been masterful for half a century, and now she couldn't seem to find herself. I made suggestions, offering to introduce her to this or that experience, but she would do nothing that I proposed, and at times my sympathy would drain away. Would she go to lectures or join in activities with other retired people at the 92nd Street Y, one of the best-run cultural institutions in the city? She was furious. Sit with housewives? She who had been everywhere, done everything? It was out of the question.

"You're killing me with this stuff!"

"With the suggestion that you go to the Y?"

"You're killing me."

All right. Would she visit her brothers and sisters in Florida, then? No, there was nothing to do there, no one to talk to but old people. She would not go down there. She would *die* in Florida.

"What am I supposed to do?" I asked my wife.

"Ask your mother."

Very funny, but my mother was telling me in her way exactly what I was supposed to do. I was supposed to know her and to love her, and that love must be unabashed, unreserved, and unseeing. She wanted to be taken care of, and yet she wouldn't accept care.

Now, for the first time, my mother's dropping out of school at fourteen hurt her badly. She had few interests to draw on or cultivate, and she was too proud, after years of achievement, to accept instruction. She lacked the patience to read fiction and the information and curiosity to read, say, history, so she read biographies of actresses, duchesses, and gigolos and went to the movies a great deal. For once, I could help, but there were never enough movies or the right ones, and the complaints arrived like a pelting rainstorm on my head. Tradesmen and dentists cheated her; everyone lied. She was suddenly helpless, she who had been a master of trade. For years, I had been wary of her—I had loved her, but I had been wary—and now she wanted everything done for her. She would never consider visiting a shrink; the sole meeting I was able to arrange with a psychiatric social worker turned into a comic disaster. And so, unseen and unseeing, she was relentless in her woe, and there were days when I shut my heart against her.

James Shapiro began his first class on "Lear" by quoting William Hazlitt. "We wish that we could pass this play over and say nothing about it. All that we can say must fall far short of the subject; or even of what we ourselves conceive of it. To attempt to give a description of the play itself, or of its effects upon the mind, is mere impertinence; yet we must say something." Shapiro was young—about thirty-five—with blond hair and deep-set hazel eyes, and he was friendly yet fervently tough-minded with his first-year students.

In fact, "King Lear" seemed to recapitulate the literature course up to that point. Yet it was an emotionally demanding play, and Shapiro had to struggle with some of his freshmen to get more than a guarded response out of them. I could guess why. A play about murderous relations between parents and children could make anyone queasy—and who more so than teenagers, who were just escaping the command of mother and father and might not have escaped their emotional hold? The students couldn't describe that situation: they were *in* it. For many of them, the play seemed too violent, and quite unbelievable. The young men, in particular, were harsh: some of them fought off "Lear" with cynical contempt for Cordelia. ("I would have said to Lear, 'I love you,' " a Southern gent with a lazily knowing manner remarked. "To get a third of the kingdom, I would have said it.") Or they read it merely as a struggle among forces of equal merit whose interests just happen to collide. There was contrarianism in this, I thought—the rebellion of young students against what they took to be the sentimental reading of a classic. An African-American from Baltimore, who was generally the strongest student in the class, refused to see the actions of the evil characters as the utter negation of social bonds, which was surely what Shakespeare had intended; they were simply participants in a struggle for power.

But a number of the students were alive to the play. The women tended to become emotionally involved—so much so that several of them recoiled from the famously unhappy ending, in which Cordelia dies and then the chastened Lear dies, too. "It should have ended with their reconciliation," said a young woman from Singapore, who had read a great deal more than the others. "Otherwise, there's no justice in the world." Shapiro was delighted: her response had a long history behind it. Just such sentiments had led to the alteration of the play in 1681 by the dramatist Nahum Tate: he produced a happy-ending "Lear" that held the stage from the late seventeenth century until the early nineteenth. Even Dr. Samuel Johnson found Shakespeare's ending almost unendurable (though he retained Shakespeare's text for his own edition of the plays). In the Tate revision, the story ends in a way that many audiences would prefer and that justice, especially poetic justice, seems to require: Lear gets his kingdom back and then resigns, and Cordelia marries Edgar, Gloucester's good son. Shapiro read us some of the fustian Tate: "My Edgar, Oh!"—"Truth and Vertue shall at last succeed." Everyone laughed.

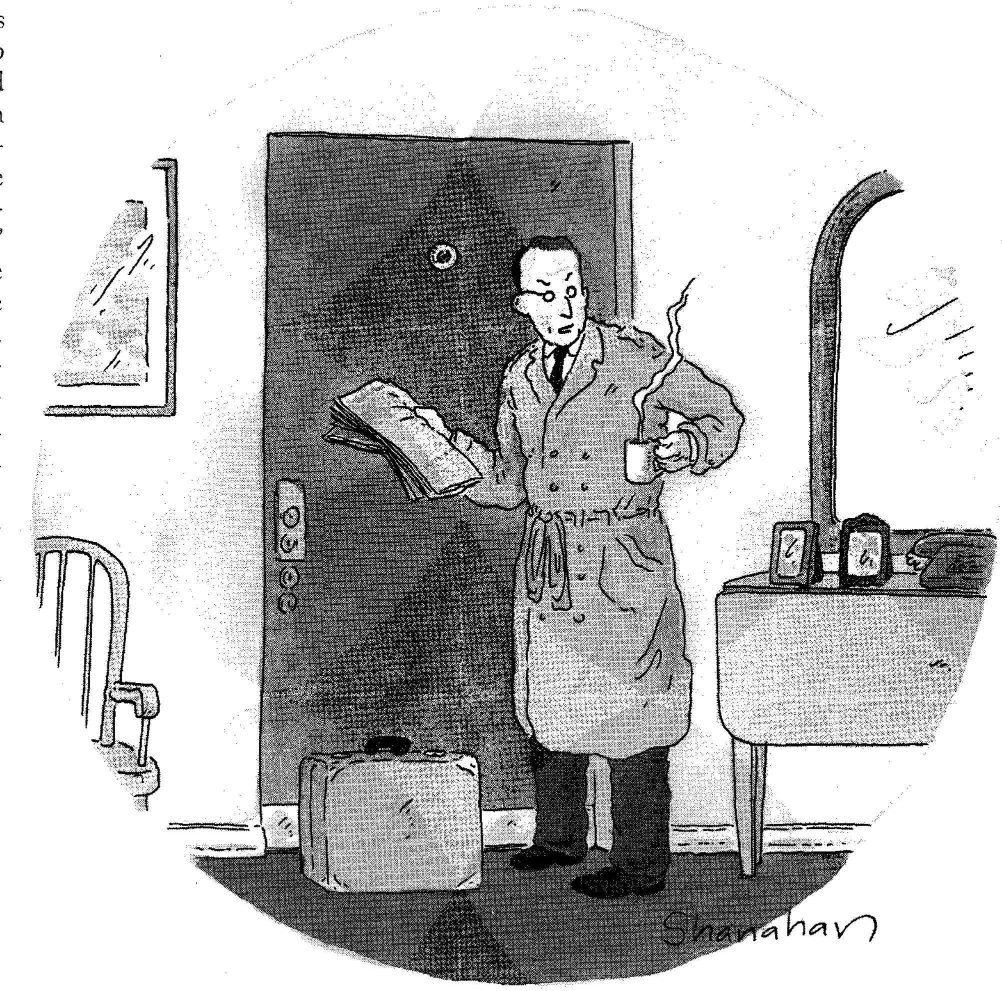
Shapiro immediately called the students on their laughter. If they were tough enough to see that Tate was kitsch, then he would lead them into the heart of the play's tragic emotions. He turned on them relentlessly. "What do you want literature to be in your lives?" he demanded. "What kind of resistance do you bring to this play?" He had tricked them, as it turned out, for even in Shakespeare's text there was a possible happy ending (of a sort). Cordelia has been hanged, and Lear enters with her lifeless body in his arms and holds a feather to her lips:

This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
(Act V, Scene 3, 266-268)

Shortly afterward, Lear dies, still watching the feather at his daughter's lips. Does he die happily, thinking that Cordelia lives? Some of the students thought so. Shapiro pursued them. He routed their bland denials, insisting that they could not face the play's dire implications. He quoted one of the play's most famous lines—"As flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods; / They kill us for their sport"—and took them to the edge: "Maybe there's nothing out there, and we're only imagining gods setting out rewards and punishments." What had started as a discussion of the play's ending had turned into a discussion of whether there were any moral imperatives in the universe. The student from Baltimore bristled at this. Imperatives, he said, are set by power—the winners write history and decide what evil is. As a black man, he said, he couldn't see it any other way.

But Shapiro refused to conclude on that note. "Shakespeare doesn't impose a philosophy on us," he said later. "History is written by the winners *and* the losers." At the end of so much suffering, there was a kind of burning clarity in "Lear."

But, with my mother in mind, I thought that the play—and the students' resistance to it—was about something so obvious that everyone was loath to talk about it: the anguish that



"One of you will have to remain behind."

ensues when the ravages of time invert the accustomed relation between parent and child. As my mother's situation grew worse, her short-term memory began to go (this happened when she was about seventy), and she forgot appointments and addresses and even ran out into the city in her robe and slippers a few times.

A woman who had bullied many people (though not me) had become almost abject, and once or twice I noticed in myself the same thing I had been noticing in others—a secret fascination with the scandal of her weakness. People's eyes would come alive with horrified excitement when she was late for a dinner party. She would eventually show up, blaming someone else for her lateness, and everyone would be relieved, yet still eager to hear the *details* of it. (Her pride helped her there; she never admitted a thing.)

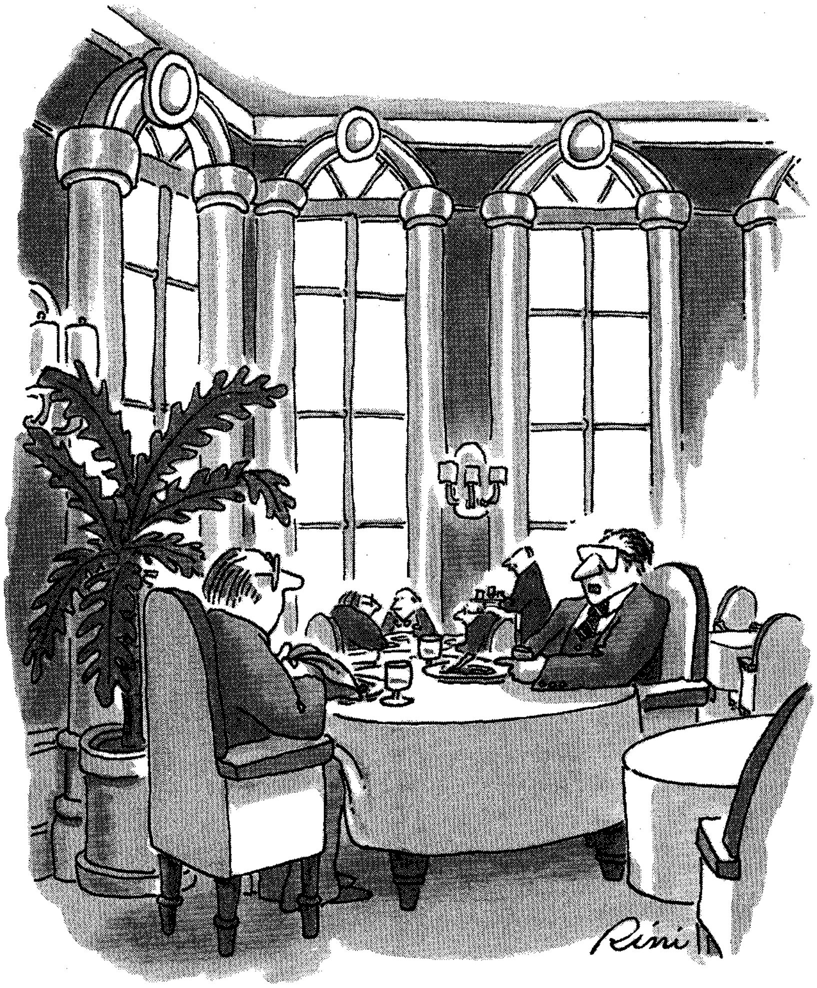
The layers of upper-middle-class armature, the clothes and jewels and furs and furniture that she had so happily earned and enjoyed; the New York restaurant-going and theatregoing that she had so lovingly mastered—none of this could protect her. Her condition was becoming dangerous, and I was paralyzed. Suddenly, she seemed naked, and I had no idea how to clothe her. She unhoused herself one day, showing up at our apartment haggard and drawn, and lived with us for a while, sleeping in the living room and wandering the apartment gray-faced, her gloom relieved only by my oldest son, then six, whom she adored.

She wanted to live in her own apartment, and when she went home we hired companions to live with her and look after her, all of them trained to deal with "difficult" older people. But she couldn't bear to have anyone monitoring her, and fired them all, accusing each one, after a few weeks, of incompetence or stealing. She seemed as mad as a hatter. Did she have Alzheimer's? The question became unavoidable. My wife and I took her to a well-known neurologist, who asked her such questions as "Who is the President of the United States?" Like so many doctors, he had a profound detestation of what he took to be senility. There was nothing he could do about it, and he was openly contemptuous during the examination. She had become that infinitesimal thing, a patient no longer competent.

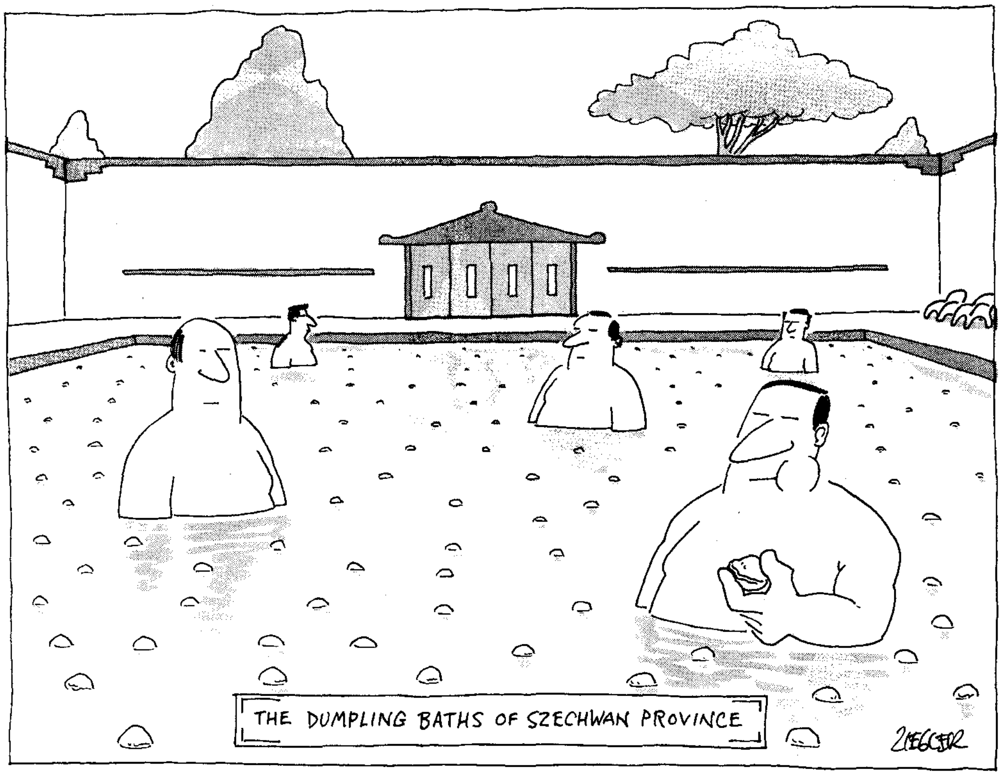
I was almost ready to put my mother in a "home"—which would have been a defeat for all of us, almost the modern equivalent of Regan and Goneril's driving Lear out into the storm—but my wife was not. The neurologist's haughty manner so enraged her that she insisted that my mother see another doctor—a young man, but one who knew something about geriatrics—and from the moment my mother entered the new doctor's office the clouds began to lift for us. He quickly established that she had an excess of calcium in her blood—a condition that her old doctor had wrongly attributed to Padget's disease, and one that can, in some cases, cause dementia. Within weeks, a benign tumor was discovered in one of her parathyroid glands, and the gland was removed. In the hospital the day after the operation, when my mother was still in pain, I noticed that she was speaking more logically than she had spoken in years. The nurses were slow, but they were not trying to destroy her, she said. No, they simply had problems taking care of everybody. My wife had saved my mother's life.

Ida Denby quickly regained her sense, her apartment, and some of her peace of mind, and almost enjoyed her last few years. She was better, significantly better, but she still raged against her situation and demanded more love than I could give her. The illness had exacerbated her troubles, but even when she got better her fundamental nature and situation remained unchanged. She was a powerful person who had let go of the reins yet still wanted to control a team of horses.

All the people she had made feel lazy or unsuccessful in the past fastened on her troubles and then, after her operation, refused to hear that she had got better. Even after she was much improved, I couldn't persuade any of them



"It's settled, then. I'll have my people sue your people."


THE DUMPLING BATHS OF SZECHWAN PROVINCE

to call her up. "Being weak, seem so," Regan says to Lear when the old King, no longer in office, complains about his emissary being put in the stocks. It is a vile remark. But it's almost understandable, too, because powerful people, as they age, often become obsessed with loyalty and the signs and flourishes of respect while failing to notice how much their children and friends need to maintain their own *self*-respect.

Unlike Regan and Goneril, I did my parent no great harm—I took care of her in the slightly distant but steady way that wary only sons take care of mothers—but I was often in a rage. No matter, I told myself at the time. It was duty that was required in grown-up sons. What you felt was beside the point. You had obligations, and you had to fulfill them. She had never failed me, and I could not fail her. But when she died my tears were produced as much by relief as by sorrow.

Whatever else "King Lear" does, it brings you back to the inescapable struggle for power between parents and children. It suggests that the basic human relations in begetting and dying can be intolerable. Maybe that as well as the injustice of the ending is what Dr. Johnson found so difficult to bear. For Lear is hardly the only parent to demand too much love from his children. Did I not want my sons to accept my reading, my culture, my tastes—a demand for love in its way as relentless as any other? And who hasn't had moments in which he wished his parents gone, as Goneril, Regan, and Edmund did? I know there were days when I wanted my mother off my back, out of my life. Shakespeare begins with such awkward stuff and splits the earth wide open with it.

PROFESSOR EDWARD TAYLER was wrapping up an intense ten hours—five classes—on Shakespeare. He worked through the mythic structure and the historical background of "Richard II." His teaching was all detail, highly specific, highly analytic: he had yanked the students from their high-school reading habits to graduate-school-level subtleties.

When we got to "King Lear," he began in the same way, analyzing metaphor and structure, recounting the play's bounty of negatives—the many "no"s and "nothing"s. But suddenly he said, "Nobody can lay a glove on this play. This is the greatest thing written by anyone any time anywhere, and I don't know what to do with it. In a case like this, no one else knows what to do with it, either."

He had never made a remark remotely like that one, and my wife, who had accompanied me to class that day, looked at me oddly, as if to say, "Who *is* this guy?"—for Tayler, a sixtyish hipster wit, normally imperturbable and allusive, was suddenly on the verge of tears. Quickly, he returned to a notion he had developed back in the fall, when we were discussing the Odyssey: the difference between surface, or nominal, recognition and deep, or substance, recognition (in Aristotle's term, anagnorisis). Odysseus' son Telemachus, having never seen his long-missing father, voyages out from Ithaca to hear news of Odysseus; meanwhile, Odysseus, trapped in Calypso's arms and nearly fornicating himself to death, finally breaks away and reclaims his identity. The two meet in Ithaca, and there begins a series of tortuous recognition scenes, culminating in the mutual recognition of Odysseus and his wife, Penelope, outside the bedroom and then in bed, a meeting at first uncomfortable and then joyous.

"Lear" was similarly about deep recognition—an experience accompanied by pain as well as pleasure. "The play starts out bad, and gets worse and worse," Tayler said in his baritone murmur. "What we've got here is delay, protraction, until moments of supreme recognition." And we read through the scenes of the shattered Lear at the end of the play encountering his old friend Gloucester, now blinded, and, soon after, Cordelia. Tayler, following the philosopher Stanley Cavell, focussed on a plangent exchange between Gloucester and Lear. Gloucester says, "O, let me kiss that hand," and Lear replies, "Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality."

"I'm sorry, this stuff gets to me," Tayler said haltingly, looking down for an instant. "Lear feels shame. Shame is one of the biggest emotions." He paused for a second, and then glared at some of the men in the class. Now he was almost shouting: "You're breaking out with pimples; your girlfriend comes upon you when you're masturbating. It's *shame!*" The men looked up, electrified but silent. "Shame, the most basic emotion. Look, in the beginning of the play, Lear wants to be *loved*. Lear says, 'Which of you shall we say doth love us most?' But what won't he give? In order to receive love, you have to be seen through, and not just seen. You have to let people see your murderous impulses as well as your benevolent ones. En route to recognizing Gloucester and Cordelia, Lear has to go through a process."

And Tayler quoted the amazing speech in which Lear, for years the head of state, now questions the legal basis of authority:

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back.
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all.
(Act IV, Scene 6, 157-162)

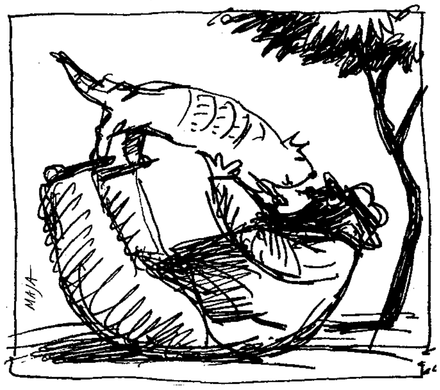
"See?" Tayler said. "Lear has truly recognized himself. You recognize something in yourself and you punish someone else for it. You want to fuck that whore, but instead of doing that you punish her. This is a play about shame and love and recognition."

Around us, the students sat dry-eyed. They were young, but they had to hear this. "I know most of you think you have no trouble recognizing love," Tayler said, "but at the deepest level, the recognition is always dearly bought. We all want love, but how much are we going to go through to get it? Will we risk being seen through? In order to be truly recognized and loved, you're going to have to get past this point of shame—you have to get to the point where Penelope and Odysseus recognize each other. And to get to that point it's going to hurt. Afterward, Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Cordelia—the good people—know the truth and die." So that was why the ending as Shakespeare wrote it is necessary and inevitable. "It's about stuff that really matters," Tayler said. "Love and shame, and about being willing to be seen through as well as seen."

At my mother's funeral, a young cantor sang so beautifully that he almost purged the regrets and ambivalence that were choking me. After her young friends made eulogies, I was ready to say something. "From the beginning to last week, she was my strength, my authority, my sword and shield." That was certainly true. And then I told her story as I've told it here, but without the dismaying coda of her final years.

When Lear loses everything and fears he will go insane, his loving Fool, who continues to attend him, speaks to him in penetrable riddles: a seeming madness to mirror Lear's madness, a manic yet utterly faithful critique of Lear's actions and state. And, similarly, Edgar, Gloucester's good son, speaks to his deluded father and to Lear in the character of Poor Tom, a noisy addlepate who thinks that the universe has conspired against him. Shakespeare's poetry of pretended madness is made almost unbearably moving by the deeply loving intention behind it: the Fool and Edgar hope to nurse the two tormented old men back to mental health with their provocations, while hateful Goneril and Regan speak to Lear in the tones of the coldest rationality, trying to check his anguished demands with reason. How many knights shall Lear retain when he stays with either of his daughters?

LEAR: [*To Goneril*] I'll go with thee.
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
GONERIL: Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty? ten? or five?
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
REGAN: What need one?
LEAR: O reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady:
If only to go warm were gorgeous,



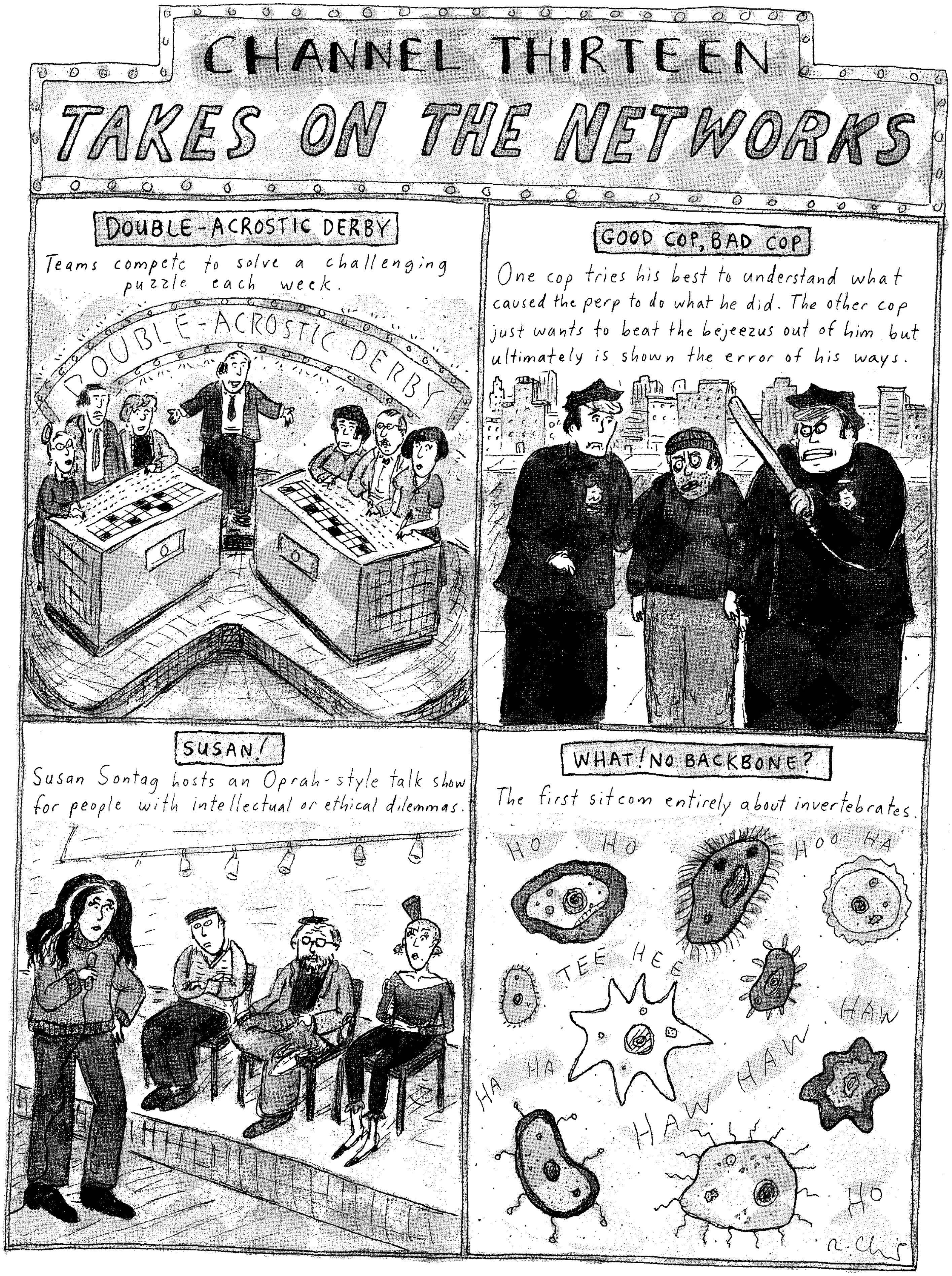
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.
(Act II, Scene 4, 253-265)

The famous lines mortified me as I read the play again, because I had been forever trying to reason with my mother, trying to separate her real difficulties from her imagining of difficulty. When she went alone to her country house for the weekend, disaster attended her hours: power lines fell down on the house; the lawn developed gaping holes; pipes burst; ants ravaged the kitchen. Catastrophe followed catastrophe—the objective world a mockery of her fallen state. Her return to the city, on Sunday night, would be capped with a damage report on the telephone. But how much of it was true? None of this happened when my wife and I were with her. So I would try to sort it out, try to get *her* to sort it out, and she would grow angrier and angrier, as if I were the one pulling down power lines on her head.

Was I really helping her with my logical, patient questions, my attempts to bring her around? If only I could have loosened up, let fly my fancy, any fancy that worked, and tried a loving cure—like the Fool or Edgar! Reading "King Lear" again, I saw a bit of Goneril and Regan's stony rigor breaking through my exasperated relation to my mother in her later years. I revenged myself on her long-held strength by refusing to enter her madness. How could I not have realized that, emotionally, she needed reassurance, not reality?

My mother did not understand much of what was going on with her when she was ill, and afterward she did not admit she *had* been ill. She wouldn't even credit the young doctor with saving her sanity. After a few hapless attempts, I never spoke of the matter again. My mother did not know that she possessed an unconscious. She had the noble, infuriating density of a fully achieved ego, a pre-Freudian personality. You could not hold a mirror up to her nature. That was partly the source of her strength—and of her capacity for happiness. Throughout our lives together, I was always struggling to get her to see herself, but she would not be my student. ♦

CHANNEL THIRTEEN
TAKES ON THE NETWORKS


DOUBLE-ACROSTIC DERBY
HO
HO
HOO
HA
TEE
HEE
HAW
HA
HA
HAW
HAW
HO
R. Chast

DOUBLE-ACROSTIC DERBY

Teams compete to solve a challenging puzzle each week.

GOOD COP, BAD COP

One cop tries his best to understand what caused the perp to do what he did. The other cop just wants to beat the bejeezus out of him but ultimately is shown the error of his ways.

SUSAN!

Susan Sontag hosts an Oprah-style talk show for people with intellectual or ethical dilemmas.

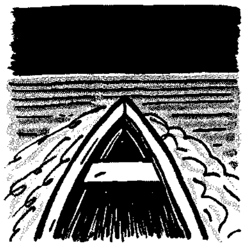
WHAT! NO BACKBONE?

The first sitcom entirely about invertebrates.

FICTION

WILL YOU SAY SOMETHING, MONSIEUR ELIOT?

BY TOM PAINE



AFTER the eye passed over, the shivering Concordia Yawl Bliss was picked up and tossed sideways down into a trough. For a moment in the dark that had been a brilliant noon two hours earlier Eliot saw a light on the horizon and knew it was the light at the top of his own mast. The light flickered and went black, and there was nothing but the white noise of the storm. The wooden yawl shuddered deep in her timbers, and Eliot was catapulted from the cockpit and landed chin first on the deck and heard his molars shatter. Weightless for a moment as Bliss dropped, Eliot again cracked down against the deck like a fish. The bow rose up the face of a mountain of water, and Eliot fell head first toward the wheel. His heavy arms locked in the spokes, and his Adam's apple crunched on mahogany, and he was upside-down, bare feet to the sky. Bliss paused at the crest before her bow came down hard, hurtling Eliot backward through the companionway and down onto the teak floor below, where he rolled in a soup of seawater and motor oil and caulking.

The creaking of the hull planks rose to a moan and subsided and rose again. The garboard plank was wrenching away from the keel, and the sea overwhelming the pumps. Eliot caught his breath and lifted his head. The storm paused. In the pause Eliot heard a distant *plink*, the single sharp piano *plink* of the lower shroud snapping, and then the crack of the main mast as it folded at its midsection into the sea. Bliss rose and twisted against the storm. The seaborne mast was buffeted, still wired to the hull. Eliot was braced against the sink in the galley reaching for the bolt cutters when the mast rammed through the after-hull. He crawled behind the companionway toward the hole with a red flotation cushion for a potential patch and a broken paddle for a wedge. The sea poured in against his knees. The mast broke through again, and Eliot was driven backward on a river, into the cabin. He crawled to his feet and slid an orange life jacket over his head, and Bliss was thrown from the sea into the air and turned turtle and the sea rushed into the cabin and she righted again. Climbing up the compaionway, Eliot saw in the west the vaporous glow of the end of the storm working toward him. He thrust his arms through the wheel and watched the light grow, and a rogue wave dropped from the heavens and drove Bliss down into the sea.

ELIOT's shoulders and head bobbed in the sea like a red bottle. He was shirtless and stripped of his life jacket, and his face was bloated from twenty-four hours of exposure and oozing from cuts and abrasions. His eyes were swollen half shut. The sharp nubs of his broken teeth lanced at his tongue, and Eliot counted six—three to starboard and three to port. Once a dolphin flew out of the sea not far from Eliot, but it didn't come again, and the sea was mute. Eliot's lips fissured and the fissures spread red and raw. At night he watched the sky for a shooting star but he didn't ask to be saved when he saw the first one, and there were dozens, as if every star in the sky were thrown down. He floated on his back all night and missed Bliss more than anyone because Bliss was perfection. Eliot exhaled and sank under, down to his blistered lips and nose, and when he filled his lungs the white island of his belly emerged, breaking the black surface, and he let the breath go in a gasp and sank down again and then pulled the night again into his lungs. It went on and on, this rising and falling. Morning pinched the stars from the sky one at a time, and Eliot watched them go, and slowly the gray turned to yellow and then gold, and the sun burned at the edge of the Atlantic Sea.

ON the second day, Eliot saw something long and shiny in the sun, and he paddled to it. It was the boom of Bliss, yellow varnished Sitka spruce rolling in the sea. Eliot removed his belt from the tight loops of his bunched shorts. He tied the belt around the boom and looped his arm through the sling and fell back with a groan and hung in the water. He slid his burning face under the sea and looked up through its lens at a cloud quivering like mercury and blew silver bubbles to the surface. His face turned down toward the depths, and his puffy hand drifted before his face, and his Princeton ring sparkled gold in the airy blue. Eliot pointed downward and cried out with the last air in his lungs, and the cry warbled in the water, and his breath bubbled up his forehead. He broke the surface gasping and flopped up across the boom with his face in the sea. Eliot looked down into the water ten metres, where there was nothing, just liquid blue fading into black. He turned his head and sucked in a loud breath and searched the deserted sea. Skin shrivelled off his shoulders and drifted down and away as Eliot held his breath and watched the sails of skin battered in the invisible eddies.

ON the day before leaving for this single-handed sail—out of the Bahamas and bound for St. Barts—Eliot had stood over his secretary's desk with his bag over his shoulder and written a check for fifty thousand dollars. Eliot told her to send it to David Mercer at Fleet, with best regards. Eliot's tenth Princeton reunion was in June, and he had been taunting David—threatening not to give any money this year—and one night was watching David squirm in his chair at the Princeton Club when David said out of the blue, What if something happened?

What if something happened when?

On your trip, David said. Your sailing trip.

Like what? Eliot said.

Like something could happen.

Like *what* could happen?

David raised his mineral water to his lips. Eliot, don't you see something could go wrong?

I've single-handed Bliss dozens of times.

So you're not afraid.

FILIP PAGOWSKI

Not really.

You think it's impossible?

What?

You know.

I never think about that.

Never?

I think about dropping twenty pounds. Wasn't this dinner about money?

Eliot, do you mind my making a personal comment?

No more than usual.

That's kind of fucked.

Yes? You think so?

Yes. I do.

Let me tell you something, David.

I'm listening.

You won't understand this at all.

Say it, Eliot.

I don't really understand it myself.

Understand what?

The world loves me.

David stared at Eliot, and the waiter arrived and stood over their table, looking from one man to the other.

Ready to order, sirs?

David shook his head and rubbed at the creases in his brow. He looked at Eliot, who hadn't aged since Princeton.

Eliot finished his drink and looked up at the waiter and ordered another. The waiter nodded and turned to David, who looked at Eliot and repeated, *The world loves you?*

The waiter's gaze swivelled back to Eliot. Eliot laughed and shook his beautiful strawberry head. The laughter rolled up out of him as if he were a child being tickled.

What, David said. What's so funny?

THE third day the sea was glass, and then the wind whispered at noon and feathered the glass in running swaths. For hours, Eliot watched the swaths dapple in the sun, and once a dolphin rose against the horizon. Eliot hooked the belt around his head, using it as a sling under his chin, and slept lightly for a few hours with his head against the boom. When he awoke, his throat was on fire, and he wanted to drink from the sea and he swallowed, and the salt burned like acid down his throat. Soon the sun was slipping away and the breeze blew cool on the burned skin of his face and shoulders. The sun dropped out of sight, and Eliot saw the green flash, and the green flash was a sure sign to him. When he closed his eyes he saw the solar phenomenon lingering like green lightning on the glowing red interior of his swollen eyelids.

Tomorrow, Eliot said, nodding to the universe with closed eyes.

At dawn, Eliot took the metal edge at the end of the belt and carved a line next to the other three scratches. He tried to think of something dramatic to scratch in the mast for posterity and could only think of adding his name, Eliot Swan. He closed his eyes and saw the boom over the fieldstone fireplace in the pastel living room of his house in Locust Valley and saw himself standing under it telling the story of his shipwreck. There were many people in the room listening, but they were all strangers. Eliot tried to picture the face of his former wife, Claudia, or his former partner, Clive, or one of his former mistresses, Ilena or Mandy, or his doubles partner, Henry, or his broker, Dutch, but Eliot could not recall a single face. For a moment Eliot thought he saw the face of the green-eyed Florentine waitress he was screwing when the sink broke and Claudia came in screaming and he went on pumping and laughing on the floor of the *gabinetto*, tossing Claudia all the lire in his pocket—but it wasn't the waitress, and Eliot gave up and opened his eyes.

THE wind started up after sunrise and whipped a spray off the tops of the waves. Eliot's boom bobbled against his bruised ribs, and he looked up at the clouds filling the sky. He cinched his belt tighter against the mast so there was no gap, and rode the slap and bounce of the agitated sea. The clouds darkened during the day and soon a low front appeared and sheeted across under the cumulus in long raked strips of black. A drizzle fell, and Eliot opened his mouth and drank as the drizzle became a downpour and then a wooden pounding of raindrops, filling his mouth as fast as he could swallow. Then the rain stopped as if a conductor had sliced his baton through the air and with his white-gloved hand swept away the clouds and calmed the sea.

Eliot felt the life from the rain pass into his wilting body, down his arms to his hands, and he ran his fingers through his hair. The strawberry hair came off in clumps and spread on the water. It floated with him and clung to his chest when he rose from the sea. Eliot loosened a canine tooth for hours with his tongue, and it fell out when he was face down in the water. It waggled through the chalky blue, sparkling in the shafts of underwater light until it winked and was swallowed by the dark below. Eliot ran his tongue over the bloody, wet crater until the taste of blood was gone and his mouth was dry and he smelled bile in his throat.

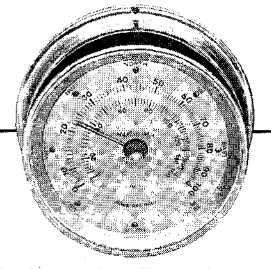
Eliot raised his chin to the setting sun. Tomorrow then, he said.

ELIOT heard voices—not the voices in the wind, but voices from a radio far away that faded and then crackled again. He heard a splashing sound and the creaking of timber and was sure it was a boat. He cried out, but there was nothing, not even the sound of the waves slapping against his boom. Eliot pulled on the boom and twisted his head slowly like a radar receiver. It was morning. He lowered his head and shielded his eyes with his forearm.

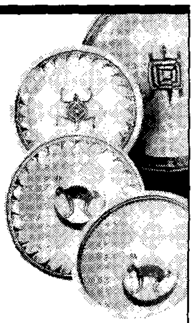
Eliot heard muffled foreign voices, and wood splashing in the water. He tried to call out, but his voice snapped and there was only a croaking. The boat's waves splashed toward him, and Eliot heard a jumble of voices overhead. The shadow of the bow fell over him, and his boom was banging against the boat.

Eliot felt feet on his shoulders and toes searching under his armpits. He reached upward slowly. His hands touched thin ankles but slid down and fell back into the water. The voices were loud now. Eliot clung to the boom. A rope fell on his head. Eliot raised his arms and understood and pulled the rough rope over his burned shoulders. He was dragged up the side of the boat, wood against his belly. A woman yelled, and Eliot felt something sharp on the side of the boat catching his foot. The sharpness pulled deeply in the skin of his instep as he was yanked upward and Eliot scraped over the gunwale and flopped like a large dead fish onto the deck.

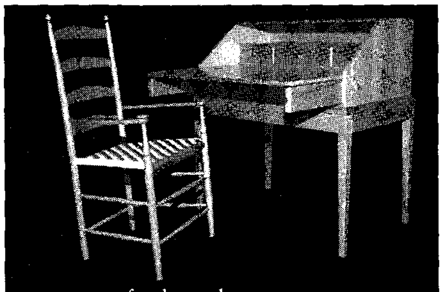
THE sun burned through his blind eyes. There were yellow spots on the backs of his eyelids. The yellow broke up and scattered into a thousand small suns, and Eliot saw ideas whipping around his head as if in a hurricane, taunting him and then fading. A woman's voice was in his ear. There was a cloth and warm water, and she was wip-



Windows On The Weather...
with Maximum's full line of matched weather instruments in 6 1/2" solid brass cases. Or with WeatherMAX™ our full-function weather processor. For a **free catalog**, contact Maximum, Inc., Suite N10, 30 Barnet Blvd., New Bedford, MA 02745. 508-995-2200.
MAXIMUM®
Wind & Weather Instruments



Santa Fe Dining Car China...
Over 30 different pieces! Reproduced in authentic black hues, true to the 1,000-year-old originals of New Mexico's ancient Mimbres Indians.
Color brochure $1; FREE when purchasing cereal bowl *(2nd from bottom)* $17 ppd. Check, VISA, MC, call 717-235-8998, or write:
PIPESTONE Dept. 103, 6 Onion Blvd. Shrewsbury, PA 17361



...for those who expect more
Michael Charles Cabinetmakers
Fine Hand-Crafted Furniture
Color Portfolio $5 (203) 350-0230
3 Taber Road Sherman, CT 06784

Go Baltic!
Visit the sophisticated capitals of Scandinavia and the other countries around the Baltic—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Russia.
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR UNIONTOURS AT 1-800-451-9511

TIRED OF BEING AN UNDERPAID INTELLECTUAL?
Find a job you love at a salary you deserve. Career counseling for highly intelligent people.
Paul Bernard, M.A., M.B.A.
(212) 957-3470

ing his eyes tenderly. The woman was singing a lullaby. The others were quiet while she sang in his ear and wiped his eyes. Her breath steamed on his ear. The boat creaked, but there was no motion on the deck.

Eliot tried to get up on his elbows. There was a clamor of voices, and he lay down again. Water was poured into his mouth and it curled warm down within him. Eliot felt a thumb on his eyelid, pushing upward. His eyelid opened, and Eliot saw a yellow eye.

Monsieur, parlez-vous français?

The thumb held his eye open, and Eliot saw a black face with cracked red lips and broken teeth. Eliot moved his head to the side, releasing the thumb, and blinked. He rubbed his eyes with his aching hands and he could see dozens of black faces crowded over him, waiting silently. A man in a torn light-blue dress shirt with dirty white ruffles said, *Parlez-vous français?*

Eliot opened his lips and said, I am American.

The faces turned to the short man with the ruffles and he waved his hand like an impresario and pointed at Eliot and said triumphantly, U.S.A.!

The faces, open-mouthed, looked down at Eliot, and the man in the ruffles nodded like a king and pointed at him and repeated, U.S.A.!

Their faces floated down to him and bobbed in the air, and Eliot felt dozens of dry hot hands patting his belly. The old woman who had sung the lullaby to him cried, her hands over her face, and ran her wet palms lightly over his forehead. Eliot saw many in the crowd make the sign of the cross and raise their eyes to the heavens, and the man in the ruffled shirt cut through the crowd and his face drifted down. He took Eliot's hand and said, I am Alphonse.

Eliot.

Monsieur Eliot, said Alphonse. We are happy to see you now.

Where are you from?

We are left from Haiti.

How long at sea?

We are at sea twenty days.

Does this boat sail?

There is a storm, Monsieur Eliot. We have no good sails.

Shit.

We are very happy to see you now.

Eliot looked up at a mast and saw it was a telephone pole and the boom was a series of boards lashed together with black rope. A patchwork sail hung limp against the mast, and broken ropes hung loose like vines. The rough wood on the side of the boat was covered with the cryptic destinations of old shipping crates. Eliot could see the sea, flat and silent through the cracks. A small boy with a large head pushed through the crowd and looked at Eliot and poured a bucket of dirty seawater over the side of the boat.

Alphonse looked down at Eliot and smiled.

Now we are saved, said Alphonse.

Eliot looked up at the empty blue sky, and for the first time it seemed foreign and unknown to him. He looked at it and closed his eyes and retreated into the shell of his body.

Because you are American, we are saved.

Alphonse took Eliot's hand in his own and pressed it to his heart. You have a big boat? said Alphonse.

She sank.

You are very rich?

Eliot said nothing, but his throat burned.

Alphonse spread his hands wide and his face snapped into a fiery grin. He turned and spoke rapidly in Creole to the other faces. All the Haitians spoke at once, and some of the old women raised their hands to the sky, and a few of the men cried.

Alphonse raised Eliot's hand and kissed his Princeton ring.

What did you tell them?

I tell them you are a rich American and very big in America and now the President of the United States will make them look for you and we are saved. They are very happy to hear this good news.

The Haitians hugged one another and scanned the horizon and beamed at Alphonse. Eliot looked up at the sky and closed his eyes.

THE sea was light-blue ice. The sun was insolent and bitter. The Haitians were silent, sprawled on the burning wood of the deck as if struck down. They had placed Eliot on a platform in the center of the boat, and Alphonse had used his pale-blue shirt to rig an awning over Eliot's head. An old man grunted from the front of the boat, and other voices were praying with a sound like cicadas. A woman stood in the bow, fishing with a string. When Eliot moved his head he saw faces twitch and look up at him from the deck with expectation. The sail quivered occasionally as if possessed.

Eliot's right foot throbbed for the first two days. A nail sticking out of the planks on the side of the boat had gashed jagged and deep. A faded little girl came to look at Eliot and ran her soft fingers down the length of his body until she came to his foot, where she stopped and lowered her face and sniffed. She went back to Eliot's head and knocked on his skull lightly with her hand balled into a fist. Then she pointed to his toe and pinched her nose. The girl looked at Eliot and Eliot looked at the girl. Eliot turned his head, and Alphonse, who was always watching from nearby, where he squatted inside a cardboard box, stood slowly and hobbled over. Alphonse took Eliot's hand and pressed it to his chest and squinted at the horizon with his yellow eyes.

Alphonse, said Eliot.

Oui, Monsieur Eliot?

My foot is infected.

Alphonse looked at Eliot's foot and held it between his fingers and twisted it from side to side.

Monsieur Eliot, said Alphonse. It is not bad.

It *is* bad, said Eliot. It is infected.

Alphonse looked out across the sea, still holding Eliot's toe.

You are a big man in America, said Alphonse. They will come for you.

Alphonse let go of Eliot's foot and returned to his box. A wrinkled woman shuffled over and poured a few drops of water into Eliot's mouth from the good edge of a broken glass. A few minutes later a young girl carefully poured a few drops into his mouth from a rusty can. Alphonse watched them and nodded from his box. Eliot kept his mouth open, and one by one Haitians came to him and offered a few drops of their supply.

In the evening, the woman who had sung the lullaby in his ear hummed a song and laid her cool hand on Eliot's hot forehead, and Eliot closed his eyes and nodded. She stopped and pulled back her hand and looked down at him and her hand in surprise. In the melody or the touch Eliot had remembered something, something as rare in his life as the green flash at sunset. Others came during the evening and spoke in Creole and touched his body, and sometimes they cried and wiped their tears on his chest. Alphonse came and took down the awning when it was dark and gave Eliot a few gulps of water. Then he went back to his box and watched Eliot look up at the stars.

On the fifth day no one brought him water, and he knew there was no water, and on the sixth day he heard the Haitians lying near him scuttle away. He knew it was the smell of his rotting foot. Alphonse stood over his foot and with his thumb traced the blue lines of poison up Eliot's calf to his knee. Eliot saw only a shimmering black form moving like liquid in the glare, but Eliot smelled the rot from his toe and had seen the blue lines of the poison creeping along his veins toward his heart.

Monsieur? said Alphonse.

Cut it off.

Monsieur, you know the Americans will come. He pointed out to sea.

Cut it off, said Eliot. Above the knee.

Non, non, Monsieur Eliot. We wait for tomorrow.

Do it today. You have a machete?

No, Monsieur, not today.

Alphonse?

Monsieur Eliot?

Take my ring.

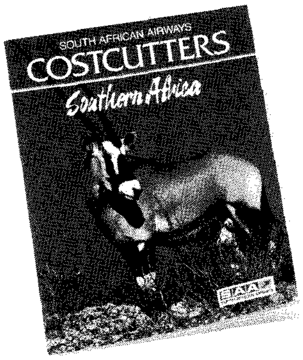
Alphonse shook his head sharply and hobbled back to his box. The sun was egg-shell blue through the shirt-awning above Eliot's head. The boat whispered with the sounds of scorched lungs, and Eliot wanted to say he was a skeleton bleaching in the sun. Eliot did not understand. With his eyes closed, he saw the skeleton lying on the deck, bleached and white. He tried to open his eyes and hold them open, staring at the strange sky; he tried to count to a hundred, but when his eyes fell closed he saw the skeleton. At dusk Eliot turned his head to the side in time to see a dolphin leap and the sea flat again.

The first Haitian died on the night of the sixth day. Eliot heard grunting and a splash and turned his head to see Alphonse and another man leaning over the side of the boat. In the morning when the sky was still pink Eliot heard another splash, but before this splash there was a sharp shout and another shout from Alphonse in the box. Alphonse hobbled to his side and said, It is the husband of the woman from the night.

Alphonse took Eliot's hand, and Alphonse's head and face were red and on fire.

I love America, he said. I teach myself

IF YOU'RE EXPLORING SOUTHERN AFRICA, TAKE THE BEST GUIDE.



The best people to take you to Southern Africa are also the best ones to take you around.

SAA has taken its 60 years' experience in creating unforgettable vacations and fitted it into 28 pages: our new full-color Costcutters brochure.

So for your free guide to the wild side, call 1-800-2-SAFARI.

SAA
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

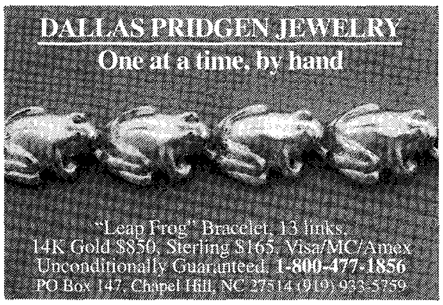
RARE DALI PRINTS

If you own, or are considering purchase of a Salvador Dali print...

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($10 an issue)

SALVADOR DALI

1-(800) 275-DALI
9 AM to 5 PM Pacific Time seven days a week


DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Leap Frog" Bracelet, 13 links.
14K Gold $850, Sterling $165. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 1 800-277-0130

THE NEW YORKER DIRECT DIAL

USE OUR WEEKLY LISTING TO DIAL DIRECTLY TO ADVERTISERS.

EDUCATION

The New School

For a free New School Bulletin providing information on more than 1,500 Fall adult education courses and B.A. and M.A. degree programs, please call:
1.800.319.4321 ext. 46

HEALTH CARE

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™

"A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer."
To speak to an oncology information specialist, or receive literature by mail, please call:
1.800.234.2406

TRAVEL

Canada's Classic Train Journey

Experience the romance of the rails and first-class Silver & Blue™ service while enjoying Canada's dramatic landscapes including the spectacular Rocky Mountains. Call VIA Rail Canada and ask about our great travel values during Off-Peak & Super Saver Seasons:
1.800.561.9181 & ask for Operator #2

Cunard Line Queen Elizabeth 2 World Cruise 1995

From January through April join the QE2 as she circumnavigates the globe. For a free brochure, call:
1.800.221.8200

Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean

Experience the multiple shades of the magical Caribbean in their most beautiful colors at the Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean: Aruba, Grand Cayman, Puerto Rico, and St. John.
1.800.233.1234

Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii

Discover how your mind can wander into magical places, with spectacular vistas, awe-inspiring coastlines, and mystical people, all at the Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii: Maui, Waikiki, and Kauai.
1.800.233.1234

The Phoenician

Thanksgiving: $235/night, min. 4 consecutive nights, Nov. 21-30, 1994.
Holidays: $245/night, min. 5 consecutive nights, Dec. 15, 1994 - Jan. 3, 1995.
Limited-view room; based on availability; some limitations apply. Reservations:
1.800.646.0403

Special Expeditions "Among the Great Whales"

Encounter gentle gray whales and explore desert islands in Baja Clifornia and the Sea of Cortez aboard a superb 70-passenger expedition ship. For a brochure, see your Travel Agent, or call:
1.800.762.0003

ADVERTISEMENT

to speak English. I listen to English on the radio for many years. We make this boat. We go to America. My daughter with me. You will see, Monsieur Eliot.

Take off the leg, said Eliot.

Tomorrow, said Alphonse.

Alphonse, said Eliot. Take off the leg or I'll die.

If you die, Monsieur Eliot, many will die.

Alphonse.

They see you, Monsieur Eliot. You are here. *C'est un miracle.* The sea is big, and you are here from America. *Un miracle.* You see?

I'm going to die.

You will not die, Monsieur Eliot. Many pray for you. Do you pray, Monsieur?

Shit.

Alphonse stayed with Eliot and held his hand through the day. The sun hammered, and there was no air. The smell of his foot was strong and the two of them wheezed through their mouths. Alphonse held Eliot's hand and sat exposed to the sun on the edge of the platform. In the afternoon Alphonse wet a rag on a string over the side of the boat and wiped Eliot's forehead. Alphonse emptied water from below over the side of the boat and hobbled around the boat every hour and whispered to the Haitians the word "America" and pointed at Eliot. At dusk, Alphonse brought a little girl no more than five to his side, holding her up from behind as if teaching her to walk, and she watched Eliot. Her ribs showed through her torn shirt. She looked up at Alphonse, who smiled, and the girl smiled, and Alphonse walked her away.

ON the night of the seventh day, Eliot heard more bodies going over the side. Those that went with a splash and grunts Eliot knew were already dead, but many more went with a sucking sound and Eliot knew those had jumped, and some cried out and there was no question. Alphonse sat with Eliot all day on the eighth day and even found a few drops of water for his lips. On that night the bodies again jumped or were dropped over the side, and Alphonse came to him at dawn and held Eliot's foot gently in his hands.

How many on the boat? said Eliot.

I do not know. We are many.

How many? A hundred?

We are many. I know everyone. We are many, and many are family.

How many are gone?

They are gone, Monsieur. The others are alive.

How many?

Alphonse shrugged. It is too late for them. I pray for those who live.

The woman who had sung the lullaby to Eliot died at noon and was carried by three men to the side of the boat. Her body was rested on the railing and rolled slowly over the side, and her splash cut through the heat. The splash echoed in Eliot's skull and he closed his eyes and a green flash turned to black. Alphonse went to the railing and looked down at the sea and made the sign of the cross. A young woman with a scar on her nose stood on shaking legs in the center of the boat and sang in slow Creole. She swayed and sang with eyes closed, and other voices from the floor of the boat rose up in the sun. The woman collapsed after hanging like a puppet with a look of surprise. Alphonse hobbled to her and he carried her in his arms and dropped her over the side of the boat. On the way back to his box he stopped and looked at his feet and said, My daughter.

Eliot closed his eyes.

Monsieur Eliot, my daughter.

Eliot turned his head away.

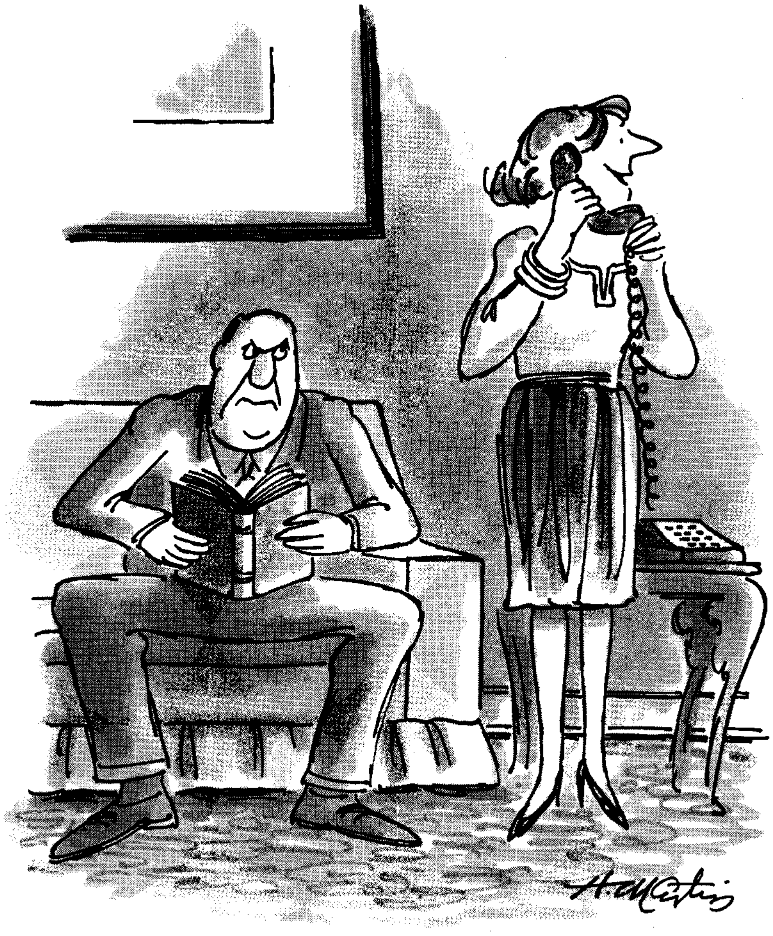
Alphonse sat with Eliot and cried with no tears and asked him to say something please about the President of the United States and how the boats would come to take them all to America.

Tell them, Monsieur Eliot. They believe you.

At night the Haitians flew over the side like black ghosts and Eliot heard their footsteps as they passed his platform and heard them go into the sea. Eliot heard the feet pass him and then the hands on the edge of the boat and only once a shout and a loud splash, and in the morning watched a body floating near the boat. A foot stuck up stiff in the air. Alphonse was sitting in his box with his face in his hands, and Eliot thought Alphonse was dead.

Eliot heard a fly. He tried to see the fly but he could not turn his head, and the sound of the fly grew louder. Eliot looked up, and the sound of the fly became the sound of an engine, and he heard the helicopter coming and the helicopter was right over his head, whooshing over the boat. The helicopter swung around again and blocked the sun. Eliot saw the American flag on the side. Two seamen in white helmets looked down from the wide door, and one waved. The men swung a net down to the boat with dozens of plastic jugs, and Eliot could feel feet moving on the boat toward the supplies. Eliot felt the cool wash from the blades. An aluminium gurney rocked down from the helicopter. Hands slipped him into the gurney, and it rose swinging in the air.

Eliot was pulled into the empty cave of the helicopter. The pilot turned his blue eyes to Eliot and raised his thumb as he spoke rapidly into a small rectangular microphone over his lips. A seaman hanging from a strap leaned forward and yelled into the pilot's face, motioning with a jerk of his head toward the boat below. The pilot shook his head and with two flicks of his forefinger pointed to Eliot and the horizon. The helicopter suddenly swung around, banking hard, and Eliot's head rolled to the side and he was looking down at the deck. He saw them waving up to him, five Haitians standing and supporting each other, passing a jug of water. Many others were crawling toward the water jugs, and even some of those on their backs were waving and smiling. The helicopter circled around again and slipped down, and Eliot saw Alphonse emerge from his box. Alphonse stood stiffly, face raised, and turned slowly on his bare feet, watching the helicopter circle. The helicopter circled again, and Alphonse swivelled on the deck, never taking his eyes off the helicopter, his arms limp at his sides, and when the helicopter circled a final time Alphonse slowly raised his arms. Eliot blinked and Alphonse collapsed on the deck and Eliot looked down at the crumpled form until his face was pulled around gently by the chin. A smiling medic looked down at Eliot. The medic stuck an I.V. into Eliot's arm and wet his face and dribbled cold water into his mouth from an eyedropper. Eliot closed his eyes and closed his stiff lips around the long plastic nipple. The helicopter levelled and shot low across the turquoise sea. ♦

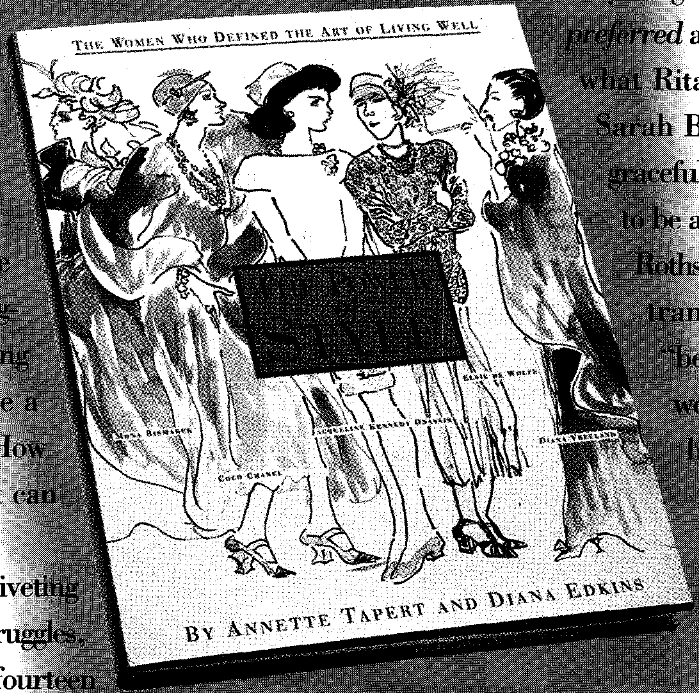


"Sounds like fun, Millie, but let me check it out with Eeyore."

What gives a woman style?

"I'M NOTHING TO LOOK AT," the Duchess of Windsor admitted. Rita de Acosta Lydig paid no attention to what was "in fashion." Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had none of the attributes of the ideal American girl, and Diana Vreeland never had money. Yet each of these women had a personal magnetism and allure so strong that she could "dominate a room from a footstool." How did they do it? And what can you learn from them?

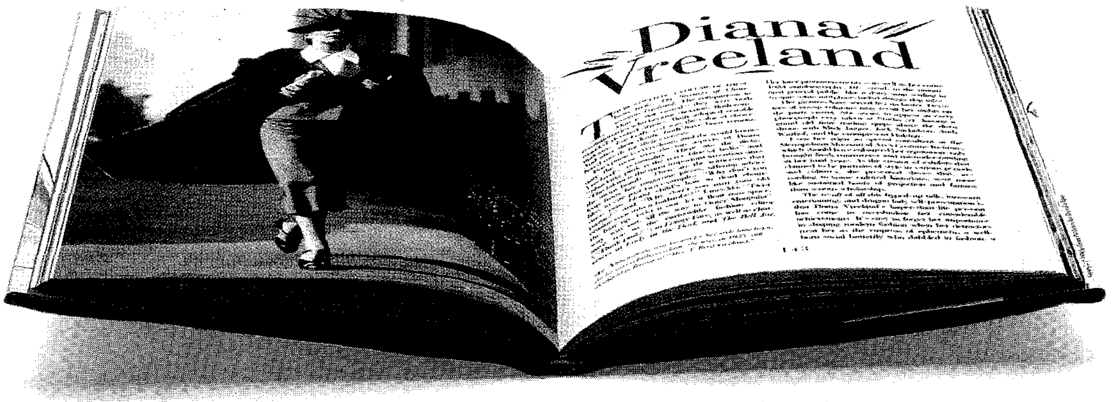
The *Power of Style* is a riveting examination of the lives, struggles, secrets, and triumphs of fourteen women who came to represent the epitome of style during the 20th century.


THE WOMEN WHO DEFINED THE ART OF LIVING WELL
THE POWER OF STYLE
MONA BISMARCK
COCO CHANEL
JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS
ELSIE DE WOLFE
DIANA VREELAND
BY ANNETTE TAPERT AND DIANA EDKINS

In 192 handsome pages (with over 200 color and black-and-white illustrations), you'll learn everything: from why Daisy Fellowes *preferred* affairs with married men to what Rita de Acosta Lydig taught Sarah Bernhardt about walking gracefully…from what it was like to be a house guest at Pauline de Rothschild's to Mona Bismarck's transformation into the first "best-dressed woman in the world." Discover the women behind the legends: Coco Chanel…Babe Paley…C.Z. Guest…Elsie de Wolfe…Slim Keith and many more.

It's the most talked about book of the fashion year. And…

(Sh-sh-sh-sh! It's 20% off for you!)


Diana Vreeland

CREDIT-CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE: 800-438-9944

Please send me ___ hardcover first-edition copies of *The Power of Style* at $32,* a 20% discount off the cover price of $40, plus $3 for S&H. Send coupon and check or money order to:
The Condé Nast Collection, P.O. Box 10214,
Dept. 310029-031, Des Moines, IA 50336.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ______ ZIP ______

* Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH add appropriate sales tax. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

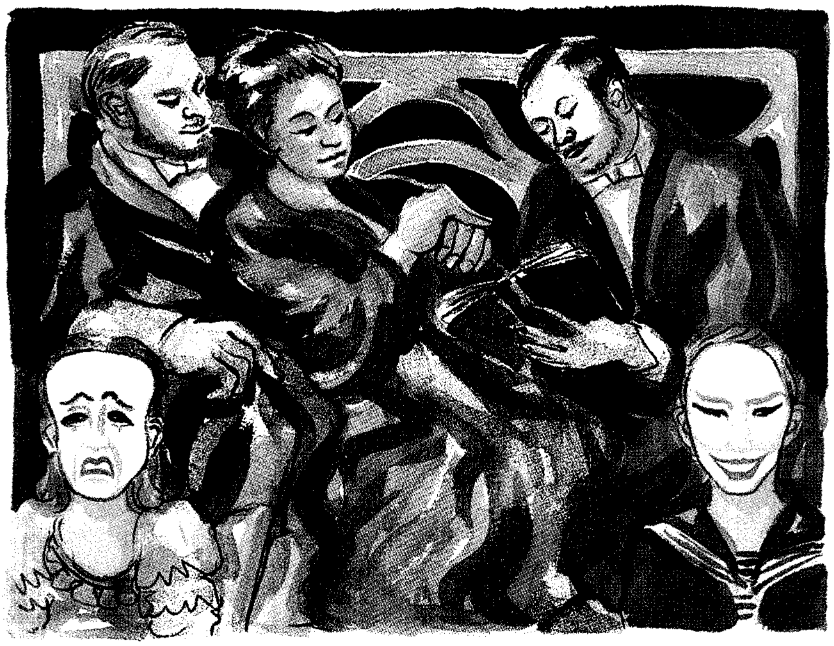
THE CRITICS

THE THEATRE

WINTER SONGS

BY JOHN LAHR

In Ingmar Bergman's majestic production of Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" at the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, the play begins with the program. In it Bergman pretends to be the translator of a letter (actually, it's by Bergman himself) written in 1925 by a German professor who was returning a nineteenth-century theatre poster to the Royal Library of Stockholm. The poster is reproduced on the opposite page. It announces "The Winter's Tale" as part of Miss Ulrika Sofias's nineteenth-birthday celebration, over Christmas, in the Grand Hall of Hugo Löwenstierna's hunting castle. The professor has underlined one of the cast, the writer Jonas Love Almqvist, who has a bit part, and, in passing, mentions that another professor considered him "as good as Strindberg." On that throwaway, faux-naïf sentence the full weight of Bergman's knowing, gorgeous production rests; his "Winter's Tale" is presented as part of Löwenstierna's Christmas festivities. (The production comes to the Brooklyn Academy of Music next May, along with Bergman's "Madame de Sade" and, possibly, "The Misanthrope.")

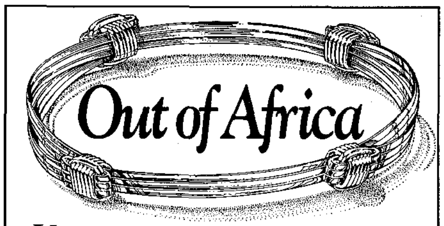


Ingmar Bergman stages "The Winter's Tale" as part of a nineteenth-century Christmas party, turning the world of the play into the world of the theatre.

JOHN DEWE MATHEWS

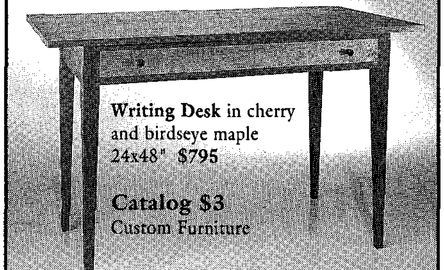
Almqvist (1793-1866) is one of Sweden's great literary figures; his poetry, novels, songs, and progressive educational ideas made him one of the most controversial figures of his day. Almqvist was an early champion of Shakespeare in Sweden, so his presence at this Christmas production has some historical rationale. Bergman uses Almqvist's music, which delicately mixes Romantic melancholy with Christian idealism, to frame in a kind of lyric embrace Shakespeare's perplexing tale of murderous jealousy and improbable redemption. Almqvist songs begin and end each of the play's two acts, and intensify the realms of regret and spiritual longing that Bergman meticulously explores. And Almqvist's own story hovers around this haunted play like yet another ghost. Almqvist, like Leontes, seems to have perpetrated an act of absurd violence: he was accused of killing a moneylender in 1851 and fled to America, where he lived until 1865. He died an outcast, protesting his innocence, in Bremen, Germany, in 1866, and his body was not returned to Sweden until 1901. The conceit of a Christmas celebration gives Bergman a brilliant scenic framework with which to keep the play's polarities of tragedy and joy, loss and rebirth always dynamically visible, and the stunning complexity of his structure perfectly suits the arabesque quality of Shakespeare's writing in the late plays.

When the audience takes its seats, the pre-play festivities are already in progress, and the Grand Hall of the hunting castle turns out to be a subtle replica of the Marble Hall of the Royal Dramatic Theatre. The theatre's Art Nouveau windows, its gold Egyptian light fittings, its gilt columns, and even part of Carl Larsson's ceiling fresco, "The Birth of Drama," are reproduced in Lennart Mörk's elegant set. The world of the play and the world of the theatre are one. In a swirl of song, dance, and party hubbub the guests foreshadow aspects of their Shakespearean personae. The shambolic man struggling with his lines will become Autolycus (Reine Brynolfsson). The no-nonsense lady calling for the songs to begin and leading a young boy across the stage will be the tenacious Paulina (Bibi Andersson), who faces up to Leontes. A youngster, who will play Mamillius, looks over his shoulder for his parents in the same way that Mamillius will watch the disintegration of his parents' relationship in the play. The pure, compelling voice of Irene Lindh serenades the assembled with Almqvist's "The Heart's Flower," a song that sets the play's ambiguous spiritual stakes of suffering and mercy with the lines "The heart asks God why did you give this rose to me/God's heavenly answer, the blood from



Years ago, these mystical safari bracelets were woven from the tail hair of elephants.
Now, we make them by hand with great care from gold and silver. The 4 knots slide to adjust. Please specify Regular or X-Large.
14K Gold................$695.00
Sterling Silver with 14K Gold Knots..$219.00
Sterling Silver.......$129.00
Copper.....................$79.00
Send check or money order to: *Pendragon's*
P.O. Box 411
Whitehouse, NJ 08888
Visa, MC–call: 1-800-473-3011
Immediate refund if not completely satisfied. NJ residents add 6% sales tax.

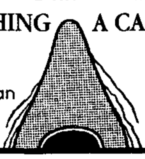
Signed originals, born of New England reflection ...



ADRIANCE
FURNITUREMAKERS
288 Gulf Road
So. Dartmouth,
MA 02748
508•993•4800

Pirate's Shirt
A Steal At $33
— For Women and Men —
Feel free as a brigand in the most comfortable shirt you'll ever wear. Tuck it in or leave it out, or cinch-and-blouse it for a billowy flourish. Tahiti Cloth cotton is hand crafted with gathered sleeves, cuffs, yoke, and long tails. Machine wash/dry, no iron. Unisex sizes S, M, L, XL. White, Sand, Royal Blue, Emerald, Natural, Boysenberry or Black.
FREE SHIPPING. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
1-800-222-8024 **Visa MC Disc Amex**-Call toll free now.
Deva Lifewear A Cottage Industry
Box NYK4, 110 1st Ave. West, Westhope ND 58793
Unique 40-page catalogue $1--Free with order.

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only **28 pounds.** For **less than $800** you can buy more than a canoe.
Call toll-free
1-800-354-0190.



Country Curtains®
At The Red Lion Inn • Stockbridge, MA 01262
CURTAIN CHARM FOR EVERY HOME!
Call Today for a FREE 68-page Color Catalog
1-800-876-6123
Dept. 4144

your heart has given the color to the rose." And then, in one of the many magnificent transitions that Bergman engineers, the bittersweet mood is reversed when the children at the party start ringing bells and calling for the play to start.

As the Shakespearean exposition begins in the foreground, the children, now wearing white-faced masks of comedy and tragedy, pull a platform bearing the host and hostess and a friend of theirs down toward the action. When the platform reaches the front of the stage, these three have become the blue-robed Leontes (the superb Börje Ahlstedt), the green-robed Polixenes (Krister Henriksson), and the charming Hermione (Pernilla August, who played the lame servant girl in Bergman's "Fanny and Alexander" and Bergman's mother in "The Best Intentions," and who here, draped in a vibrant-red Empire gown, radiates serenity and an irresistible generosity of spirit).

Why does Leontes, who begins the play by asking Hermione to use her charms to make his beloved brother stay at court, suddenly go berserk when she succeeds? As a tragic character, Leontes poses a theatrical problem for any director. Unlike Othello or Lear, he doesn't smolder with inner turmoil. He simply crashes and burns in a blaze of jealousy. He acts out passion's awful agitation, which Shakespeare himself records in Sonnet No. 147: "Past cure I am, now reason is past care, /And frantic mad with evermore unrest." (The sonnets were published in 1609; and "The Winter's Tale," the thirty-fifth of Shakespeare's thirty-six plays, was first produced in 1610-11.) Bergman's Leontes suffers from the dementia of the perception of a love triangle similar to the one in which Shakespeare was caught—between the third Earl of Southampton (Henry Wriothesley), who was his patron, and the Dark Lady. Here the sexual charge of Hermione is unmistakable. Pernilla August gives Hermione a sense of ripeness and openness. She continually touches her husband's body, and he playfully drapes her red shawl around his neck; but when she turns to Polixenes the intimacy between them is also palpable. She's so comfortable with both men that if you can't understand Swedish it's not clear at first just who is husband and who is brother-in-law. The power of her connection with Polixenes hits Leontes like a brainstorm, and he suddenly begins to demonize his wife. His braying hatred is the flip side of idealized passion—the vindictive volte-face that Shakespeare makes in Sonnet No. 147:

> For I have sworn thee fair, and
> thought thee bright,
> Who art as black as hell, as dark
> as night.

As Leontes begins his litany of accusation, the red shawl of passion, which once connected them, now lies between them like a river of blood. Leontes plots to murder his brother and settles on exiling him from his kingdom; nearly stomps his newborn daughter, Perdita, to death in her cot before sending her into uncertain exile; generates the grief that his son, Mamillius, dies from; and imprisons Hermione and then calls her before his kangaroo court, which, so it seems, kills her. Bergman handles the melodrama of this fury in brilliant collaboration with the choreographer Donya Feuer. When Leontes glimpses Hermione and Polixenes circled in a dance—a stunning image of exclusion, which evokes the furious isolation in Edvard Munch's "The Dance of Life"—a rush of stabbing anguish overcomes him; he's grabbed the live wire of possessiveness and can't let go. Leontes breaks into the circle, casting Polixenes out and embracing Hermione. He holds her at arm's length while she nestles his hand gently against her cheek. Suddenly, Leontes whispers something obscene to her, and Hermione breaks away. Leontes grabs a nearby female member of the court and begins to rape her. It's a beautifully staged and awful moment. What compounds Leontes' passion and his violence, Bergman seems to be saying, is the middle-aged king's unconscious terror of impotence. In its opening moments, the play hints at the brothers' sexual prowess when Polixenes talks to Hermione about the vigor and innocence of their idyllic youth. "You have tripp'd since," Hermione coyly jokes, and Polixenes adds, "Temptations have since then been born to 's." But Bergman makes Hermione much younger than her husband, and eliminates from the first scene any visible sign that she is nine months pregnant. Later in Act I, when Leontes overrules the Delphic oracle, which has proclaimed Hermione innocent, he flails the behemoth Sword of Justice—a gesture that broadcasts both tyranny and sexuality. Leontes' hectoring and violence are self-hypnotic gestures, magically reinforcing his sense of potency.

In his productions, Bergman always maps out a thirteen-by-twenty-foot playing area that he calls "the optical and acoustic center." Here, having cut the text to the logistical minimum and concentrated the drama on the business of living and dying, he has turned over to Feuer twice the space—twenty-six feet by forty—in which to choreograph the subtext. It's a bold collaboration, which physicalizes the multiplicity of messages and mysteries in Shakespeare's new minting of the English language. "There is movement in his text—real physical movement, which you experience in speaking it, hearing it, even working with it," Feuer says. "His language was a carrier all the time of other meanings and other messages. This is part of Shakespeare's choreographic spirit." Together, Feuer and Bergman deliver unforgettable stage pictures. When Leontes decides to put Hermione on trial, the *figuranter* (chorus members) reappear out of a bleak snowy landscape as passersby off the street: an organ grinder, a thief, a cripple, a chimney sweep—ghostly figures whose ragged gray presence mirrors Leontes' fragmented, unreceptive self-involvement. His baby daughter's tempest-tossed journey into exile is dramatized by a billowing gray cloth hurtling around the stage, with a clipper ship held aloft on sticks, while veiled women in ribbed gray skirts writhe like waves to the sound of a wind machine as it's cranked before our eyes. In the final act, Hermione is traditionally revealed to Leontes as a statue—an unreachable, idealized object, who turns into flesh and blood when she's perceived as a person, and literally comes off her pedestal. Here Hermione is carried in from the wings on a catafalque by four *figuranter*, who march at a funereal gait. The moment, like so many of Bergman's solutions, is simple and daring.

"It is a bawdy planet," Leontes says in Act I, and Bergman never lets the audience forget that in the midst of death there is life. He breaks off the gloom and apprehension of Act I with a call to dinner. The bear that has chased Antigonus as per Shakespeare's famous stage direction "Exit pursued by a bear" reappears happily for supper carrying his costume head in his hand and a little girl on his shoulder. This is, after all, a feast; and even in the last part of the play, which begins sixteen years later in a monastery,

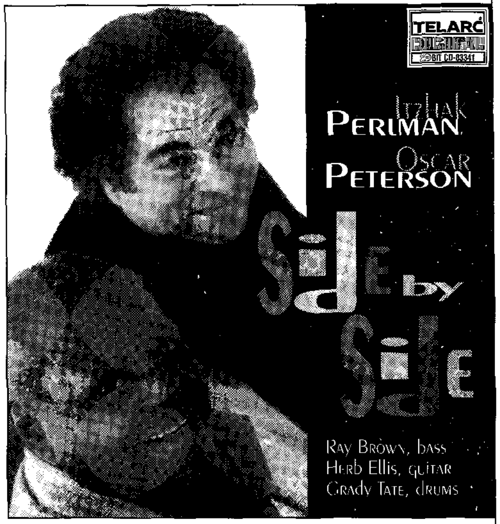
Two Great Talents One Great Sound

Perlman

"Perlman's flawless command of his instrument allows him the luxury of such a total immersion in the music that–for the listener–performer and composer almost merge into one."
–*The Washington Post*

Peterson

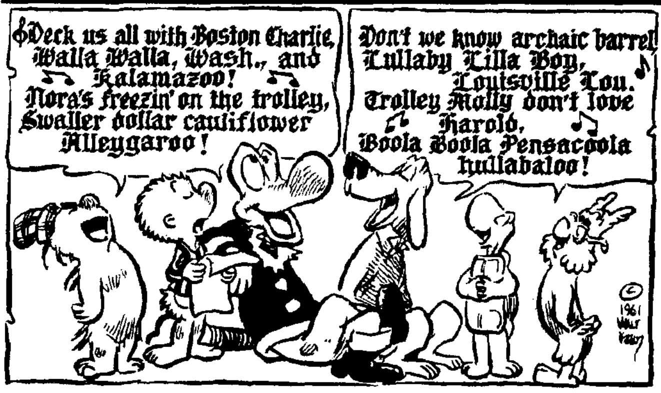
"After all these years, the singular accomplishment of Oscar Peterson –ineluctable swing, its insouciant invention, its impeccably disciplined technical élan–still amazes. Oscar Peterson is forever!"
–*JazzTimes*



CD-83341, Cassette (CS)-33341

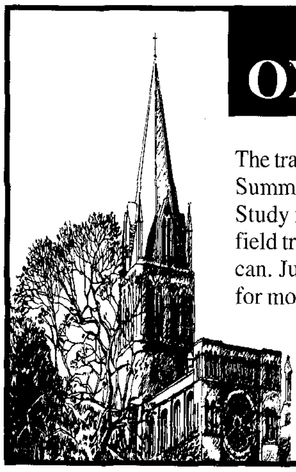
To Order By Phone Call:
MusicSource
1-800-40-MUSIC

"Deck us all with Boston Charlie..."


Deck us all with Boston Charlie, Walla Walla, Wash., and Kalamazoo! Nora's freezin' on the trolley, Swaller dollar cauliflower Alleygaroo!
Don't we know archaic barrel Lullaby Lilla Boy, Louisville Lou. Trolley Molly don't love Harold, Boola Boola Pensacoola hullabaloo!
© 1961 Walt Kelly

Walt Kelly's classic Xmas song is now available on the front of a delightful Christmas card. The inside is blank for your own greetings. 10 cards & matching envelopes per set. Ivory w/black & red art. **Christmas card set** *#PX02* $10/set. **Special!** Buy 3 sets, get 4th set FREE!

Mail order plus $3 shipping to:
Sunday Comics Store
22 N. Plains Road
PO Box 3568
Wallingford, CT 06494-3568
TEL (800) 243-8962



FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
OXFORD SUMMER PROGRAM

The tradition. The prestige. The incomparable academic quality. Spend Summer '95 experiencing Oxford at historic Christ Church College. Study in-residence with Oxford tutors...earn academic credit...make field trips to historic sites...get to know England in a way few visitors can. July 3-22 and July 24 - Aug. 12, 1995. Please write, call or fax for more information on this outstanding program.

OXFORD Program, Florida State University
Center for Professional Development & Public Service
Box A-1, Tallahassee, FL 32306-2027
Phone 904/644-7540 • FAX 904/644-2589

THE REVERSALS

Grit metals drawn to a bourbony syrup,
then the tiny ear trumpet is cast: hand-size
cornucopia, one tendril of headband.
And the child who has followed this process, pickaxe
to flame, to the small, curved swelling in his day pouch,
steps off on a mission to the faltering Beethoven,

just as the other, housebound, in a chaos of music sheets
and chamber pots, steps back through his mind
toward Holland. Pale winter. And by noon
the ice on the deck rails is a lacework of gull prints.
There are waves, unbroken, rolling port to starboard
like a hammock wind. Deep cold. His hands
are made warm by a wrapping of scarf, his feet

by the black drapery of his mother's lap.
Through his frost-fed and wave-rocked drowse,
three nuns on the deck are a gaggle of seabirds,
the arced wings of their huge headpieces
lifting their slender bodies. . . .

Music sheets. Chamber pots. One beckoning
metronome. And the ear trumpets
send off through his nerves
the sensations of a rake scraped over a harp.
Great pipe shapes. Ladles. Just a coolness in the palm,
then a warmth. Or lined up on the tabletop
an orchestra of reversals, sucking sound
back in, bell to a pucker of mouthpiece.

A wind has begun in the clear day.
And perhaps they were spirits, there on the deck boards,
a ghostly trio lifting before him—no land
in sight, then his small body so suddenly
his body, so suddenly *himself*, the hands,
the feet in their soft shoes.

Now a child is standing in the open doorway,
the smallest ear trumpets shining in his hand:
its perfect walls, the perfect, cupped vessel of it.
Look, he is mouthing, what
has risen from the earth to meet you.

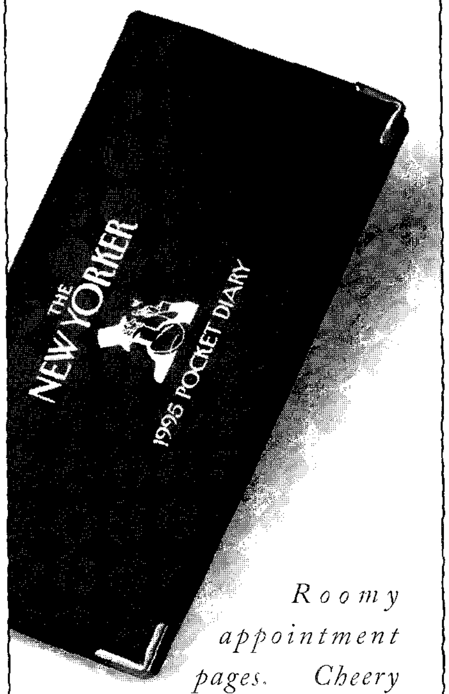
—Linda Bierds

with Leontes abasing himself in front of a living statue of the Virgin Mary, a laurel wreath from the Midsummer Festival is hung unobtrusively on the corner of a screen. The Madonna to whom Leontes prostrates himself is the Bleeding Maria, with a sword plunged in her heart, and her body held up in a posture of crucifixion. Bergman subtly carries the symbols of Christian rebirth through the production: the evergreen Christmas tree in the Grand Hall of Act I; the Midsummer Festival tree—a cross decorated with ivy and a Swedish flag—in Act II; and, in the finale, the Crucifixion itself. In the intervening years, Leontes has tortured himself with remorse. When he rises to meet the banished Perdita, now to be married to his brother's son, Florizel, his flagellated back and stomach have bled through his shirt. Hermione, who, unbeknownst to him, has been in purdah awaiting the oracle's promise of her daughter's return, comes to life before his eyes. Leontes and Perdita fall to their knees in shock, and Leontes is held up by his brother. "Present your hand," says Paulina, who orchestrates this stage-managed resurrection. The moment is also theatrical revelation. Leontes is beyond forgiveness, and he knows it. He has accepted grief as his destiny and his due. He sits down beside Hermione and slowly, tentatively, stretches his hand over hers. Perdita does the same. "O, she's warm," Leontes says. Perdita lays her head in her mother's lap. Hermione's head brushes against Leontes' shoulder. It's an immense gesture, a miracle of the heart, which Bergman stages like a Pietà. Hermione speaks almost inaudibly to her daughter: "Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found/Thy father's court?" Perdita and Leontes raise Hermione up, and Perdita places her parents' hands together. They exit hand in hand to continue the conversation offstage. At that moment of salvation, snacks are announced. Life's banquet goes on.

"A sad tale's best for winter," Shakespeare says in the play. The mayhem of "The Winter's Tale," like a horror movie's submersion in death, is meant to renew the living's sense of life. Here, in the liquid Northern moonlight, Bergman calls up the spirits of Almqvist and Shakespeare and himself in one final song, the prayer "The Listening Mother of God":

> O my God, how beautiful it is,
> To hear the sound of a holy angel's
> voice,
> O God, how wonderful it is,
> To die to music and to song. . . .
> Quietly sink, O my holy spirit, in
> The arms of God, the Living, the
> Good.

On that note of grace, Time (Kristina Adolphson) rises from the front row of the orchestra section and, having opened Act II, now ends the play. She is a regal, white-haired lady in a formal black dress with a red train. She holds a cheap brass alarm clock and now sets it on the lip of the stage. As she moves upstage to leave, she looks back over her shoulder at us, and a smile plays briefly across her face. The clock's hands are at five minutes to twelve. For Shakespeare in "The Winter's Tale," for the seventy-six-year-old Bergman, and for us in the theatre, Time is almost up. In this eloquent production, imbued with the calm authority of genius, Bergman leaves us with the ticking of the clock and the urgency of forgiveness and blessing. ♦


TAKE IT WITH YOU EVERYWHERE

Roomy appointment pages. Cheery illustrations. A ribbon marker. Midnight-blue cover. Plus a wealth of useful information: About Town listings for New York, as well as hotels and restaurants in 18 other cities. We've even added Manhattan subway and bus maps. Very New Yorker. *3 ⅞" x 6 ⅞".*

Yours by calling:

1-800-336-5510

for credit card orders, or send check or money order for $14.95, plus $2 shipping and handling, to:*

THE NEW YORKER
1995 POCKET DIARY
Box 10214, Dept. 021063-002
Des Moines, IA 50336.

**Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH, please add sales tax. In Canada, add 7% GST. Offer only available in U.S. and Canada. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery*

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

MAD LOVE

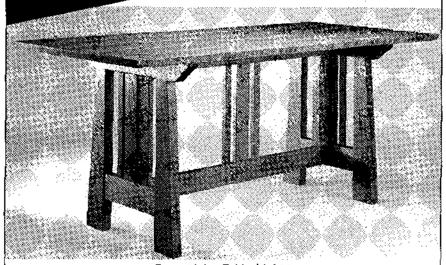
BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

"BLUE SKY" was the last movie directed by Tony Richardson; he died shortly after completing it, almost three years ago. Because its distributor, Orion, went bankrupt, the film has sat on the shelf until now. It's a shame that we've had to wait so long to see this unusual and memorable picture, but "Blue Sky" would probably have looked just as strange—as stubbornly resistant to the prevailing values of American commercial moviemaking—if it had been released in 1991. The movie is, in the best way, an anachronism: it's designed to complicate an audience's responses rather than to simplify them, and the performances, by Jessica Lange and Tommy Lee Jones, from which the story's ambiguous meanings emerge, have an emotional richness that feels almost shocking, because Hollywood filmmaking has so effectively worn down our expectations—has forced us to accept, as a condition of enjoying movies at all, a thin, reductive conception of human behavior. "Blue Sky" is set in the early sixties, the years when Richardson's reputation as a filmmaker was at its peak, and the director seems intent on reanimating, with an American cast, the techniques and the aesthetic principles that served him so well in his early British pictures. In that period, Richardson, whose training was in the theatre, built his movies around great actors playing difficult, infuriatingly contradictory characters—Richard Burton's Jimmy Porter in "Look Back in Anger" (1959), Olivier's Archie Rice in "The Entertainer" (1960), Tom Courtenay's Colin Smith in "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner" (1962)—and that's what he does in "Blue Sky," too. He encourages Lange and Jones to go as far as they dare, and shapes their performances so intelligently that they never seem over the top or merely virtuosic; he frames their work with a mysterious tenderness, as if to reward them for vindicating his lifelong faith in the actor's art.

That's appropriate, because the movie is trying to explore the inexplicable affections that keep marriages from falling apart; it's about the rigors of constancy. Jones's character, Hank Marshall, is an Army scientist assigned to a nuclear-testing project called Blue Sky. He's a quiet, disciplined man, whose response to every problem, at work or at home, is to think it through in an orderly manner, weighing his emotions against the practical realities of the situation. His wife, Carly (Lange), is as volatile as he is calm; partly in reaction to the enforced conformity of Army life, she stirs things up wherever they go—throwing tantrums, making scenes at officers' parties, openly flirting with her husband's colleagues. She's like a child, competing with her own children, Alex (Amy Locane) and Becky (Anna Klemp), for Hank's attention: she calls him "Daddy." She's forever embarrassing him with her provocative behavior, and we know that she has been unfaithful to him more than once, yet he is utterly, incomprehensibly devoted to her: he calms her down when she's upset, like a rider gentling a spooked horse, and makes excuses for her to their exasperated daughters, who are less inclined

MARVIN FRIEDMAN

Featured in Time Magazine's Best Design of the Year.

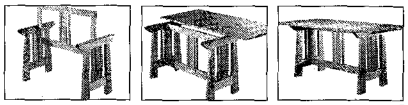


Truss Dining Table $1,850

GREEN DESIGN
FURNITURE CO

267 COMMERCIAL ST., PORTLAND, MAINE 04101
(207) 775-4234 FAX (207) 773-3320

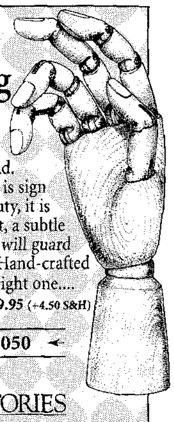
Call for a brochure or visit our showroom



The New Architecture of Furniture Design®

© 1994 GREEN DESIGN FURNITURE CO.

Let the Hand do the Talking



It stood on Michelangelo's desk. Fortune tellers, scientists and magicians used it. It communicates. Expresses anger. Love. Demand. It provokes, it mediates. Its habitat is sign language. An age old object of beauty, it is still the artist's model, an art object, a subtle communicator, a whimsical gift. It will guard the wedding ring. Or hold a scarf. Hand-crafted of selected wood. And yes, it's the right one....

MG001 - Artist's Model Hand 10" $39.95 (+4.50 S&H)

→ *To order:* 1-800-895-3050 ←

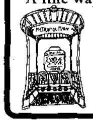
TRADING STORIES
5th Street Public Market, 296 E. 5th Street, Eugene, OR 97401
TALES AND TREASURES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

48,000 Patterns
China, Crystal & Flatware
Obsolete, Inactive And Active.
Buy Or Sell.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. Y004A

1-800-562-4462

PARIS NOTES
The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.



History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Travel and Language Tips, and More.

$36 per year (10x). Sample copy $6. Cheques only.
PO Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

OJ?

New! Own the current California Penal Code on 3.5" diskette. You will get the *entire* code—almost a million words!
Be the expert on thousands of facts as:
- **What are "special circumstances"?**
- **When can a jury simply *ignore* the law?**
- **How exactly is a sentence carried out?**

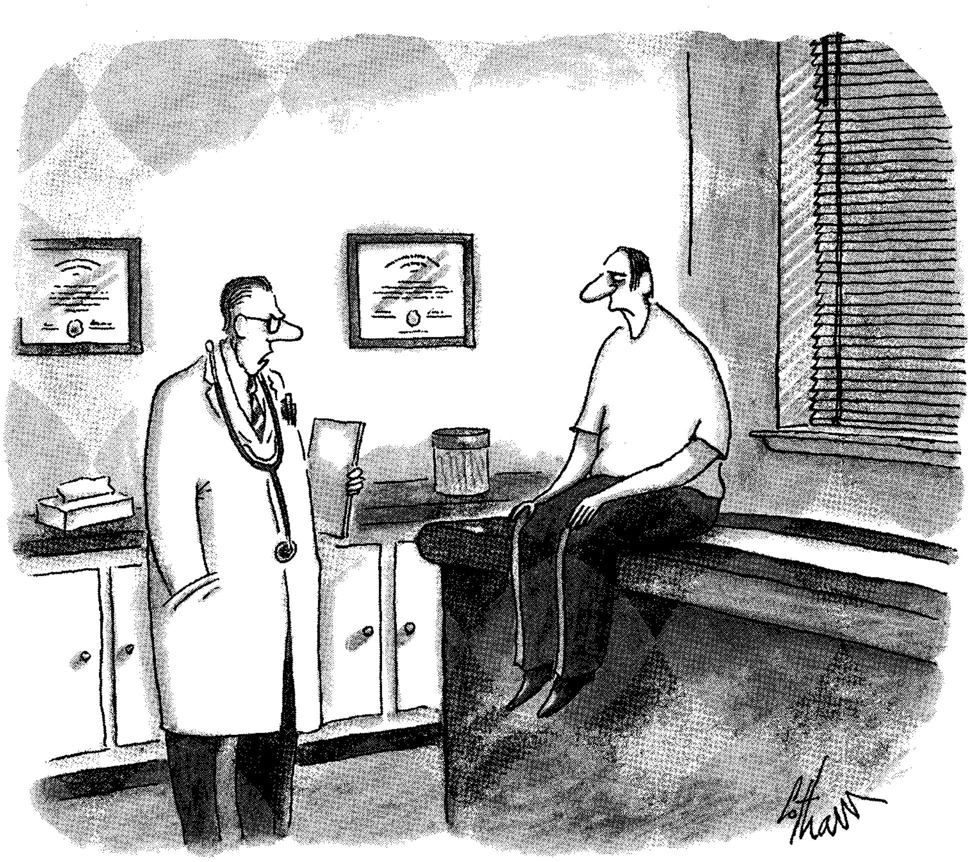
Send check or M.O. for $14.95 (postpaid) to:
Grady Ward, 3449 Martha Ct., Arcata, CA 95521
(Please specify MSDOS or Macintosh disk)

to tolerate her eccentricities. "He's blind and she's crazy" is Alex's succinct formulation of her parents' relationship, and on the face of it that sounds about right.

But "Blue Sky" was made by adults, not kids. Although the story is based on the childhood experiences of Rama Laurie Stagner, her screenplay (written in collaboration with Arlene Sarner and Jerry Leichtling) doesn't give priority to the perspective of her stand-in, Alex. Stagner obviously wants to see her parents' bizarre marriage as she couldn't see it when she was younger—to imagine what went on behind closed doors. The movie does full justice to the girls' confusions and fears, and to the cynical wit that children can develop to defend themselves against domestic chaos. And "Blue Sky" also evokes, with heartbreaking precision, the trapped, desperate atmosphere of a family held hostage by the whims of its most unstable member. Carly is essentially a manic-depressive, and manic-depressives create a uniquely disorienting emotional climate for their families. There's an amazing scene in which Carly, not long after terrorizing Hank and the kids with an ugly, childish fit of hysteria, shifts unexpectedly into an "up" mode. She comes home from a day at the officers' wives' club to a husband and children who have been waiting anxiously for her, wondering what she's been doing and what sort of cloud she might bring into the house when she returns, and she's bubbling with happiness. She gives out presents, showers everyone with love, leads her younger daughter, Becky, in an exuberantly sexy dance; suddenly, life's a big party. Richardson and the actors capture the sense of relief—of reprieve from the usual nightmare—that's mixed in with the family members' genuine affection for one another; it's one of the saddest scenes ever put on film.

In the hands of another director, and other performers, Carly and Hank might seem caricatures: she a pathetic, selfish Southern-belle man-eater, flaunting her sexuality in order to deny the insult of aging; he a hopeless patsy, allowing himself to be taken advantage of, repeatedly, for the sake of hanging on to a beautiful woman. "Blue Sky" doesn't settle for easy interpretations of its characters. Lange plays Carly not as a monster but as a profoundly unhappy woman who simply has no idea how to make herself feel better. It's a stunning performance—maybe the best of Lange's remarkable career. She makes us understand the character's sense of helplessness, the awful sensation, as she's doing something terrible, that she doesn't really *want* to be like this. And when, near the end, Carly pulls herself together to save Hank (and her marriage), Lange manages to bring off this heroic transformation, because she has never let us lose sight of the character's love for her husband; Lange shows us, with a clarity that few actors can achieve, how frustratingly wide the gap between emotions and actions can be. Jones, with impeccable military bearing and an unself-conscious air of confidence, performs the difficult trick of persuading us that Hank's indulgence of his wife's misbehavior is a sign of strength, not of weakness. And, having managed that, he avoids the equally dangerous trap of making Hank seem too good to be true. The character's virtue proceeds, as human virtue often does, from a kind of resigned self-knowledge. Hank puts up with Carly—coddles her, comforts her, forgives her almost anything—in large part because he recognizes that his sexual longing for her is too powerful to be ignored and that her recklessness and unpredictability do excite him. His tolerance is the product of genuine love, but it's also a strategy: it's his way of trying to preserve his wife's infinite variety while keeping it within bounds, safe, contained.

"Blue Sky" is as messy and flawed as the unlikely marriage that it portrays with such deep respect. Hank's nuclear-testing work has a clear metaphoric connection to his attempt to harness Carly's explosive properties and minimize their destructive potential, but the movie doesn't succeed in making the personal and the professional resonate. The metaphor is probably too obvious for Richardson: his depiction of the day-to-day material reality of the couple's relationship is so finely detailed that he doesn't really need a symbolic apparatus, and he shies away. Richardson's indifference to the nuclear subplot isn't a problem until the last half hour, in which the subplot suddenly takes over the movie and you wish that the director had integrated it more smoothly into the domestic drama; the final third of the picture feels contrived and a little fuzzy, as if the filmmakers, stuck for a climax, had simply blurted out the first idea that popped into their heads. It's a measure of the movie's extraordinary grace that even this disappointing windup doesn't seriously mar it. "Blue Sky" celebrates the value of holding on to people and beliefs that inspire passion, no matter how flawed the people are and how hard the beliefs are to sustain. It's a fitting end to Tony Richardson's long, erratically brilliant career. Finally, he went back to where he started—to a risky faith in the magic of acting—and his first love didn't let him down.



"How about if I just put a knot on your head and send you to a phrenologist?"

OTHER filmmakers aren't so fortunate. Edward D. Wood, Jr., the subject of Tim Burton's "Ed Wood," certainly loved movies, but he and the medium weren't very good for each other. Wood is famous for having made, in the fifties, some of the cheesiest, most howlingly inept pictures ever inflicted on the moviegoing public. To Wood fanciers, his most glorious debacles are "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (made in 1956 and released in 1959), a doggedly inane science-fiction horror picture, and "Glen or Glenda" (1953), an earnest, loony drama about cross-dressing, in which the director, himself a dedicated transvestite, plays the leading role (or roles). Wood's movies stand out from the usual B-movie dreck (of which there was quite a lot in the fifties) because, hasty and slovenly as they are, their awfulness seems to derive from something deeper than the common sources of exploitation-movie badness—tiny budgets and hack filmmakers' cynicism. His pictures burn with conviction—an entirely delusional sense of artistic mission, which gives them a distinctively hysterical, delirious tone. He had tons of enthusiasm but not a scrap of talent or taste, and if you half close your eyes and pretend you're French, you might see his pictures as startlingly pure expressions of uncensored consciousness—primitive, untheoretical surrealism, the thing itself.

Burton gives us an Ed Wood (played by Johnny Depp) who is a sort of holy fool of cinema. The screenplay, by Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski, confines itself to Wood's fifties career: it begins just before the filming of "Glen or Glenda" and concludes with the première of "Plan 9." The story ends, that is to say, before it can get really depressing. Wood died, destitute, in 1978, at the age of fifty-four, having spent most of the last two decades of his life drinking and grinding out pornographic fiction for bottom-of-the-barrel skin mags (*Hot Fun*, *Young Beaver*, and *Belly Button* are among the publications listed on his résumé) and quickie paperback houses (his novels bear titles like "Purple Thighs," "Black Lace Drag," and "Night Time Lez"). By focussing on Wood in his (relative) heyday, before the squalor set in, Burton has tried to turn the story into a sweet-natured comedy about a merry band of weirdos putting on shows. Wood's partners in aesthetic crime include a flaming queen named Bunny Breckinridge, played, hilariously, by Bill Murray; a huge, bald wrestler, Tor Johnson, played by George (The Animal) Steele; a phony silver-haired psychic who goes by the name of Criswell (Jeffrey Jones); a local-television horror-movie hostess, Vampira (Lisa Marie); and Bela Lugosi (Martin Landau), who's down on his luck, addicted to morphine, and grateful even for movie roles as dreadful as the ones that Ed Wood bestowed on him.

"Ed Wood" is superbly shot, by Stefan Czapsky, in flat, fifties-looking black-and-white, and most of the actors—especially Landau and Sarah Jessica Parker, as Wood's girlfriend Dolores Fuller, who appears to be the only sane member of his coterie—are engaging, but there's a strong whiff of pointlessness to the whole enterprise. Although it's a relief not to have to witness Wood's deterioration in the sixties and seventies, the fifties-style boyish (sometimes girlish) innocent we see in this picture simply isn't interesting enough to hold our full attention for two hours. Wood's moviemaking fever doesn't feel like a mad passion; it's more like puppy love. Depp's performance is heavy on Chaplinesque poignance. Essentially, his acting here consists of two expressions: an idiot grin and a childlike look of baffled disappointment. The tediousness of the performance isn't entirely his fault; the movie's conception of the character doesn't give him anything else to play. He is, however, fetching in angora, which was Wood's favorite drag material. "Ed Wood" has a certain outré allure, but, like its hero, it's all dressed up with no place to go. ♦

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the London Times*]

A young girl who was blown out to sea on a pair of inflatable teeth was rescued—by a man on an inflatable lobster. Two lifeboats had been launched to go to the aid of the child off Bexhill, East Sussex. "This sort of thing is all too common," a coastguard spokesman said.

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

d. eurenberg

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use *The New Yorker* in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

Recorded Books™
NEW The Day After Tomorrow
by Allan Folsom
Narrated by George Guidall
Unabridged on cassette
Call for a free brochure:
1-(800)-638-1304
Ask about quick and easy rentals by mail.
Recorded Books, Inc.
270 Skipjack Road
Prince Frederick, MD 20678

Washable Sheepskin Slippers & Boots
Write or Call:
Aussie Connection
135 NE Third Avenue
Hillsboro, OR 97124
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog

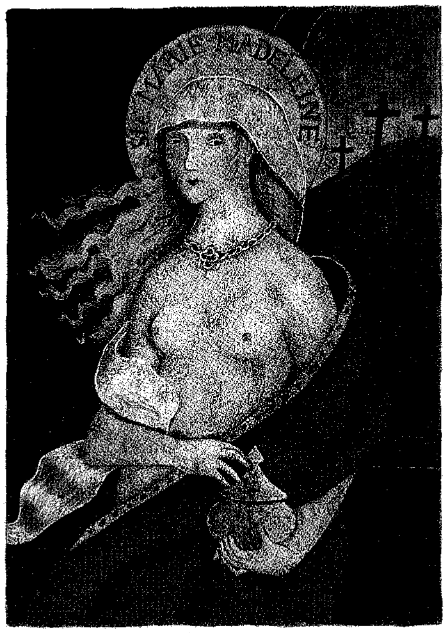
For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

BOOKS

A WOMAN OF EXTREMES

BY ANNE HOLLANDER

MARY MAGDALEN can't help being a suggestive character; she's always the Other Woman in Jesus' life. The Virgin Mother's essence is eternally fixed, but the nature of Mary Magdalen's otherness is forever open to question. Christianity's long-term and variable construction of Mary Magdalen's character, history, and meaning and its diverse effects on religious and worldly life and on art and popular culture all over Christendom make a complicated tale, which has now been prodigiously expounded by Susan Haskins in "Mary Magdalen: Myth and Metaphor" (Harcourt Brace; $27.95), a trim, powerful book. This is not a sensational essay that pretends to break free from the tradition of learned effort on which it really depends: the author has great sympathy with the immense religious, imaginative, and scholarly labor behind the multitudinous texts she has consulted, and she is eager to share in the devotion of her sources, to join their scrupulous and patient company in explaining her own idea. Her book is a work of impassioned scholarship.



Susan Haskins unravels the myth of Mary Magdalen, the original Other Woman.

CYNTHIA VON BUHLER

Like many people, Haskins first met Mary Magdalen in a work of art. As a child, when she saw the print of a trecento Crucifixion she was captivated by the golden-haired woman in red who wept at the foot of the Cross; but that was at a convent school, where the Magdalen's role was always glossed over in favor of the Virgin Mary's superior glory. Haskins' desire to take up the Magdalen's cause seems to have sprung from that moment, and she has done her subject full justice in what appears to be a companion and an alternative to Marina Warner's important 1976 book on the Virgin Mary, "Alone of All Her Sex."

IN any collection of Old Masters, the Virgin is everywhere. Her head is veiled and her face is calm; whether she appears as a village maiden or as the crowned Queen of Heaven, there is no mistaking the gentle Mother of God, the submissive Handmaid of the Lord. Nearly as ubiquitous is Mary Magdalen, foremost among female saints as the intimate of Christ, equal in importance to all the original disciples. But it doesn't take long to notice that the Magdalen's image has its own visual language, different from that of the Virgin, and, indeed, from any other saint of either sex.

Steady exposure to the saints in art yields a pretty firm sense of the fixed garb and attributes of each, the motifs that have defined them through time: Sebastian is naked and stuck full of arrows, always beardless and beautiful; John the Baptist is gaunt and unkempt, carries a cruciform staff, and wears a camel skin; George and Michael always wear armor, and Michael has wings. Most of the virgin martyrs have loose hair and carry the instruments of their martyrdom, so we can tell them apart; and in the vast troop of robed and bearded Apostles, martyrs, and Church Fathers each displays a special identifying characteristic or two—Peter a white beard and keys, Paul a dark beard and a sword, Jerome a cardinal's hat. But whatever their separate trappings, most saints in art display a uniform solemnity of expression, a holy seriousness that sometimes veers toward exaltation during tortures or visions, and their bodily comportment is transcendentally decorous, just like the Virgin's.

None of this applies to the image of Mary Magdalen. Her figure has a unique instability, her face a multiform emotional cast, her gestures an unpredictable range, and her hair, costumes, circumstances, and attributes keep changing. Her life in art is one of extremes. In a Duccio painting we see her wrapped in clinging red from head to foot, approaching with others the angel at the tomb, mournfully dipping her head as she tells him whom she seeks; in Titian's famous portrait she gazes up in ecstasy, clutching a mass of golden hair around her naked breasts and shoulders. In Rogier van der Weyden's fragment she sits on the floor in a green wool dress and white wimple, quietly reading a book; in Botticelli's "Lamentation" she frowns, kneeling with closed eyes and pushing her wet face against Christ's dead cheek, embracing his head with her veil as if to bind it to her own. In William Etty's portrait from the eighteen-forties she sits stark naked except for her earrings, thrusting up her plummy nipples and showing off her furry crotch as she lets her hands dangle and glares fiercely at a nearby crucifix, while for Hugo van der Goes she is robed in stately brocade, her red hair bound up in delicate braids. In Correggio's painting she flops to the ground on her stomach like a teen-ager, pushing up her rippling yellow hair as she props up her head.

Masaccio's "Crucifixion" shows her from the back, sunk under a heavy red cape, while both arms rise up stiff with grief; but some painters show her at a jewel-strewn dressing table, wearing lush décolleté satin and a worried face. And in one twelfth-century illumination she stands in a flowered cloak and pleated veil, announcing Christ's Resurrection to eleven stunned disciples.

The sculptors give her limbs and clothes a vivid turn: Bernini drapes her in twisting fabric, her nude body so twisted with sorrow that her knees give way and she falls against the side of her niche, her twisting hands clasped to her tearful cheek. An earlier sculptor turns her into a maenad, arms flung out, veil flying wide, face a mask of rage. Donatello alone among Renaissance sculptors shows her old, her face hollow with long suffering, her dress an animal skin—a poignant reminder that this saint had no martyr's early death.

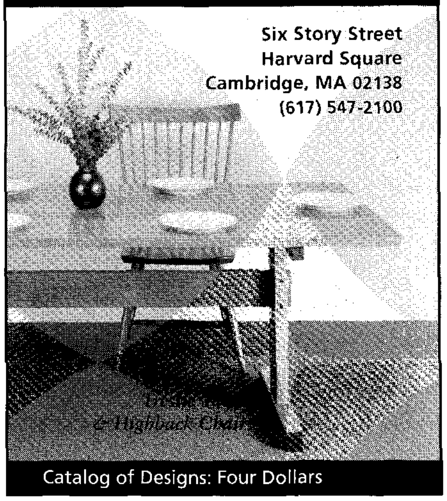
Indeed, in almost all her images Mary Magdalen is young, beautiful, and full of sentient vitality, whether she's wretched and naked or soberly draped, nervous in silk or cheerfully arrayed to tell the good news. Her most usual attribute is her covered jar of ointment, which she brings along to works of art where she needs to be picked out immediately. A second signal attribute is her emphatic hair, often uncovered among veiled heads. But her hair may be hidden and her jar absent. Bitter tears, too, she often sheds, but she evidently knows love and fury, spiritual transport, thoughtful concentration, great dignity, and deep anxiety. In fact, the conflicting data, the suggestive drama, and, often, the sheer beauty of the Magdalen's apparitions in art may well send the viewer straight back to the Bible for the real story. What is behind all this?

THE story is amazingly sparse. Spread out among the four Gospels are references to a Mary Magdalen whom Jesus cured of seven devils, who followed him as a disciple and witnessed his Crucifixion. She also observed where Jesus' body was stowed, but when she and other women went back to prepare it for burial they found the tomb empty and an angel waiting. When the angel told them Jesus was risen, she and the others told the disciples, who didn't believe them and came to look for themselves. In the Gospel of John, however, Mary Magdalen goes by herself to weep at the empty tomb and then, still alone, meets the risen Christ in the garden. They speak, and he bids her tell the disciples of his Resurrection; she does, and in this version they believe her.

That is the sum of the Mary Magdalen story. But, of course, there is the other Mary who lived in Bethany, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, who sat at Jesus' feet and let her sister do the housework, and of whom Jesus approved. Near the time of his betrayal, when Jesus was having supper at Simon

CHARLES WEBB
designer / woodworker

Six Story Street
Harvard Square
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 547-2100

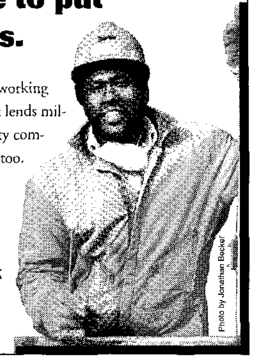


Catalog of Designs: Four Dollars

It's more than a place to put your money. It's a place to put your values.

With faith in good, hard-working people, South Shore Bank lends millions of dollars in inner city communities. You can invest, too. Just open a South Shore CD, money market, or checking account.

South Shore Bank
Chicago • Member FDIC
800-669-7725



Vacation Bound?
Paradise Found!
Florida Seasonal Rentals On Longboat Key Beach

Call toll-free
1-800-433-4621
545 Cedars Court
Longboat Key, FL 34228

CEDARS
TENNIS CLUB/LONGBOAT KEY, FL

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.97 EACH Size: 5½"x 8½", 64 pgs, 500 copies, 2-color cvr. Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

Authors

Do you have a *Manuscript?*
Does it deserve *Publication?*

The largest joint venture publishers in the U.K. welcomes work on all subjects for free appraisal:
The Adelphi Press
Dept: A60, 4-6 Effie Road Fulham London SW6 ITD

"Do you think we could be happy in three thousand square feet?"

• •

the Leper's house, a woman opened a jar of expensive ointment and emptied it over Jesus' head, causing the shocked disciples to object. Jesus told them to let her be—she was doing it for his burial, and would be remembered for it. But this woman with the jar has no name, except (again) in the Gospel of John, where it is firmly stated that she was Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus. John, moreover, plainly says that she poured the ointment on Jesus' *feet*, not his head, and wiped them with her hair.

And then there is the dramatic story, told only in the Gospel of Luke, of how Jesus scandalized his friends by agreeing to dine in the house of Simon the Pharisee. At this urban dinner party, an unannounced woman arrived, whom the others immediately recognized as "a sinner." She stood weeping behind Jesus, washing his naked feet with her tears (the dinner guests would have been reclining) and drying them with her hair, after which she kissed them repeatedly and rubbed them with ointment from an alabaster box. Looking on in disgust, Simon the Pharisee decided that Jesus couldn't possibly be a true prophet, or he would have known she was bad and rejected her attentions. But Jesus instead told a story about forgiveness, and went on to forgive the woman her sins because of the love she had just shown him—pointing out that Simon, the proud host, had offered him no mark of respect whatsoever. Then Jesus told the woman that her faith had saved her and bade her go in peace, and that's the last we hear of her. We're never told the nature of her sins.

But Haskins describes how the Fathers of the Church, in developing and codifying the elements of Christian faith, could not resist the temptation to blend this unnamed woman with the two Marys and make them all into one person. They could then lay on her shoulders the role of sinner and the burden of repentance, theretofore missing from any Mary but increasingly necessary to Catholic belief and practice. Thus Mary of Bethany, the eager listener who understood Jesus' destiny before anyone else, and Mary of Magdala, the loving mourner who first saw the risen Christ and told all the others, eventually became merged and identified with a third woman, now adroitly christened Mary Magdalen, who became the figure of the penitent sinner saved by faith. And so the unhappy woman at the foot of the Cross does not merely mourn her dead leader but weeps for the world's sins, which have brought the Son of God to this pass.

But there was more. As a woman, Mary Magdalen could weep not just for all human sins but for the permanent stain of mankind, the inherent sinfulness of the body. She is, of course, a very physical saint. Her own body—through her eyes and hands, her tears and gestures—is the vessel of her devotion. And her tactile spiritual offerings are delivered without any question of sin. But if she is to represent sin itself, she must correspond to frail Eve, who touched the apple and thereafter introduced both sin and sex to the entire human race. So Mary Magdalen, with her active hands, eager kisses, and flowing hair, comes to stand for sex and sin together, for the whole fleshly process whereby Eve's presumption and disobedience were passed on to later generations through her body. Only a Virgin Mother could produce the redemptive Christ; every other human female was the image of Eve, the mother of sin and death.

To counter the sinless virginal maternity of the Virgin, Mary Magdalen's own sins had to be entirely sexual: her cast-out devils had to be the demons of lewdness, and the faults known to the Pharisee's guests had to be lechery and fornication. The Church gave her the task of fomenting constant war between the flesh (always female and tempting) and the spirit (always male and pure). It was steady work for quite a while.

The occupation of the Magdalen's later life came to be portrayed as the endless self-abasement of an endlessly seductive but endlessly repentant prostitute. This moral condition would naturally include a steady hatred for the vain trappings of the profession—those repulsive silk dresses, jewelled bracelets, and gauzy chemises. Only total nakedness could rightly become her—the dress of innocence (including Eve's artless and endless hair) recovered through penitence—as she kept out of men's sight in a cave and brooded on salvation. Of course, an artist might find her there and glimpse a pearly flank. Deep in prayer, she wouldn't notice him sketching.

Thus the nameless sinner in the Gospel of Luke eclipsed the two staunch Marys, troubled the waters of Christian theology, and immensely enriched the Magdalen's artistic and legendary history. Her allure simultaneously produced centuries of great strain in the Church's policy on women's role in religion and great stress in women's actual lives throughout Christian society. Her appeal remains potent right now, and Haskins tackles it head on by taking a definite stand on her subject. In the midst of fair-minded, good-humored, thorough inquiry into every facet of the Magdalen's long story, Haskins is herself a partisan.

She wants to reclaim and celebrate the original Gospel character named Mary Magdalen, to detach her from the devout girl in Bethany and certainly from the weeping sinner at the Pharisee's house. That, she tells us, is something the Eastern Church has always done. And when we do it—when we get away from sin, repentance, loose hair, and expensive oil—we see a very different and very specific saint. She becomes the Apostle to the Apostles, the one who first witnessed and then announced Christ's triumph over death, which was the Church's founding moment. This makes Mary Magdalen the first prophet of the new religion, the first of Christ's disciples to see and hear, to believe and speak: the first Christian. Haskins is careful to point out that Mary Magdalen and the other women who travelled with Jesus were not different from his male disciples—that men and women had equal functions in the spreading of his Gospel. Translators eventually changed what was the same word in Greek into "followers" for women and "disciples" for men, as if to suggest that the women had tagged along to make the coffee.

Haskins also reminds us that Jesus himself treated women as equals and paid no attention to their famous uncleanness or conventional inferiority. During his ministry, he made no distinction between male and female works, words, or faith. As a result of this, the Early Church in its first few generations had both male and female teachers and leaders, including priests, deacons, and bishops. This practice, so foreign to both Jews and Greeks, often brought the early Christians into disrepute. It was only later, during the establishment of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, that women were definitively banished from service at the altar and began to acquire their dependent posture in Christianity, along with the crippling blame for all human sexuality and moral weakness. The Gospel's Mary Magdalen was notably independent, a woman defined only by her village and not by any man or any occupation. Her life was clearly her own, and she made the risky choice to be the disciple of Jesus.

The nature of Mary Magdalen's con-

Pity the Pickpockets!

Tilley Endurables

Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, *"endurable"* **travel clothing.** ***SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets,*** and ***"Give 'em hell!"*** washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley' — the best outdoor hat in the world.

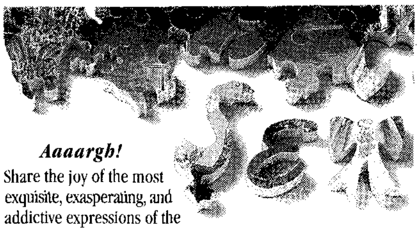
THE FREE CATALOGUE *IS A HOOT!*

1-800-338-2797

300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224

VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER

We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.



Aaaargh!

Share the joy of the most exquisite, exasperating, and addictive expressions of the puzzler's art ever devised. Handcut, personalized wooden puzzles. $95-$2000. Full-color catalog $10. Solve the 3-piece rebus above for $25 off first order. Stave Jigsaw Puzzles, Box 329A, Norwich, VT 05055 (802) 295-5200

THE INFAMOUS

STAVE JIGSAW PUZZLES

The cutting edge of gift-giving since 1974

(Hint: backyard.)

THE ROSE

Pin

Sterling $45
14K Gold $220

VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days

Actual Size

Velvet Box

S/H $3.50

ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry

2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

Antiquarian Cookery,

Food & Wine Books

Intriguing, collectable, always welcome gifts: Please ask for my free list.

Liz Seeber

10 The Plantation, London SE3 0AB
Tel 011 44 81 852 7807 Fax 011 44 81 318 4675

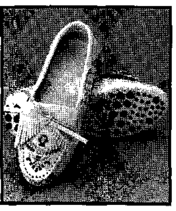
FREE CATALOGUE

MINNETONKA MOCCASINS

CALL 1-800-603-0003

Handsewn in the U.S.A. Hundreds of styles.

WORLD TRADERS®
Bar Harbor Rd., Box 158-6
Brewer, ME 04412



We Desire to Purchase...

Book Collections, Fine Bindings, First or Significant Editions: all periods, subjects and languages.

American Historical Autographs and Documents, collections or single items, Colonial period to the present.

David L. O'Neal Antiquarian Booksellers Inc.
234 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116 • **617-266-5790**

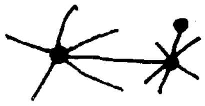
Free appraisals cheerfully given.

nection with Jesus inspired the invention of many legends and theological explanations. In Gnostic writings she was identified as the earthly vessel of the heavenly wisdom, the closest companion to Christ: she was seen as his complete spiritual mate and as his necessary mediator, the one who understood and interpreted him to the others; she was the Seeker of the Beloved in the Song of Songs, with the sexual metaphor in full operation. But the Gnostic aim was finally to merge sexual difference, to undo the fatal division between Adam and Eve, so that human beings could be all asexual spirit, and death could be undone.

Such versions of Christian thought had become heretical by the fourth century. Haskins describes how both Christ's female companion and his mother were taken over by views of religious truth that abolished all feminine elements from the core of divine power, and gave all female roles only a derivative force. Christ may crown his mother in Heaven, but she doesn't share the throne with Him, the Father, and the Holy Ghost. Goddesses, even the faintest trace of them, had long since been expunged from Judaism, and Christianity eventually followed suit.

WHILE Haskins was doing research in Europe, she was struck by the strong presence of Mary Magdalen in France, where every other church and town, and even field, seems to bear her name. Haskins soon discovered the legend of the Magdalen's own apostolic arrival in France, at the port of Marseilles, to which she had sailed with her brother Lazarus to spread the Gospel in Gaul. When her missionary work in the region was accomplished, the legend has it, Mary Magdalen withdrew to a local grotto to spend the remaining thirty years of her life as an anchoress, in total contemplative seclusion. The hermit Magdalen, it was said, ate no food: she lived on the Eucharist, being lifted bodily by angels so she could receive it directly from Heaven at the canonical hours. She wore no clothing, either, but her hair grew extra thick to cover her up in the chilly cavern. Eventually, she received extreme unction from the local bishop and died, leaving her remains to be fought over by later generations of relic-mongering princes of both church and state. Over time, bits of her bones and hair were distributed among many sites, but a reliquary believed to contain the Magdalen's head is still carried in procession on her feast day in the Provençal town of Saint-Maximin, near the site of the cave where she lived for so many years. Haskins includes a recent photograph of this ritual.

Mary Magdalen apparently became the star of the Middle Ages, as the abbey churches of France struggled for possession of her relics and control of her miracles, each hoping to swell its own treasury and increase its influence as a favored international site of pilgrimage. Royal, aristocratic, and papal recognition was constantly at stake as well, and St. Mary Magdalen took on her own considerable value, which was no longer dependent on her role at the Crucifixion or her closeness to Jesus. She became a potent holy personage in her own right: from the eleventh century, her name was being given to baby girls. The Dominican order took over the Magdalen's grotto, built a monastery there, and eventually spread her cult throughout Europe. The attractiveness of her legend was increased by morality plays and Easter dramas: Mary Magdalen might figure, for example, as John the Evangelist's rich and beautiful bride, whom he jilted at the altar in order to follow Jesus, so that she vengefully plunged into a life of luxurious debauchery until she saw the light and followed him, too.



The stronger the medieval cult of the Virgin Mary, the more the monastic tradition elevated virginity and degraded all sexual life, the stronger also grew the palpable sexuality of Magdalen's image and its insistence on her bodily qualities—her personal attractions and material possessions, her licentious past, and the very physical mode of her repentance. Her great apostolic role was almost forgotten by the fifteenth century. When Titian painted her as a radiant, golden-haired courtesan in sixteenth-century Venice, Christian humanism had all but transformed her into Venus. By then, her fleshly beauty could seem the rightful mirror of God's love and the sum of all His earthly gifts—a benign virtue, and nothing to be ashamed of.

It was during the Counter-Reformation that Mary Magdalen was put to hard labor as a full-time penitent, since her whore's repentance could also stand for the depraved Church's quest for forgiveness after its return to God. In this period, she often froze with horror in the act of considering her finery, and sat uncomfortably for many naked portraits with the skull and the scourge or the crucifix and the book while her expressive hair kept failing to hide the best part of her quivering flesh. She was also made to participate artistically in the rampant female mysticism of the seventeenth century—to undergo seizures of quasi-sexual rapture in the style of St. Teresa.

The Magdalen's repentant posture only intensified during the Victorian era when she lent her name to the ubiquitous Fallen Woman who was swelling the tide of prostitution then contaminating the world's moral health. Reclaiming her soul was virtuous and, of course, eminently Christian work, often undertaken by women. Hospitals and convents for the rehabilitation of prostitutes had been established centuries earlier in several countries, usually in the Magdalen's name and without much fuss; but in nineteenth-century England the enterprise heated up, and much was made of the grim economic conditions that forced young Magdalens into a hideous life of shame.

The shame-free sexual behavior of Mary Magdalen the disciple of Jesus, on the other hand, has received much imaginative attention in the modern world. The ebb of faith and the rise of scientific inquiry have led not only to the quest for the historical Jesus but to the quest for the human unconscious, and there was a corresponding liberation of themes and styles in art. Fantasies about the erotic couplings of the woman Mary of Magdala and the man Jesus have taken many forms, some of them pictorial and poetic, others cinematic, theatrical, and novelistic, and, indeed, pornographic. Haskins gives an array of examples—but she finds most of them less than satisfactory, especially the recent fiction that insists on a vigorous sexual appetite as the Magdalen's chief quality, along with blasphemous and mystical leanings. Haskins finds everyone still blindly entranced by the sinner in Luke's Gospel, still ignoring the witness at the empty tomb and the strength of her vision and mission, still forgetting the remarkable spiritual journey Mary Magdalen undertook apart from whatever sexual life she may have led.

HASKINS is truly impatient with the mythical Magdalen and would like to get rid of her. The myth has certainly been responsible for increasing the fear and hatred of women which have plagued the world since ancient times—not to mention women's own self-hatred—and Haskins resents the way Mary Magdalen was used for centuries as an "instrument of propaganda against her own sex." It's true that the Magdalen's part in the history of moral life has consisted largely of reinforcing the dreadful invention of Woman, the genus with only two species, Good and Bad: a woman is either frivolous, sexy, and probably dishonest, or serious, modest, and loyal—either Tonya or Nancy. Perception of female life has been compromised again and again by the compelling dichotomy between the impossibly virginal Virgin and the sinfully sexual Magdalen, whose tempting female body is alone responsible for all human lust. It's under the influence of the mythical Magdalen that prostitutes are punished and their clients are not, that mothers with lovers can be deprived of their children.

But the sinful Magdalen has also been responsible for obscuring her own role as an active disciple, witness, and Apostle, and this is Haskins' real objection to her. In 1969, the Catholic Church removed both the Penitent Sinner and Mary of Bethany from the character of Mary Magdalen, and reinstated the faithful follower—but not the minister or the Apostle. Thus the cumulative result of the myth, together with that of the Virgin, still permits the Church to oppose the ordination of women. Now that the Church of England has begun to ordain women, as the American Anglicans were already doing, Haskins, like so many others, thinks the Catholic Church should do the same. If the Church were to cease forcing the passive and submissive Virgin Mother to be the only model for women, she says, the gifted and enterprising Mary Magdalen might at last exert her proper sway in the modern Christian world.

I believe, however, that the sinful, colorful, mythical Mary still has good work to do. The image of female sainthood that she represents in art offers a powerful combination of qualities to modern viewers, and gives a larger sense of her exemplary importance than Haskins allows. I wouldn't want to do without the ambivalence she represents: the loud tears and the silent gravity, the modish dresses and the plain drapery, the dignity and the hysteria, the self-abandon and the intelligence, the bare body and the cloak of hair. Although the legendary Mary Magdalen begins her life in riches and lechery, leaves them behind for devotion and grief, and comes to nakedness and contemplation at the end, her life in art mixes all these things up, heedless of sequence and narrative sense. Haskins' book describes how the imagery created for the Magdalen over time reflected the perspective of each age; but in the modern age we have them all at once, and what we get from her composite image is a more realistic picture of human female experience than was ever intended.

The Magdalen in art allows us to see that a deeply religious and virtuous woman may love sex and fine clothes, that a simply dressed woman may be profoundly vain. She suggests that calm, dignified women can have violent feelings, and that a fainthearted woman may be a courageous genius. She shows that a woman's erotic expressiveness and unworldly inwardness are not mutually exclusive, any more than her love of jewelry and love of humanity are—that, in fact, conflicting qualities are unevenly distributed throughout a woman, and present her with a certain challenge.

The Mary Magdalen that appears before us is reassuringly complex, struggling to find her balance in a very demanding world, to reckon with her soul and keep her moral credit as intact as her costume and complexion. I am reminded of an account of the funeral of Gabrielle Chanel, which took place at the center of Paris in l'Église de la Madeleine. The congregation gathered before the coffin, right below the statue of Mary Magdalen ascending into Heaven, whereupon Chanel's mannequins entered the church, exquisitely dressed in her latest collection. They paced slowly down the aisle and into the front rows, ready to do solemn honor to the dead and to her talented, mercurial saint. It was not for nothing that the Magdalen had come to France. ◆

Free Catalog

A new collection of carefully handcrafted, solid wood furniture of the finest quality cherry, mahogany or quarter sawn oak. Fully assembled and beautifully finished.

Also available as precision-cut kits. Share with us in the experience of creating an heirloom.

updated Mission, designed by . . .

Wood Classics
Box 4Y40, Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5599

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd. Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022
1-800-648-5168

Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant
WOOL CAPES
Classically tailored. Top quality pure woolens. Two styles; hooded & capelet. Long, regular, petite sizes. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes. Free swatches and Brochure.
(800) 788-9842 or write: Casco Bay Fine Woolens, 34 Danforth St., Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101

Meet Us In A Dark Room For Love & Other Obsessions
Leading filmmakers, writers, scholars and stars plus film critic Roger Ebert. Hotel packages available. Call 1-800-UVA-FEST.
THE VIRGINIA FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN FILM
University of Virginia • October 27-30, 1994

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
SARA PARETSKY TUNNEL VISION
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

Enjoy ACCESS® to the best places...
Even San Franciscans are amazed at the doors that open with SF ACCESS. Discover the best of the city you love, and learn to love the cities you visit with ACCESS guides.
$18.00 paperback
Richard Saul Wurman SAN FRANCISCO ACCESS
HarperReference
A Division of HarperCollinsPublishers
Also available from HarperCollinsCanadaLtd

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
WINNER! Five major awards for design and reference excellence.
HAMMOND Atlas of the World
Defining Today's World
HAMMOND

HEART KEY
A most romantic token from James Breakell's workshop. Finely detailed pendant on 18" chain. Sterling silver $30. 14k gold $163. Add $3.50 handling. Call for catalog. 800-767-6411.
1⅛"
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 MILL ST DEPT NYHK NEWPORT, RI 02840

BOOKS

THE U.S.S. BARBARA

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

FORMER First Lady Barbara Bush has become America's most beloved battleship—our new national bird, her eagle eyes blessing this ragtag nation. Unlike Nancy Reagan, a doll turned ventriloquist, Barbara Bush seems beyond petty intrigue, free of royal airs and whims. Wife, mother, grandmother, she was and is the proud vessel of family values. Her famous white hair and almost mannish, dignified bulk, which led satirists to compare her to George Washington in drag, played off the Bertie Wooster pixillations of her husband, George. Where he looked and sounded disjointed, swinging his arms as if he were playing badminton without a racquet, and suffering bebop fits of hysterics ("We'll be up to our neck in owls!" he said of Al Gore's environmental policy), she was stately, fortified, self-contained.

On the media tour to promote her instant-best-seller book—"Barbara Bush: A Memoir" (Scribner's; $25)—she occupies the screen as if she were docked in port. One of the comedies in these appearances is how quickly her graciousness can turn to granite. She'll gladly, grandly discuss her husband; how they are spending their retirement; the gubernatorial prospects for their sons Jeb and George W.; and her dog Millie (whose memoirs also made the best-seller list). But broach an unseemly subject, and a glacial stare emerges beneath her glacial hair. On PBS's "Charlie Rose" show, Rose, falumphing for some insight into her inner life, brought up "the 'A' word, adultery," in an attempt to ask her about the rumors of her husband's affairs. She said, "You can't talk about something that didn't happen. And I'm not going to talk about something that didn't happen." When Rose persisted, she announced, "We're going to sit in stony silence from now on."

The resurgent popularity of Barbara Bush (and the unflagging success of "Forrest Gump") is proof that American ideals of duty and family have never strayed far from the covers of *The Saturday Evening Post*. The Protestant soul still haunts the peeling barns of New England. But our nostalgia, like everything else these days, is filtered through ironic knowingness. These are the ideals we think we should and would have if only we weren't such heathens, if only we weren't so damned hip. As an iconic object, a Norman Rockwell portrait come to life, an iron lap on which all Americans can take turns sitting, Barbara Bush is a rebuke to the careerist Superwoman aspirations of Hillary Rodham Clinton. Frank Rich observed in the *Times* that Barbara Bush's publicity boom coincides with Hillary Clinton's disappearing from the public scene. It's as if the country were saying, "We want our old mommy back." When Hillary Clinton does pop up, she seems closeted, her anger bottled; she's so careful in what she says or what her face reveals that she seems welded into her wardrobe. That sexy little swing she had to her walk at the time the Clintons took office is gone. Barbara Bush never had call to reconfigure her role. By the time she reached the White House, she had Political Wife down pat. She simply settled more comfortably into herself. She became her own official residence.

Like so many in public life, she seems to see life not close up, in personal detail, but through picture windows. Her more-than-five-hundred-page memoir quickly has one's eyeballs dragging. The diary entries are no more unbuttoned than the book proper. Everything she ever did becomes data. It's all here, and more: the menus ("The lunch was a delicious acorn squash soup, a plate of the best marinated beef and lovely tiny black beans, lettuces and other delicacies"); the appalling entertainment ("We went into a mini-rodeo and a mini 'Grand Ole

Opry,' featuring among others, Minnie Pearl, the Gatlin Brothers, Loretta Lynn, Charlie Pride, the Judds"); and the wilted ceremonies ("On to the Alamo, where the Mayor made us all honorary mayors"). Formalities matter, character counts; for Republican bluebloods, it all comes down to how people behave. There's no glimmer that maybe larger economic and social forces are chewing up the planet. Seeing a bit of restored rain forest near Rio, she says, "It is never too late. We must continue our tree-planting program in the United States that George initiated." (But wouldn't we be up to our necks in owls?)

Even in retirement, the semi-formalities continue. When George and Barbara book a cruise, they're met on the ship by a surprise visitor—TV's own "Love Boat" captain, Gavin MacLeod! And when they debark in San Juan they are met by the governor of Puerto Rico and "his truly beautiful, vivacious wife." Mrs. Bush is so lavish with her roll-call compliments for everyone in the receiving line that her few negative asides draw attention. Her tone is mildly exasperated, as if she were clucking over boys misbehaving on the lawn. "Darn that Ross Perot." "That darn Hussein, he is putting all those children at risk." She violates the Eleventh Commandment—Thou Shalt Not Speak Ill of a Fellow-Republican—by noting not only that Pat Buchanan's rant makes her uneasy but that he rudely walks ahead of his wife at public events.

It amazed me to realize that Barbara Bush and Marlon Brando, two American institutions currently battling it out on the best-seller list, are about the same age. It doesn't compute. They don't seem to belong to the same era at all. If anything, she seems pre-modern. For her the old pieties still apply. (She lists some at the end of the book.) For him the self has to heal its way out of a buried hulk of psychological ruin. Of the two, she strikes me as the tougher. She certainly seems happier. And why wouldn't she be, with her flock of offspring and all this sunset acclaim? I bet Marilyn Quayle is studying the lovefest attendant on Barbara Bush, making mental notes and taking "warmth" lessons. She, too, has a dithery husband to stand behind. ♦

THE NEW YORKER DIRECT DIAL

USE OUR WEEKLY LISTING TO DIAL DIRECTLY TO ADVERTISERS.

RETAIL

Bigelow Tea Chest Offer
Enjoy the distinctive and elegant Bigelow Tea Chest, including 64 tea bags of our most popular Bigelow Flavored and Herbal Teas. To order, please call:
1.800.841.8158

Daedalus Books
Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. Seven catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. For a free issue, please call:
1.800.395.2665

Davide Cenci
A tradition of excellence in men's clothing – from Italy to your own world of unwavering standards. For a catalogue and further information, call:
1.800.528.2515

Georgetown Tobacco
The finest selection of hand-made cigars – gourmet series available, custom flavored tobacco, unique pipes and accessories. Catalogue @ $2.50. For speedy courteous service, please call:
1.800.345.1459

The Gifts of the Magi
This Christmas give the gift symbolic of love, respect, and devotion – Rare frankincense and myrrh in elegant gold accented scent jars, bring to life the story of Christmas. Please call:
1.800.866.6464

The World's Best Kitchen Knives
Fully forged from a unique stainless steel alloy, Chef's Choice® Trizor® Professional 10X®. Exquisitely hand-crafted in the U.S.A. For a store near you, please call:
1.800.342.3255

Loro Piana
Discover the timeless elegance of Loro Piana Italian fabrics. Our shop at 46 East 61st Street features everything for the finest wardrobes.
1.212.980.7961

Military Mites
Toy Soldiers: Britain, Tradition, and Others; Sets or Single Figures, Limited Editions. Also WWI Vintage Tinplate Aircraft and Vehicles. For Serious Collectors. Set of catalogs $8.00 (VISA/MasterCard). Write to Military Mites, 2324 Rockville, MD 20847-2324, or call:
1.800.296.6483

NordicTrack's Walkfit™
NordicTrack's Walkfit™ exerciser is the best way to get a superior total-body workout. It makes ordinary treadmills obsolete. Call:
1.800.441.7512 ext. FB2J4

Thos. Moser Cabinetmakers
Distinctive hardwood furniture of contemporary designs inspired by early 19th and 20th century American forms. Handcrafted using traditional joinery techniques. Please call:
1.800.862.1973

ADVERTISEMENT

SHOUTS & MURMURS

PRIZE FIGHTING

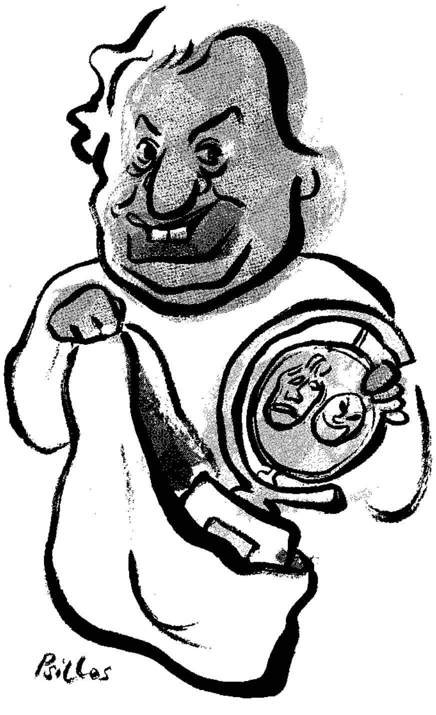
BY BRENDAN GILL

THE comedian Jackie Mason has filed a lawsuit in the New York State Supreme Court asking damages of one hundred million dollars from an assortment of defendants, among them the American Theatre Wing and the League of American Theatres and Producers, which annually hand out the much sought-after awards called Tonys. ("Tony" is a slangy reduction of the name of the late Antoinette Perry, a former chairman of the Wing.) The burden of Mason's complaint is that he was discriminated against this year when his one-man show "Politically Incorrect" wasn't nominated for a Tony. His lawyer has charged that the defendants failed to abide by Mason's "human and civil rights and didn't give him the proper opportunity to enhance his economic, cultural, and intellectual life."

I see the lawsuit as a characteristically unselfish gesture on Mason's part. Not only will it cost him a sizable amount of money—lawyers don't come cheap these days—but he will face that odious barrage of publicity which every American citizen understandably dreads when he feels obliged to go to court. Valiantly, Mason has ignored these threats to his pocketbook and to his peace of mind in order to strike a blow not only in his own behalf but in behalf of all those of us who have spent their lives longing in vain to be awarded a prize.

I ought to mention that I myself was a member this year of the committee appointed by the Wing and the League to nominate candidates for the Tonys, and, for all I know, if Mason were to win his suit I might be liable for a substantial share of the hundred million dollars that he feels is properly his. But I don't care about the money side of this issue; we are dealing with basic principles here, and if I were to be assessed a couple of million dollars or so my check would be in the mail overnight. So let us put aside the accident of my happening to be a Tony nominator and its possible financial consequences for me. There are more important financial consequences to be explored.

By my rough estimate, some ten or fifteen million Americans consider themselves to be writers, painters, sculptors, actors, playwrights, composers, and practitioners of other arts, and it is safe to assume that most of that large number share Mason's conviction that they are worthy of receiving prizes. What if we were all to join Mason in a class-action suit, asserting our God-given human and civil rights? (I'm not altogether certain what the difference between human and civil rights is; moreover, if it turns out that we have animal rights as well, by all means let's toss them into the pot.) In my view, such a suit would soon bring prize-giving organizations all over the world whimperingly to their knees.



If I make use of my own case as an example, I do so with a lively sense that, like Jackie Mason, I am speaking in behalf of a multitude of my fellow-laborers in the field of the arts. I have prepared a list of organizations that would be ideal candidates for a global class-action suit. Let me be perfectly frank: the truth of the matter is that all my life I have been eager to accept a prize, even a prize of quite a small dollar amount, and have yet to receive one, or even to be nominated for one. How do you suppose this has made me feel? It is understandable, therefore, that as the years have passed I have become familiar with the organizations that have successfully ignored me. One may as well start with the Nobel Prize, which is worth about a million dollars, and which the Swedes have never given to me—or, for that matter, to Mason. Then, there's the Praemium Imperiale, which is worth about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and which the Japanese have long withheld from me. And what about the Aga Khan Award for Architecture, or the MacArthur "genius" Fellowships, or even the little Pulitzer Prize? Humble though it is, would it not have enhanced my economic, cultural, and intellectual life to receive it, as a Tony nomination would have enhanced Mason's?

I am not a bitter man. The justice I seek is only that: justice. Mason asserts that his rights as a human being have been abridged because he is considered "a guy with a big mouth." To borrow that unlovely metaphor, I am a guy with a small mouth. When I was a child at summer camp, some seventy years ago, I received two or three small leather objects as awards for improvement in canoeing, but it is as a writer, and not as a canoeist, that I seek some moderately conspicuous public acknowledgment. The Nobel people know where to find me. ♦

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS

“Time I value above all things. It just gets more and more precious.”

Dame Kiri Te Kanawa

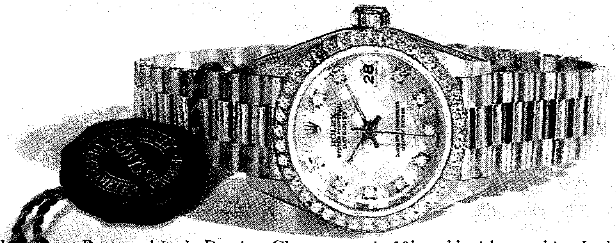
Beyond question, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa's singing career has been triumphantly consistent over the years. However, she admits that if one thing has changed it's her attitude toward time. She says, “It is so beautifully expressed by the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*: ‘I go through the house in the middle of the night, and hear the ticking of the clocks. I can't stop them; I can't turn them back.’”

Dame Kiri feels that time has speeded up because her schedule keeps her diary filled for up to five years in advance.

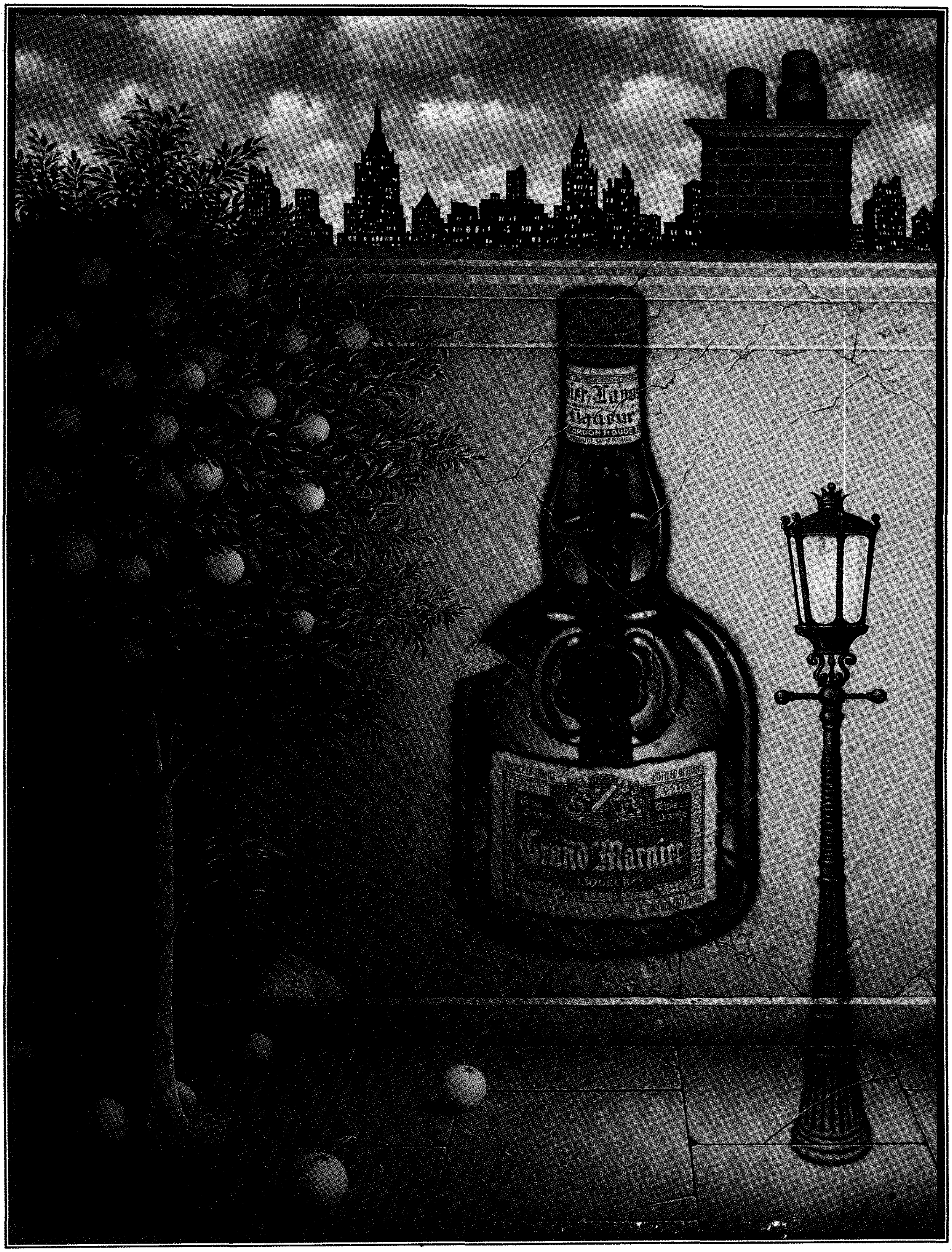
“To arrive early is unfortunate, but to arrive late is the rudest thing imaginable,” she says. But then she relents and smiles, adding, “Sometimes I don't know whether I organize time, or time organizes me.”

For almost two decades Dame Kiri has been accompanied by her Rolex timepiece. Of her gold Lady Datejust with matching President bracelet, she says, “It is very beautiful, very elegant, and quite wonderful.”

ROLEX



Rolex Oyster Perpetual Lady Datejust Chronometer in 18kt gold with matching Lady President bracelet.
Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 396, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-5383.
Rolex, ♛, Oyster Perpetual, Lady Datejust and President are trademarks.


Liqueur
Cordon Rouge
Grand Marnier

GRAND FRESCO.

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). © 1993 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.